

Between Man and Wolf

Lemuria

The Street Fair

(The Hunter)

Here, midst the tents, cages locked
Beasts look down
Behold, my dear friends, for they have shot
The famous Hound
Here for you all to see

(The Scholar)

I guess its stains, are born from the pains
In the African plains
Drawn, in the dawn, exotic carnival,
Just to entertain
Not meant to be free!

A predator's loose in these barren lands
Chasing prey it never chased before
Luxurious pet in the wrong hands
It will not stop and it will hunt for more

(The Writer)

Ah, all these deaths, slumbering dreads
Slowing down to insanity
I still do see, decapitated heads
Their mutilated souls, bereft of humanity

(The Scholar)

Rich people's wealth brought them health
And an usher for a special treat
But, a human bought beast
I share the hope at least
That we will never meet!

A Love That Never Came

(The Lover)

Oh so faint this memory of you
Longing for a love that never came

Held in isolation, nothing that I could do
Waiting for a dream that never came

The French Nightmare

(The Writer)

All of us then joined the feast
Sure we had finally killed the beast
A wolf, the biggest I've ever seen
Stuffed and portrayed on a canvas clean
Cheers were heard from house to house
Never have I witnessed a crowd so aroused
But at the end of the day
A prize much higher we had to pay

"When night set in two more girls were devoured alive
Their pale blue skin bore the marks of a deadly strife!"

Has this demonic beast eluded us again?
The king now sent a marksman, the bravest of his men."

(The Scholar)

Why did they think a simple wolf was the one to blame?
The way it attacks is not how a canine predator would do
They say I'm just searching for money and for fame
But I guess a lion or hyena is my only clue

The Sleep of Reason

(The Writer)

Our land set aflame
With blood so dramatically spilled
But still the authorities claim
That the famous Hound has been killed
I talked to the autopsy surgeon
No trace of human flesh he found
He thinks with all hysterical action
The actual killer still roams around

(The Scholar)

The sleep of reason produces monsters and beasts
A narrow superstition invoked by doomsday priests
It's still an animal captured or escaped from African shores
That's causing these troublesome uproars

But it is not a wolf!