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 youre telling me my hearts sick,
And Im telling you I know,
And youre telling me youre leaving,
And Im telling you to go,
And Im 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 youre telling me my hearts sick,
And Im telling you I know,
And youre telling me youre leaving,
And Im telling you to go,
And Im not so sorry for the heart-wreck,
But for each season left unblessed,
The new terror in the canyons,
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