

Peter Hammill, This Side Of The Looking Glass

The stars in the heavens still shine
up above me:
how lovely they'd seem
if you were with me
but you're gone through the looking-glass
and I am left to pass these nights alone.

I'm lost, I'm dumb, I'm blind,
I am drunk with sadness,
sunk by madness,
the wave overwhelms me,
the mirror repels me,
the echo of your laugh
drifts through the looking-glass
and I am alone.

No friendship, no comfort, no future, no home,
the past lingers with me:
you're all the love I've ever known
and without you I'm nothing
but empty and silent,
reflecting on all that I've lost.
I let you slip away so soon.

Can you hear me? This is my song:
I am dying; you are gone.

These words are not enough to save my soul,
they just mock me from the mirror.
I'm cold and I'm yearning,
I've told you I'm burning,
my eyes can't stand the light...
like a stray dog in the night
I'll shuffle off alone.

We all make our futures
but I have lost mine;
I'm hoping for a miracle
but finding no sign....

The stars in their constellations,
each one just sadly flickers and falls...
without you they mean nothing at all.