

Porcupine Tree, Lazarus

As the cheerless towns pass my window
I can see a washed out moon through the fog
And then a voice inside my head
Breaks the analogue And says

"Follow me down to the valley below
You know
Moonlight is bleeding
From out of your soul"

I survived against the will
Of my twisted folk
But in the deafness of my world
The silence broke And said

"Follow me down to the valley below
You know
Moonlight is bleeding
From out of your soul"

"My David don't you worry
This cold world is not for you
So rest your head upon me
I have strength to carry you"

(Ghosts of the twenties rising Golden summers just holding you)

"Follow me down to the valley below
You know
Moonlight is bleeding
From out of your soul
Come to us Lazarus
It's time for you to go"