

# Phish, Sand

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 while racing  
All your siblings for the tunnel  
Slide and let the silicone  
Embrace you as you fall  
Then bounce and land you let  
Your brothers crush you to the wall  
I would choose my own religion  
And 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