

The Lion's Roar

Cynic

Now the pale morning sings of forgotten things
She plays a tune for those who wish to overlook
The fact that they've been blindly deceived
By those who preach and pray and teach
But she falls short and the night explodes in laughter
But don't you come here and say I didn't warn you
About the way your world can alter
And oh how you try to command it all still
Every single time it all shifts one way or the other
And I'm a goddamn coward, but then again so are you
And the lion's roar, the lion's roar
Has me evading and hollering for you
And I never really knew what to do
Well I guess sometimes I wish you were a little more predictable
That I could read you just like a book

For now I can only guess what's coming next
By examining your timid smile
And the ways of the old, old winds blowing you back 'round
And I'm a goddamn fool, but then again so are you
And the lion's roar, the lion's roar
Has me seeking out and searching for you
And I never really knew what to do
Sometimes I wish I could find my Rosemary Hill
I'd sit there and look at the deserted lakes and I'd sing
And every once in a while I'd sing a song for you
That would rise above the mountains and the stars and the sea
And if I wanted it to it would lead you back to me
And the lion's roar, the lion's roar
Is something that I have heard before
A children's tale, the lonesome wail of a lion's roar

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