

## Now What (are They Doing To My Little Friends)

Anthony Phillips

I dreamed I was an Otter,  
In sheltered leats I lay  
The I heard a sound I feared  
and the I saw their coats  
all smeared in blood  
I knew my fate -  
Nowhere to hide.  
I dreamed I was a Red Stag,  
In pastures grazing  
And then I heard a hunting-horn  
ringing out its song -  
the Song of Death  
we know so well  
How can I tell?  
For I, I am the Sun  
I am the Moon  
I am the Stars up above  
Now what are they doing to my little friends?  
I make everything and it all dies in the end.  
I dreamed I was a Big Bear,  
bespectacled and brown  
And the I saw to shafts of fire  
shooting through the sky -  
I heard no more  
save drops of rain  
I cannot explain...  
I dreamed I was a Grey Seal,  
my cubs for suckling  
And then they came with sticks and clubs  
and beat away my brains -  
I heard no more  
Save childrens' cries  
helpless to die.  
For I, I am the Sun  
I am the Moon  
I am the Stars up above  
Now what are they doing to my little friends?  
I make everything and it all dies in the end.  
The night is quiet for Otters  
in peaceful holts they lie  
There is no peace for anyone  
While this pest remains,  
his senseless mind cannot retain  
I cannot explain -  
For I, I am the Sun  
I am the Moon  
I am the Stars up above  
Now what are they doing to my little friends?  
I make everything and it all dies in the end.