Phish, Tela

The sky is burning in this lonely land

And I kneel by the river and I feel the sand and the wind

The wind from beyond the mountain

The wind from beyond the mountain

And she comes to me in this lonely land

And looks down from the multi-beast on which she rides like the wind

The wind from beyond the mountain

The wind from beyond the mountain

Tela was born in a vulgar crooked hut

In the shadow of Wilson's castle

Venomous scorn from a life of bitter toil

In the shadow of Wilson's castle

Glory esteem fueled by her hatred it grew

Swelling to the point where it would

Burst at the seems there was nothing she could do

Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain

Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain

A lullaby the breezes whisper

And I look into her eyes and my frozen heart begins to thaw

And burns, 'til layer after layer melts away into a pool

A sky blue mirror of her eyes

And my soul is made of marble but in her gaze I crumble into dust

And drift away on the wind

The wind from beyond the mountain

The wind from beyond the mountain

Tela grew strong from her struggle to endure

In the shadow of Wilson's castle

Time touched her wounds and shelter proved the cure

In the shadow of Wilson's castle

Each passing day seemed to feed the brazen serpent locked inside

And liberate the spirit she'd concealed for so long

There was no place left to hide

Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain

Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain

A lullaby the breezes whisper