

# Tiger Dreams

Karin Park

Most of the time I behave I do whatever I am told I try to dance  
with my eyes closed I try to stand what I can not change

But I have tiger dreams I'm a runner, I'm a hunter in the dark  
Always hungry Tiger dreams I'm a runner, I'm a hunter in the dark  
Always hungry, always sharp

Strangled with the rope of confusion Words dry out on my lips  
When bearing the cross of hesitation Whatever holds me loses its  
grip

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the dark Always hungry, always sharp

Under the thinnest eyelids grow the wildest dreams When everyone  
else is sleeping the asinine comes alive