

# The Carpet Crawler

Genesis

There is lambswool under my naked feet.  
The wool is soft and warm,  
- gives off some kind of heat.  
A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed.  
Imaginary creatures are trapped in birth on celluloid.  
The fleas cling to the golden fleece,  
Hoping they'll find peace.  
Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid.  
There's no hiding in my memory.  
There's no room to avoid.

The walls are painted in red ochre and are marked by strange insignia, some looking like a bulls-eye, others of birds and boats. Further down the corridor, he can see some people; all kneeling. With broken sighs and murmurs they struggle, in their slow motion to move towards a wooden door at the end. Having seen only the inanimate bodies in the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging, Rael rushes to talk to them.

The crawlers cover the floor in the red ochre corridor.  
For my second sight of people, they've more lifeblood than before.  
They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door,  
Where the needle's eye is winking, closing in on the poor.  
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:  
"We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out."

"What's going on?" he cries to a muttering monk, who conceals a yawn and replies "It's a long time yet before the dawn." A sphinx-like crawler calls his name saying "Don't ask him, the monk is drunk. Each one of us is trying to reach the top of the stairs, a way out will await us there." Not asking how he can move freely, our hero goes boldly through the door. Behind a table loaded with food, is a spiral staircase going up into the ceiling.

There's only one direction in the faces that I see;  
It's upward to the ceiling, where the chamber's said to be.  
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree.  
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing they're free.  
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:  
"We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out."

Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,  
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.  
Through the door a harvest feast is lit by candlelight;  
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.  
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:  
"We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out."

The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears attack.  
The eager pack lift up their pitchers - they carry all they lack.  
The liquid has congealed, which has seeped out through the crack,  
And the tickler takes his stickleback.  
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:

"We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out  
We've got to get in to get out."