

# Oblivion

Phish

I fold my hands across my breast  
No stones to weigh upon my chest  
No fist to clench, no furrowed brow  
Though cold I sleep more soundly now

No stranger sunset have I seen  
The wavy lines I float between  
Converges, spirals and surround  
And draw me further underground

Between the layers in the soil  
I crash through shale and splash in oil  
My relentlessness is finally quit (woo hoo, ooh)  
And I am warming up a bit

Below a kingdom bathed in ink  
Now opening the onyx gates  
I sense the reaper as I sink  
Within, oblivion awaits

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I crash  
(Oblivion awaits)  
Through the shale  
(Oblivion awaits)  
And splash  
(Oblivion awaits)  
In the oil  
(Oblivion awaits)

I crash  
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Through the shale  
(Oblivion awaits)  
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