

Carpet Crawlers

Steve Hackett

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 on the poor

The carpet crawlers heed their callers
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out

There's only one direction
In the faces that I see
And it's upward to the ceiling
Where the chamber's said to be

Like a forest fight for sunlight
That takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet
Still believing they're free

The carpet crawlers heed their callers
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out

Mild-mannered supermen
Are held in kryptonite
And the wise and foolish virgins just giggle
With their bodies glowing bright

Through the door a harvest feast
Is lit by candlelight
It's the bottom of a staircase
It spirals out of sight

The carpet crawlers heed their callers
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out

The porcelain mannequin
With shattered skin fears attack
And the eager pack lift up its pitchers
They carry all they lack

The liquid has congealed
It has seeped out through the crack
And the tickler takes his stickleback...

The carpet crawlers heed their callers
We've gotta get in to get out
We've gotta get in to get out

We've gotta get in to get out

We've gotta get in to get out...

The carpet crawlers heed their callers

We've gotta get in to get out

We've gotta get in to get out

We've gotta get in to get out