

# Breath and Burning

## Phish

Breath and Burning  
We are made of sand  
Slowly turning  
At the waves command And what does it matter  
If the nightmares all came true?  
The black clouds that scattered across  
The sky so there's nothing left we can do Let's celebrate while the hurricane  
Throws salt and water into the room  
The canary died  
The healer lied The yellow fields disappeared too soon  
Mid-air voltage blooms and grows  
Unstoppable, it's instant heat  
And as sinners plea on bended knee We'll be dancing here for days  
Breath and Burning  
We are made of sand  
Slowly turning At the waves command And what does it matter  
That the end's in sight?  
We're not going gently  
We're gonna rage with Page at the dying of the light! The sudden unexpected fate  
Of sunken ships  
Was our future path  
Your string of beads did nothing to Prepare for you what was sure to pass  
Shadow wheels in shipping lanes  
The angry winds blew straight from hell  
And the tortoise pulls his head inside his shell Breath and Burning  
We are made of sand  
Slowly turning  
At the waves command And what does it matter?  
It'll be over soon  
Our heads on a platter  
So lets spin in the light of the moon We've still got the light of the moon  
We'll dance in the light of the moon Breath and Burning  
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Songwriters

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