

## Pensive

### "Lions In A Cage"

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wish that i had been born long before  
my brother's got me up against the wall  
of my siblings i'm the lucky one  
left alive here where there is no sun  
i was put here at the age of four  
fifty odd years spent behind a door  
one more day and i will be the king  
people will believe it, they'll believe in anything

see the lions in the cage, see the victims of the rage  
lions, lions in a cage, fifty years behind a wall  
lions, lions in a cage, see those lions in the cage

thirteen yards of dusty dungeon floor  
is the longest path i've walked before  
they took me out into the glaring sun  
and still they tell me i'm the lucky one  
single out the weak link in the chain  
a generation damaged in the brain  
i'll lift my head up high and see the sun  
and then when it's my turn, i'll make sure that i spare  
no one

see the lions in the cage, see the victims of the rage  
lions, lions in a cage, fifty years behind a wall  
lions, lions in a cage, see those lions in the cage

whose hands are these? they reach in and take my own  
life  
with my hands... but i've killed my brothers, too. when i  
had to.  
i have no doubt.  
i have no soul.  
whose hands are these?  
who took away the light?  
who has the right?  
who gives a damn!  
"do what you will" shall be the whole of the law!

