

Rush, Jacob's Ladder

The clouds prepare for battle
In the dark and brooding silence
Bruised and sullen storm clouds
Have the light of day obscured
Looming low and ominous
In twilight premature
Thunder heads are rumbling
In a distant overture...

All at once, the clouds are parted
Light streams down in bright unbroken beams...

Follow men's eyes as they look to the skies
The shifting shafts of shining weave the fabric of their dreams...