

# Porcupine Tree, Up The Downstair

(Written by Steven Wilson)

Sleep  
Until the colours dissolve  
Leave the dream to rain-soak forever  
In blessed moments  
Viewed from trains of half-truths

Monuments burn into moments  
Up into other worlds  
Other ascensions  
Without deep sorrow to endure

Black Sunday of sleep  
Open for small angel escapes  
Moved by buildings to tears  
They weep in the rain  
Am I at home?  
Am I in heaven?  
Gentle Architecture