Genesis, The Battle Of Epping Forrest

There is lambswool under my naked feet.
The wool is soft and warm,
Gives off some kind of heat.
A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed.
Imaginary creatures are trapped in birth on celluloid.
The fleas cling to the golden fleece,
Hoping they'll find peace.
Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid.
There's no hiding in my memory.
There's no room to void.
The crawlers cover the floor in the red ochre corridor.
For my second sight of people, they've more lifeblood than before.
They're moving. They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door,
Where the needle's eye is winking, closing in on the poor.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
There's only one direction in the faces that I see;
It's upward to the ceiling, where the chambers said to be.
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree.
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing that they're free.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.
Through a door a harvest feast is lit by candlight;
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears attack.
The eager pack lift up their pitchers- the carry all they lack.
The liquid has congealed, which has seeped out through the crack,
And the tickler takes his stickleback.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."