

Lions

William Fitzsimmons

And after the rains came
And washed out her remnant And again for traces
Of bloodlines in faces And you remind me of the breath
That I drew for you
The shadow of a ghost There's lions between us
They'll cut us to pieces
And before the sun came
Forgotten her old name And you remind me of the breath
That I drew for you
The shadow of a ghost No more

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