

Germs, Lion's Share

All he sees are death masked stars
The lion's world is cold and sharp
All he wants is much too far
So he stalks thw roads of token cars-
He snarls at winds that mean no harm
And takes the thorns in perfect form
A broken ideal rides inside the torture
lion's denim hide
I want the lion's share
Gather up the broeken chairs
Feed my mind unholy tests
Do me in I need to rest
He sleep swhen nothing's in the air
Eats the scraps of some that care
He strains the right to overbear
Secrest hidden in the liar-
Pauses long enough to dream
Nightmares push the glowing scream
His shadowed eyes show the toll
Something only lions know