

Sleep of No Dreaming

Porcupine Tree

At the age of sixteen
I grew out of hope
I regarded the cosmos
Through a circle of rope

So I threw out my plans
Ran on to the wheel
And emptied my head
Of all childish ideals

The sleep of no feeling
The sleep of no being
The sleep of no dreaming

Married the first girl
Who wasn't a man
And smiled as the spiders
Ran all over my hands

The sleep of no feeling
The sleep of no being
The sleep of no dreaming

Made a good living
By dying it's true
As the world in my TV
Leaked onto my shoes

The sleep of no feeling
The sleep of no being
The sleep of no dreaming