

# Peter Hammill, Now More Than Ever

Between coma and consciousness no hard and fast line,  
no chance to vote on the motioning eye.  
A mystical vision or a fall from grace,  
the chase in slow motion through alien space?  
I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
it seems as though I'm me, but I'm  
now more than ever happening inside myself  
I don't know whether I need anything else.

Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design...  
one field of life where free will won't cut through:  
the dream and the unconscious eye,  
in real time.

We surf between waking and the breakers of sleep  
the unconscious ocean, still waters run deep.  
We lay down all logic, all sense of control,  
suspend disbelief in the window of souls.  
I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
it seems as though I'm me, but I'm  
now more than ever happening only in thought...  
I don't know whether any sense is caught.

Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design...  
one field of life where free will won't cut through:  
the dream disappears in the light.

In the laboratory they're waking me up:  
the dream's on the lips but they smash the cup.  
A psycho-experiment, and there is no doubt  
the dream's an experience I go crazy without...  
I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
it seems as though I'm me, but I'm  
now more than ever happening inside my head...  
is this a forever with the ego dead?

Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design...  
one field of life where free will won't cut through:  
the dream and the unconscious eye.  
In real time  
it's now more than ever.