

Young Lions

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Hot tribal night
Underneath fluorescent skies
Bonfires rage strange
Wild, waving, shouting Picasso faces

In the guise of a lioness
The wind kisses her burning dress
You can feel her animal eyes
You can hear them cry
"Be the jewel around my neck,
Never a tear on my burning dress."

Lying paralyzed
A brave prey who lays dying
And is surrounded by angry spirits
Hunters, guns, drums, and elephants

Why is this night quiet?
Filled with trees, filled with eyes
As she prowls around my feet
She throws back her head dress and cries
"Now you will be mine,
Be my young lion."

Why is this night quiet?
Why the trees filled with eyes?
As she prowls around my feet
She throws back her head dress and cries
"Be my young lion."