

# Peter Hammill, Fallen (The City Of Night)

Streets half-familiar that I once called home...  
the breath of phantoms now fogs the light;  
the skin I shuffled strangely outgrown.  
Fallen, the city of night

Lost geographics of mortar and lime  
formed the arena for fight or flight;  
all's buried under the leafstorm of time,  
fallen in the city of night,  
fallen the city of night.

All of the fences overblown,  
all of the gardens overgrown,  
all of the towers overthrown;  
all that I knew shall be over,  
become unknown  
in the city of night.

I know that I've been here before,  
I know that I've been here before,  
but that was in another lifetime.

What once seemed blessed now feels accursed  
with words the spendthrift burned by candlelight  
but now this miser's mouth is pursed:  
fallen, the city of night.

I know that I've been here before  
but that was in another lifetime.