

A Gap In The Night

The Tangent

For Neal who found what he searched,
From one who searched and found something entirely different

I. Ante-Room

And in the REM movement, reality restores,
A harsh-edged ambiance moves in,
Kicks me out the bedroom door
Adventuring in the real world,
Of substance, time and change
Turn off the gap!
Forget the gap!

II. Time For You

III. Troubled Awakenings

Where is this place that I see here?
What is this place? From whence this fear?
This is not my world
Whose is this room that I sit in?
Whose is the light that shines so dim?
This is not my world

What am I doing here at all?
If I look down will I fall?
These thoughts cross my mind as...
I burn the midnight lamp
As I sit in my tiny room

IV. The Inanimate Object Conspiracy

Something's wrong with the inanimate!
The furniture is crowding in...
The ceiling swins on a pendulum,
Opens up onto a world that lies within
Buildings that rise up and claw at the sky,
Shatter the blue and cry out in the night
Sucking me upwards into the fright and hell of this dream

The labyrinth is oh, so personal,
I'm caught up in my own esteem,
Questioning the real environment,
As though I were the only object in its beam
Falling through space in a gap in the night
My body is torn through a sleep in the heights
Of oblivion and intrigue,
And a consuming passion to know who I am

V. The Street Light Watershed

Here in the half light the orange streetbulbs cast,
Through the curtains of my room,
I wait for the morning,
As if somehow that will change all my negative thoughts

But this is not me, this is not who I am
It's just an echo of my former self,
Escaping through the log-jam

Caught by the upsurge,

I feel self-pity crawl my body like a fever,
I'm stuck here at square one,
The all-time-loser who never fills the coupon in

This is not me
This is not how I am
It's just an echo of my former self
Escaping through the log-jam

When I feel the power,
I know that it's time to start
The pen runs before me
Leads me deep to the heart

VI. This Is Not The End Of The World
(But You Can See It From Here)
If I wait for an eternity will I ever find the truth?
If I search a hundred years or more
Will I ever solve the questions of my youth?

Won't someone believe me?
Won't somebody take away the pain from this frame?
It's no game, you can see the end of the world on a clear day

VII. The Gap Yawns, The Orchestra Goes Doo-Lally

VIII. The Ante-Room (Part II)
And in the REM movement, reality restores,
A harsh-edged ambiance moves in,
Kicks me out the bedroom door
Adventuring in the real world,
Of substance, time and change
Turn off the gap!
Forget the gap!

I am fugitive in the waking world
A nomad caught under ice,
With all the buzzing lines around me,
Where each second has its price,
And the seconds turn to hours
The hours turn to lives
And I live through a thousand each night
Before the daylight finally arrives
And I know that the daytime is just a gap in the night
I'm tired and not ready for the fight
Turn off the gap!

And nobody says who I'm living, or
Whose eyes I'm seeing through,
The actions so unforgiving and
I can't crawl back to you
I'm tired of fighting an unrelenting force
I'm tired and searching for a course to steer,
In my flimsy boat of reeds
Trying in vain to cross a surging, stormy sea,
Of self-conscious analysis

IX. The Gap In The Night