

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

I crash
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(Oblivion awaits)
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