

Lions

William Fitzsimmons

And after the rains came
And washed out her remnant

And looking for traces
Of bloodlines in faces

And you remind me of the breath
That I drew
For you the shadow of a ghost

There's lions between us
They'll cut to pieces

And before the sun came
Forgotten her old name

And you remind me of the breath
That I drew
For you the shadow of a ghost
No more