

Terror In The Canyons (The Wounded Master)

Phosphorescent

I could be the tiger, I could be the snake
I could be the fire, I could be the lake
I could be the sky-bird waiting on the wind
I could be the devil waiting to begin

See, I was the wounded master, oh then I was the slave
My hands and my mouth, aw honey, they would not behave
See, I was the holy writer then I was the page
I was the bleeding actor then I was the stage

But now you're telling me my heart's sick
And I'm telling you I know
And you're telling me you're leaving
And I'm telling you to go
And I'm not so sorry for the heart-wreck
But for each season left unblessed
The new terror in the canyons
The new terror in our chests

I could be the tether, I could be the place
I could be forever or just a couple days
I could be the morning that breaks upon your skin
I could be the devil and do it all again

See, I was the wounded master then I was the slave
My hands and my mouth, aw honey, they was caught in a rage
See, I was the holy lion then I was the cage
I was the bleeding actor then I was the stage

O but now you're telling me my heart's sick
And I'm telling you I know
And you're telling me you're leaving
And I'm telling you to go
And I'm not so sorry for the heart-wreck
But for each season left unblessed
The new terror in the canyons
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