

Jacob's Ladder

Rush

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
Thunderheads 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