

Sand

Trey Anastasio

If you can heal the symptoms
But not affect the cause
It's quite a bit like trying to heal
A gunshot wound with gauze
If you instead attempt to wrest
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 in racing
All your siblings for the tunnel
Slide and let the silicone
Embrace you as you fall
Then bounce and land 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
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