

Porcupine Tree, Men Of Wood

Come together men of wood
Burning sunsets where you stood
Like three hats lying in the snow
There's nowhere left for you to go

Light escaping through the door
Leaking pain across the floor
There's nothing more for me to say
Men of wood turn white to grey

Sweet men of wood

Men of wood
Where you stood

An old man sitting beside the pier
Prepared himself to disappear
He raised his head for one last look
Then closed his eyes and left the book

Sweet men of wood