

# Fogwalking

Peter Hammill

Everything clumsy slow-motion,  
I look for the source.  
Buildings loom up like icebergs  
On collision course.  
I don't want to go in there,  
I just want to be alone,  
Unpick the stitches of time  
In London  
In the no-go zone.

I've been kicking around like a dog,  
Lost myself in the blank mass of fog,  
It's some kind of service.  
All humanity's fall-out is there,  
Slumped in doorways  
And mouthing cold air -  
I have heard this.

Fogwalking, fogwalking.

Since the curfew  
The streets are half-dead,  
All the good folk asleep in their beds,  
It's so easy to go off the rails  
When the fog spores  
Are breeding inside by head.

Fogwalking: there's a presence that I sense  
Fogwalking: the neck muscles tense  
Fogwalking: it's right here inside me,  
Try to find a defense - oh, no.

Fogwalking through the wreckage,  
Fogwalking through the worm-eaten Night Apple,  
Fogwalking through what used to be  
Whitechapel.