

# 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"