

## Phish "It's Ice"

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I press on the elastic sheet, I'm breathing through a slice  
Are they worms or are they serpents? Bubbles through the ice  
The source was quite invisible, the ever present voice  
While skating both legs tracing different shapes, I made my choice

Mimicking the image in whose radiance I bask  
I'm tied to him, or him to me depending who you ask  
None the less reluctantly reflections tumble in  
I slide with all the others on the wrong side of the skin

He's fallen on the ice, it cracks  
Will he plunge in and join me here?  
He meets my eyes, to my surprise  
He laughs in full light of my frown  
My double wants to pull me down

Slipping on the friction slide my skin peels to the bone  
The flesh I leave behind is something that is not my own  
I beg my mirror image for a moment with my soul  
He's pleading back, time to attack it's me who's in control

And every move I make, he's got a hand up just in time  
He's throwing several punches and he's blocking most of mine  
Defeated now, I sulk and squirm in my  
[Incomprehensible] frozen ice  
Waiting, calculating till next he ventures on the ice

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