

# Rift

## Phish

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 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  
Consume me and strengthen my will to appease The passion that sparked me one terrible night  
(And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite) And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite  
And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite  
And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite  
And shocked and persuaded my soul to ignite

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