

Porcupine Tree

"Up the Downstair"

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[Written by Steven Wilson]

Sleep

Until the colours dissolve

Leave the dream to rain-soak forever

In blessed moments

Viewed from trains of half-truths

Monuments burn into moments

Up into other worlds

Other ascensions

Without deep sorrow to endure

Black Sunday of sleep

Open for small angel escapes

Moved by buildings to tears

They weep in the rain

Am I at home?

Am I in heaven?

Gentle Architecture

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