

## Talk of lions

I had a conversation the other day with a burly looking creature as I ventured his way  
He opened his mouth and a roar came out, I shrieked and shivered for that noise made me quiver  
I could see in his eyes a flame of fiery and fire, he was searching of prey this was his desire  
He never grew weary and he never got tired, he thundered his voice louder and higher  
I was so amazed with his beautiful word, how he textured his speech in the structure I heard

I am what I am and all that I am is what I am

And then I said well I'll be damn

Shrewd was his mood and beatitude, to combat conflict a weapon he would use  
His tongue was like a knife and his mouth made him bright, he did devour and divide  
The booty he would not be denied, he had himself a meal, he could not be turned aside  
Leo is my name and Judah is my tribe, anything is my game and hunting is my vibe  
When it's time for me to chow, whatever is set before me now, I'm strong and full of pride

I am what I am and all that I am is what I am

And then I said well I'll be damn

So I said don't hurt yourself with your meal, since neither you make pacts, covenants or deals  
He says haven't you heard I'm true and I'm real, lions don't hurt themselves in eating their kills  
I was more puzzled and thought it quite odd, if he wanted something do you think he'd ask God  
I can see his petition in calculating algebra, lord thank you for this food you put here in Africa  
Lord do you mind if I help myself to some of these zebras, a few unicorns and maybe a libra

I am what I am and all that I am is what I am

And again I said well I'll be damn

First he moved slow to get closer to the heap, he eased his way quietly into the harvest to reap  
Moved in with boldness like he owned the property, exercised his faith as one having authority  
Antagonism and hostility raged, but all had to yield, yield to the almighty of the battlefield  
So I asked him, how did you do what you did, and he growled as I looked at his bloody eyelid  
I visioned on farther so I could take a closer look, how in hell's name did he open that book

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And then I said well I'll be damn

Later while lying all around under an acacia tree, a herd of cattle went by like a swarm of bees  
He just looked at that large field with lots of beast, I was dazzled as to why he did not feast  
I suppose he was finished having his fun, allowing the vultures a portion left under the sun  
After all a lion that's real does as he feels, who's to question his appetite for a second veal  
Though next week will be a totally different story, he will be back for more meat and more glory

I am what I am and all that I am is what I am

How in the hell did he pass that exam