

Samson, Hunted

I'm the lion, king of the jungle,
Following my food home,
Hunting around for some real life,
Don't want to know where any fool knows

Nobody understands me,
Don't talk to me I can't see,
You're nailing my brain to a tree,
Why can't you just let me be.

If I wrote these words on paper,
You would strangle them in your hands,
Then sail on in your burning boats,
Into you promised land.