

# Phish, Colonel Forbin's Ascent

Colonel Forbin stared up at the mountain  
And wiped away the beads of sweat  
That glistened on his brow  
His tired feet were buried in the quagmire  
And his bloodshot eyes saw all that lay between him  
And fulfillment of his vow

And he felt his fingers wrap around a knotted root  
And pulled his body upwards  
To a sea green mossy boulder  
And he dragged his weary carcass (or &quot;shit-ass&quot;) up the mountain

And he climbed so slowly  
He climbed so slowly  
Ahead  
Ahead

Suddenly he heard the crack of thunder  
And the rocks began to crumble overhead  
And tumble down the mountain to the  
Dismal swamp that lay beneath the jagged cliffs  
through which his path had led  
And the earth began to quake beneath his feet  
And the mighty mountain changed before his eyes  
And he stood amidst a sea of dust and rocks and stones  
Cascading down the mountain  
And a thousand birds were headed for the sky. Oh...

The sacred creed will be yours  
And if you wait until tomorrow  
The sacred creed will be yours  
To devour  
Yours  
To seize  
And to obey  
Obey

When the dust had cleared, the colonel lifted up his head  
And was driven to his knees by a blazing beam of light  
And he saw the silhouette that stood before him  
And he bowed in reverence  
Trembling in the shadow of the mighty legend's form  
Icculus the prophet stood before his eyes  
Looking down on Colonel Forbin  
Where he shuddered in the puddles and the muck  
And he quietly addressed him

And he spoke so slowly  
He spoke so slowly  
Ahead  
He said

Colonel Forbin I know why you've come here  
And I'll help you with your quest to gain the knowledge that you lack  
I call upon my faithful friend the mockingbird  
To fly and seize the helping book and bring it to your shack  
And a tree of knowledge in your soul will grow

And the Helping Friendly Book will plant the seed  
But I warn you that all knowledge seeming innocent and pure  
Becomes a deadly weapon in the hands of avarice  
And greed

The sacred greed will be yours  
And if you wait until tomorrow  
The sacred creed will be yours  
To devour  
Yours  
To seize  
And to obey  
And to obey

And the famous mockingbird swooped down out of the sky and landed on Icculus's shoulder, and I