

## The 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  
I married the first girl  
Who wasn't a man  
And smiled as the spiders  
Ran all over my hands  
Made a good living  
By dying it's true  
As the world in my TV  
Leaked onto my shoes