Lion's Share

The Germs

All he sees are death masked stars
The lion's world is cold and sharp
All he wants is much too far
So he stalks thw roads of token cars-
He snarls at winds that mean no harm
And takes the thorns in perfect form
A broken ideal rides inside the torture
Lion's denim hide
I want the lion's share
Gather up the broeken chairs
Feed my mind unholy tests
Do me in I need to rest
He sleep swhen nothing's in the air
Eats the scraps of some that care
He strains the right to overbear
Secrest hidden in the liar-
Pauses long enough to dream
Nightmares push the glowing scream
His shadowed eyes show the toll
Something only lions know

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