

# Sleepwalkers

Van der Graaf Generator

At night, this mindless army, ranks unbroken by  
dissent,  
is moved into action and their pace does not relent.  
In step, with great precision, these dancers of the  
night  
advance against the darkness - how implacable their  
might!  
Eyes undulled by moon, their arms and legs akimbo,  
they walk and live, hoping soon to surface from this  
limbo.  
Their minds, anticipating the dawn of the day,  
shall never know what's waiting mere insight away  
- too far, too soon.  
Senses dimmed in semi-sentience, only wheeling through  
this plane,  
only seeing fragmented images prematurely curtailed by  
the brain,  
but breathing, living, knowing in some measure at least  
the soul which roots the matter of both Beauty and the  
Beast.  
From what tooth or claw does murder spring,  
from what flesh and blood does passion?  
Both cut through the air with the pendulum's swing  
in deadly but delicate fashion.  
And every range of feeling is there in the dream  
and every logic's reeling in the force of the scream  
the senses sting.  
And though I may be dreaming and reality stalls  
I only know the meaning of sight and that's all  
and that's nothing.  
The columns of the night advance,  
infectiously, their cryptic dance  
gathers converts to the fold -  
in time the whole raw world will pace these same steps  
on into the same bitter end.  
Somnolent muster now the dancing dead  
forsake the shelter of their secure beds,  
awaken to a slumber whose depths they dread,  
as if the ground they tread would give way  
beneath the solemn weight of their conception.  
I'd search the hidden corners of all this world,  
make reason of the sensory whorl  
if I only had time,  
but soon the dream is ended.  
Tonight, before you lay down to the sweetness of your  
sleep  
do you question your surrender to the drop from Lover's  
Leap  
or does the anaesthetic darkness take hold on its very  
own?  
Does your body rise in service with not one dissenting  
groan?  
These waking dreams of life and death  
in the mirror are twisted and buckled,  
lashes flicker, a catch of breath,  
skin whitening at the knuckles.  
The army of sleepwalkers shake their limbs and are

loose  
and though I am a talker, I can phrase no excuse  
not to rise again.  
In the chorus of the night-time I belong  
and I, like you, must dance to that moonlight song  
and in the end I too must pay the cost of this life.  
If all is lost none is known  
and how could we lose what we've never owned?  
Oh, I'd search out every knowledge that I could find,  
unravel all the mysteries of mind,  
if I only had time,  
if I only had time,  
but soon my time is ended.