

# Sand

## Phish

If you can heal the symptoms  
But not affect the cause  
It's quite a bit like trying to heal  
The gunshot wound with gauze  
If you instead attempt to rest  
The pistol from the hand  
Then I would not be able to  
Equate my life with sand  
Flowing through the hourglass  
Pushing through the funnel  
Turn once more and racing  
All your siblings for the tunnel  
Slide and let the silicone  
Embrace you as you fall  
Then bounce around  
And let your brothers  
Crush you to the wall  
I would choose my own religion  
Worship my own spirit  
But if he ever preached to me  
I wouldn't want to hear it  
I'd drop him a forgotten God  
Languishing in shame  
And then if I hit stormy seas  
I'd have myself to blame  
If you can heal the symptoms  
But not affect the cause  
You can't heal the symptoms  
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But not affect the cause  
You can't heal the symptoms

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