

My roar,  
What does it mean now?  
Is it simply just to say I'm not from here?  
These putrid human cubs,  
Staring at me,  
Their eyes mercilessly bombarding me with powerful spears,  
My roar,  
Oh, what it used to be...

My roar,  
What did it used to mean?  
It didn't mean I'm evil, It didn't mean I thought I'm more,  
It just told the fellows to prepare,  
For their ancestors to greet them,  
And they knew the cycle had to be done so they did as told,  
My roar,  
Oh, how it changed, you'll see...

My roar,  
What did it change into?  
Was it fear, anger or a warning?  
As a pointless death was near,  
These horribly, wimpy creatures with rods of metal in their hands,  
Left my fellows lying on the floor, their blood filling me with terror,  
My roar,  
Oh, now what do I want to see?

My roar,  
I finally knew what it meant,  
It meant I'm dying by the hands of invaders,  
But at least the darkness was here,  
I opened my eyes sure to see,  
My ancestors greeting me,  
But no, only reeds of steel,  
No movement though the wind was trying to free me,  
As it was meant to be...  
My roar,  
Tells of my fate worse than death...