

Porcupine Tree

"The Sleep Of No Dreaming"

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[Written by Steven Wilson]

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

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