

The Fall Of The Bastille

Roger Waters

Birds flock, when winter settles in
The Harlequin with dunce's cap and silver horn
All mournful, mocking eye and painted tear,
Has seen it all before
The sparrows hurl in the face of glazed imperium,
Then stunned, affronted, fall
Then, picking up perch braggart on the wire and
Launch towards the south, towards the land of fire