

The Leashed Dog

A free dog plays around in the grass
And races down the hill
Till it becomes a plain
Running around on a bright sunny day
Drinks fresh water from a lake
And lays down in peace

But a dog that roams
In his hollow, black cage
Tied to his leash
His bars of prison
His ears are cut
His feet are limping
So he howls through the night

The leashed dog barks
With pain and fear
Of things not seen
But wanted peace
And his bark is heard
On a distant mountain range
For the leashed dog
Barks for freedom

The tortured dog thinks of another home
Where a soft rug can be his own
Cooked meat waiting
And a fluffy pillow
He names the shelter his own

But a leashed dog lays on a hole of dreams
His soul gasps for a free life
His ears are cut and feet are limping
So he howls through the night

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With pain and fear
Of things not seen
But wanted peace
And his bark is heard
On a distant mountain range
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