

Autumn Beasts

Parov Stelar

These autumn beasts crouch in a hush,
each to each,
their long golden fur radiant in the sunset.
Unmoving, like statues set in place,
set in the place

The beasts lower their heads,
laying their one white horn to earth,
and close their eyes.

When finally the sun is gone and the gloom of night draws over
them,
the beasts lower their heads,
laying their one white horn to earth,
and close their eyes.