

**Dying to Be Free** (*For the Dark Lioness*)

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Once she lay beneath the shade of the Acacia  
Tender cubs curled by her side;  
You know it takes a little patience  
She'll keep them safe from stirring winds,  
She'll keep them dry when raindrops fall,  
She can fight off anything  
Except the biggest killer of them all

I hear the crying as others are Dying to Be Free  
Nothing born to us was meant for captivity  
As you're killing them, you're also killing me  
This is our inheritance, not your commodity  
Dying, Dying to Be Free

Morning brings the massacre,  
The killer and his men  
With their panting eyes and their sweaty scent,  
They trap her against a fence  
She reaches for her trembling children,  
Confusion darting through her eyes  
Then the bullets start to rip her,  
And she's flapping like a rag doll,  
Until she falls-for the last time

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Nothing born to us was meant for captivity  
As you're killing them, you're also killing me  
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As her cubs cry hungry,  
Scared and easy prey...  
As the trackers skin her,  
Her blood and mothers milk leave a stain,  
Nothing can wash away

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Nothing born to us was meant for captivity  
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