

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