

Procol Harum, The Dead Man's Dream

As I lay down dying, a floor for my bed
And a bundle of newspaper under my head
I dreamed a dream, as strange as could be
Concerning myself, and somebody like me
We were in some city, the stranger and me
The houses were open, and the streets empty
The windows were bare, and the pavements dirty
I asked where I was; my companion ignored me
We entered a graveyard and searched for a tombstone
The graves were disturbed, and the coffins wide open
And the corpses were rotten, yet each one was living
Their eyes were alive with maggots crawling
I cried out in fear, but my voice had left me
My legs were deformed, yet I moved quite freely
My head was on fire, yet my hands were icy
And everywhere light, yet darkness engulfed me
I managed to scream and woke from my slumber
I thought of my dream and lay there and wondered
Where had I been? What could it mean?
It was dark in the deathroom as I slithered under