

The Lion's Roar

Huddled in the cell, waiting for my death
I can feel my children's fear
My family, doomed to die, as the people cheer-
I can hear them screaming as I take my last breath.

People in the stands with children of their own
Drink, and laugh, and flirt;
They forget their own fears and hurt
Just sit there, bored, while my children moan.

Romans on their feet, cheering, with their hands in the air.
In this dark cell, I can just imagine it now-
The lion's roar; the peoples' jeer mingling in the row
As I just hold my family and pray to God in despair.

My daughter, only four years old,
Hysterical in her fear and pain,
Oh, what I wouldn't give for her to not face the lion's mane
Or to know that for this terror, she had been sold.

I can almost see the slaves unloading
The ships with tragic cargo.
The lion's deathblow is nearing,
As the sand screams, the blood of injustice is soaking.

But yet, with all the fear and pain,
I know the crowds just deny the truth,
Death for them has no use
But we, in death, have much to gain.