

Young Lions

[Adrian Belew](#)

Hot tribal night
underneath florescent skies
bonfires rage strange
wild waving shouting Picasso faces
In the guise of a lioness
the wind kisses her burning dress
you can fell her animal eyes
you can hear them cry,
"Be the jewel around my neck,
never a tear on my burning dress"
Lying, paralyzed,
a brave prey who lays dying
and is surrounded by angry spirits
hunters, guns, drums, and elephants
Why is this night quiet?
filled with trees filled with eyes
as she prowls around my feet
she throws back her head dress and cries,
"Now you will be mine,
be my young lion"

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