

Phish, Discern

The sound of flying swiftly, which makes it hard to find
Pathway through the darkness, every time I fall behind
I think I hear a whisper, around nearly every turn
But what the voice is saying, I barely can discern
The echoes that are following the contours of the ground
Ebb and flow and eddies in, a title wave of sound
And through the mist I think I see your face and try to learn
The meanings of expressions, I barely can discern
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The meaning of expressions I barely can discern
The echoes that are following the contours of the ground
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