

Porcupine Tree, The Sleep Of No Dreaming

At the age of sixteen
I grew out of hope
I regarded the cosmos
Through a circle of rope
So I threw out my plans
Ran on to the wheel
And emptied my head
Of all childish ideals
The sleep of no feeling
I married the first girl
Who wasn't a man
And smiled as the spiders
Ran all over my hands
Made a good living
By dying it's true
As the world in my TV
Leaked onto my shoes