

The Cage

They lock the tiger in the cage
It's how It's always been
And though she's fed and exercised
She's never actually free

The other tigers tell her
That it's just their lot in life
And that resignation's easier
Than standing up to fight

But she's desperate for her freedom,
Her autonomy and choice
So she claws the bars and growls at them
And prays they hear her voice

And though she's the one that's locked up
They think they're under attack
So they strike the cage and tell her
That she's just a little cat

But if she's "just a cat" -
Powerless as they've portrayed
Then what are they so scared of?
What makes them so afraid?

If their superiority's
So certain and secure
Why don't they simply take the key
And just unlock her door?

No... they know if they release her
Then she might just show them all
The strength and fierce intelligence
And power in her roar

And of course, they do not want that
For then things might have to change
So they hide behind what's always been
And keep her in her cage

