

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