

Porcupine Tree, Smiling Not Smiling

Out of the city the heavens reflect
A stinging vista of flaming insects
Darkness engulfing islands of light
Scarring the sky and staining the night

Under this mess and idiot prayer
A ticking bomb of bone and thin air
A candle wasting and waxing to nil
Waiting to trigger and blow the big chill

Now I'm inclined only to sleep
Ask me a question the meaning runs deep
Moments are drowning in mantras of rain
Smiling unsmiling there's no need to explain