

Show Your Fangs

The Crane Wives

A mountain song chills my warm skin,
A ballad of a lonesome peak.
I curse the ground, shed my old sins,
For weight will only make me weak. I beg the stars to marry me,
For they are my guide,
But daylight comes to claim their beauty,
As fury paints the wasteland wide. I'm not your highness,
A damsel left helpless by fright.
I am a lioness,
Fierce as I walk through the night. A canvas, my makeshift shelter.
A man would never know his bride.
An angry sun before could melt her,
But calloused now she will survive. With malice, beasts will show their fangs.
They're in for a surprise,
For bravely I will wield my weapon,
I made from those that died. I'm not your highness,
A damsel left helpless by fright.
I am a lioness,
Fierce as I walk through the night.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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