

Phish "Rift"

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Last night, in the moments my thoughts were adrift
And coasting a terrace, approaching a rift
Through which I could spy several glimpses beneath
Of the darkness, the light from above could not reach

I spied wings of reason, herself taking flight
And upon yonder precipice saw her alight
And glared back at me one last look of dismay
As if she were the last one, she thought I'd betray

So much better I said to myself
And drawing quite close to the top of the shelf
I struggled with destiny upon the ledge
And gasped when defeated, he slipped off the edge

And silence contagious in moments like these
Consumed me and strengthened my will to appease
The passion that sparked me one terrible night
And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite

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