

# 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 the 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 broken chairs  
Feed my mind unholy tests  
Do me in I need to rest  
He sleep when nothing's in the air  
Eats the scraps of some that care  
He strains the right to overbear  
Secret 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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written by D. CRASH, PAT

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