

# Sleep of No Dreaming

Porcupine Tree

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  
The sleep of no being  
The sleep of no dreaming

Married the first girl  
Who wasn't a man  
And smiled as the spiders  
Ran all over my hands

The sleep of no feeling  
The sleep of no being  
The sleep of no dreaming

Made a good living  
By dying it's true  
As the world in my TV  
Leaked onto my shoes

The sleep of no feeling  
The sleep of no being  
The sleep of no dreaming