

Phish, Guelah Papyrus

Aboard a craft bereft of oar
I rowed upstream to find Lenore
Abducted by a bandit or
A king from some forgotten war
And mindful of his larval craze
The rhinotropic micro-gaze
Ignored it and to my amazement
Rode to Paris in twelve days
This is the work of the guelah papyrus
Stranded for a moment on the ocean of Osyrus
Absorbing all she can for every member of her clan
Expanding exponentially like some recursive virus
She take me on, I never fail
To ride on the redundant rail
'Cause when I know she's switched a track
There's always one to take me back
And through the bedroom door intrude
A fretful frown and spoil the mood
'Cause though I never really stand that tall
She tilt my frame, she watch me fall
[GUELAH (THE FLY)]
So maybe I could be a fly
And feed arachnid as I die
And view the ritual from within
The silken tunnel that they spin
And through the bedroom door intrude
A fretful frown and spoil the mood
'Cause though I never really stand that tall
She tilt my frame, she watch me fall