

Phish, Chalk Dust Torture

Come stumble my mirth beaten worker
I'm Jezmund the family berzerker
I'm bought for the price of a flagon of rice
The wind buffs the cabin
You speak of your life
Or more willingly Locust the Lurker
Confuse what you can of the ending
And revise your despise so impending
'Cause I soak on the wrath
That you didn't quite mask
I'm getting it clearly through alternate paths
Or mixed in with the signal you're sending
But who can unlearn all the facts that I've learned
As I sat in their chairs and my synapses burned
And the torture of chalk dust collects on my tongue
Thoughts follow my vision and dance in the sun
All my vasoconstrictors they come slowly undone
Can't I live while I'm young?
But no peace for Jezmund tonight
I plug the distress tube up tight
And watch what I say as it flutters away
And all this emotion is kept harmless at bay
Not to educate somebody's fright