

# I Am the Lion

Phinehas

Son of Mine!  
Can you hear the sound  
of this repetition as clockwork?  
I'm always peeling back your skin  
to rip the legions FROM YOUR HEART.

Every scar you leave yourself  
is a jewel in the making.  
I would give new passion yet  
you've turned your back.

Like a devil of details cut your throat  
you're so addicted!  
You'll swing the hammer  
and I'll turn your nails to gold!

Like a devil of details  
you're so addicted  
You'll swing the hammer  
and I'll turn your nails to gold

You will know My voice  
when the hair on your neck stands up  
I opened this door, and I will bring the End  
All gives way and all will fall  
to their knees and beg for grace  
Son of Mine  
these letters I swear have not been burnt

My heart a child trembling in sight of his wake  
Is longing to rest in the hollow of Your hand  
I know now what it is to be helpless like a foot on my neck to the ground  
I'm longing to rest in the hollow of Your hand

Here I am  
I await You

My heart a child trembling in sight of his wake  
Is longing to rest in the hollow of Your hand  
I know now what it is to be helpless like a foot on my neck to the ground  
I'm longing to rest in the hollow of Your hand  
You will know My voice

Here I am  
I am the Lion

Clear the path  
I am the Lion  
You brood of snakes  
I am the Lion