

Trapped up in my keeper's room, the pride of the circus tent
Brought there for my safety, to hide among the made-up beds
Outside magic filled the carefree eastern streets
I could feel a stomach churn beneath the polished teak
They all dressed as swallows with feathers in their hair
And all that night they laughed and danced
While the walls shook the gas chandeliers

I trumpeted and I roared, but no one seemed to hear
Shoulder blades beneath the water slid closer every year
Men in suits proudly talked of the pointed peak
Pillars of flames built armies who were hungry and had to eat
They all dressed as swallows and songbirds bearing gifts
And I could feel it in my bones
Something out there somewhere had to give

Narrows canals no longer flow, and nothing happens here
And even in the afterlife an elephant can't forget
Skull and bones of a Bengal tiger wash in the sea
A reminder of that August night when the Island disappeared
They all dressed as swallows and songbirds on that eve
Falls of ashes pouring down as the ocean turned into a milk-
white sea