

What was it that stayed my hand then?
With dagger held unsheathed
Blade pointing in its side
I'd been set upon by a predator
It was just looking for a meal
I saw ribs and fearful eyes

What is it that stays my hand now?
With so much misery, that I could mercifully put end to
For that animal I let slink off, into the undergrowth, unscathed
Do I not fear death, but just pretend to?

For it was starving, it was hungry
But had eyes too close to let me
If you were easy to kill, I would have done it already

Plagued by phantom noises
That that skeletal beast
Was haunting all my steps

Questioning all my choices
With that dagger held unsheathed
I felt sick at my contempt

For you were lonely
You were like me
Like some outside force had sent me
If I was easy to kill, you would have done it already

You are at my feet
We're by the fire
You're a gentle beast
And I'm alive

You are at my feet
We're by the fire
You're a gentle, purring beast, and I'm alive

You are at my feet
And we're by the fire
You're a healthy, gentle, purring beast, and I'm alive

You are at my feet
And we're by the fire
You're a healthy, gentle, purring beast, and I'm alive

You are at my feet, and we're by the fire
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You are at my feet, and we're by the fire
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If you were easy to kill I would have done it already