

# Peter Hammill, Fogwalking

Everything clumsy slow-motion,  
I look for the source.  
Buildings loom up like icebergs  
on collision course.  
I don't want to go in there,  
I just want to be alone,  
unpick the stitches of time  
in London  
in the no-go zone.

I've been kicking around like a dog,  
lost myself in the blank mass of fog,  
it's some kind of service.  
All humanity's fall-out is there,  
slumped in doorways  
and mouthing cold air -  
I have heard this.

Fogwalking, fogwalking.

Since the curfew  
the streets are half-dead,  
all the good folk asleep in their beds,  
it's so easy to go off the rails  
when the fog spores  
are breeding inside by head.

Fogwalking: there's a presence that I sense  
Fogwalking: the neck muscles tense  
Fogwalking: it's right here inside me,  
try to find a defense - oh, no.

Fogwalking through the wreckage,  
fogwalking through the worm-eaten Night Apple,  
fogwalking through what used to be  
Whitechapel.