

# Germes, 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