

# Jethro Tull, Wolf Unchained

From out the marsh with jaws agape  
And angry howls the wolf does run  
All set to roam and havoc make  
Amongst the nine worlds of the sun.  
But so- as silk, strong fetters fixed  
To calm, restrain the rage awhile,  
Invite the hand between sharp teeth  
To prove good faith, to reconcile.  
Thee bond unbroken, trickery  
Could not prevent the savage bite.  
And free at last with jaws against  
Thee ground and sky, the final night.

Curled at my feet in sleep, Tervueren,  
Malinois or Groenendael:  
A shepherd's friend, unfettered loyalty,  
Sweet devotion natural.

Dreaming of a wilder past,  
A wilder bark, the howl, the growl:  
Soft limb to tear and bone to grind,  
-The postman corpse to disembowel."