

Phish "The Ice"

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I press on the elastic sheet, I'm breathing through the 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 at bask
I'm tied to him, or him to me, with anything you ask
None the less reluctantly reflections tumble in
I slide with all the other on the wrong side of the skin

He's falling 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 bleeding back, time to attack, it's me who's in control

But 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 pollen and frozen mice
Waiting, calculating till next he ventures on the ice.

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