Young Lions

Adrian Belew

Hot tribal night
underneath florescent skies
bonfires rage strange
wild waving shouting Picasso facesIn the guise of a lioness
the wind kisses her burning dress
you can fell her animal eyes
you can hear them cry,
"Be the jewel around my neck,
never a tear on my burning dress"Lying, paralyzed,
a brave prey who lays dying
and is surrounded by angry spirits
hunters, guns, drums, and elephantsWhy is this night quiet?
filled with trees filled with eyes
as she prowls around my feet
she throws back her head dress and cries,
"Now you will be mine,
be my young lion"Why is this night quiet?
why the trees filled with eyes?
as she prowls around my feet
she throws back her head dress and cries,
"Be my young lion"

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