

The Lioness

Fit for a King

Cerulean sky over dessert fields and sand veils
And underneath a lioness is stalking narrowing rings
Feel her coming near, she smells the blood, her prey is near
So see her, hear her, feel her, be herThe lioness is hunting us
So beautiful and dangerous
Her embrace is murderous
Beware of the lionessDo you feel her gentle touch
Her sweet caress hurts just as much
So take care, take care of her
The lioness will winSo close you hear her purring
So close she smells your fear
Not close enough to lose yourself
Beware - the lioness is near

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