

Parlour Steps, Perpetual Dream

The trouble is calling me out, son
It's working its way down our street
Looks like everyone's getting theirs, fighting its way through our city
The rumbling is growing deafening, we'll have to escape through our ceiling

Maybe that was a dream
My mind has been working me
And I can't get any sleep
So life becomes a perpetual dream

The ground, it just swallowed me up
I fell through the darkness and cold
'Saw a light grow beneath me, a city weathered and old
The people were just living, believing their world had a ceiling

Heading towards the sun, sweet little one
Yeah, it's about time
You're finally making some wings, sweet little one
Yeah, it's about time
But you might find as you drift in closer
To the sun, your wax wings will melt