

# Beautiful Creatures

Bruce Cockburn

There's a knot in my gut  
As I gaze out today  
On the planes of the city  
All polychrome grey  
When the skin is peeled of it  
What is there to say?  
The beautiful creatures are going away

Like a dam on a river  
My conscience is pressed  
By the weight of hard feelings  
Piled up in my breast  
The callous and vicious things  
Humans display  
The beautiful creatures are going away

Why? Why?

From the stones of the fortress  
To the shapes in the air  
To the ache in the spirit  
We label despair  
We create what destroys,  
Bind ourselves to betray  
The beautiful creatures are going away