

# Young Lions

[Adrian Belew](#)

Hot tribal night  
underneath florescent skies  
bonfires rage strange  
wild waving shouting Picasso faces  
In the guise of a lioness  
the wind kisses her burning dress  
you can feel 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 elephants  
Why 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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