

Payne's Gray "A Hymn To The Cats"

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Smallest of all your sisters,
Resembling tiger's eye.
You the friend of mankind
Can you read my troubled mind?

True companion in depression
You are there and asking why
Through the power of your felings
Without drugs, you do the healing

Pull your master out of trouble
Is for you a feat not hard
Less to give you when you double
in return much of reward

Busy warrior during night

Changing paws to fearsome weapon
Jumping then on moonshine heights
Where you fight the terrors threat-on.

From nightmare and from Mandrake dreams
Recovering your restless mind
Beacuse your soothing presence seems
To show effects on your kind

So the rule says that no man
Nevermore shall kill a cat
But for those SEE,
Its human anyway to feel like that.

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