

Germ's "Lion's Share"

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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 tortured
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 sleeps when nothing's in the air
Eats the scraps of some that care
He strains the right to overbear
Secrets hidden in the lair-
Pauses long enough to dream
Nightmares push the glowing scream
His shadowed eyes show the toll
Something only lions know

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