Lion Skin

Hands Like Houses

I wonder, can you daydream at night?
Lying awake, I've had too much time.
I'm watching picture shows in the shadows
Dance for the crowd tonight.
Imagination is such a vivid place to hide,
While stars watch over you.
Through silent homes
The lights are out but I walk these halls,
The way I've walked before,
Sleeping, with saints and apparitions between the walls.
The lights are out but I walk these halls,
I promised not to wake you, so I'll walk light, just so you can hear,
The rats in the roof and termites in the ceiling.
We'll hear everything except what we need to hear.
Sleeplessness is for the restless, and I'm just fine,
Left to wander, aimless in unconsciousness.
There's spiders crawling from the corners of my eyes.
Let them weave their little webs to snatch the sunlight from the lens.
I'm staring at the ceiling 'cause I'm fed up with the sight.
Weigh my eyelids back to sleep, sealed by silken silver threads,
While stars watch over you.

Through silent homes
The lights are out but I walk these halls,
The way I've walked before,
Sleeping, with saints and apparitions between the walls.
The lights are out but I walk these halls.
Cast the sheep out of your mind,
Count the wolves and we'll sleep tonight.
I stumble in and I stumble out of unfamiliar rooms in foreign houses,
But I'm at home, a ghost that has left behind his sheets,
Unrequited, until I wake up somewhere I know that I've never been.
I'll stay 'til sleep takes over you.
And I'll walk while stars watch over you.
Through silent homes
The lights are out but I walk these halls,
The way I've walked before,
Sleeping, with saints and apparitions between the walls.
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