

In the Cage

Genesis

I got sunshine in my stomach
Like I just rocked my baby to sleep.

I got sunshine in my stomach
But I can't keep me from creeping sleep,

Sleep, deep in the deep. He wakes in a cold sweat with a strong urge to vomit. There's no sign of the cocoon and he can see more of the cave about him. There is much more of the glowing water dripping from the roof and stalactites and stalagmites are forming and decomposing at an alarming rate all around him. Rockface moves to press my skin

White liquid turn sour within

Turn fast - turn sour

Turn sweat - turn sour.

Must tell myself that I'm not here.

I'm drowning in a liquid fear.

Bottled in a strong compression,

My distortion shows obsession

In the cave.

Get me out of this cave! As fear and shock register, he assures himself that self-control will provide some security, but this thought is abandoned as the stalactites and stalagmites lock into a fixed position, forming a cage whose bars are moving in towards him. If I keep my self-control,

I'll be safe in my soul.

And the childhood belief

Brings a moment's relief,

But my cynic soon returns

And the lifeboat burns.

My spirit just never learns. Stalactites, stalagmites

Shut me in, lock me tight.

Lips are dry, throat is dry.

Feel like burning, stomach churning,

I'm dressed up in a white costume

Padding out leftover room.

Body stretching, feel the wretching

In the cage

Get me out of the cage! At one moment there is a flash of light and he sees an infinite network of cages all strung together by a ropelike material. In the glare of a light,

I see a strange kind of sight;

Of cages joined to form a star

Each person can't go very far;

All tied to their things

They're netted by their strings,

Free to flutter in memories of their wasted wings.As the rocky bars press in on Rael's body, he sees his brother John outside, looking in. John's face is motionless despite screams for help, but in his vacant expression a tear of blood forms and trickles down his cheek. Then he calmly walks away leaving Rael to face the pains which are beginning to sweep through his body.Outside the cage I see my Brother John,

He turns his head so slowly round.

I cry out Help! before he can be gone,

And he looks at me without a sound.

And I shout out 'John please help me!'

But he does not even want to try to speak.

I'm helpless in my violent rage

And a silent tear of blood dribbles down his cheek,

And I watch him turn away and leave the cage.

My little runaway.(Raindrops keep failing on my head, they keep falling on my)In a trap, feel a strap

Holding still. Pinned for kill.

Chances narrow that I'll make it,

In the cushioned straight-jacket.

Just like 22nd Street,

They got me by my neck and feet.

Pressures building, can't take more.

My headaches charge, earaches roar.

In this pain

Get me out of this pain.If I could change to liquid,

I could fill the cracks up in the rocks.

I know that I am solid

And I am my own bad luck.However, just as John walks out of sight, the cage dissolves and Rael is left spinning like a top.Outside John disappears, my cage dissolves,

without any reason my body revolves.Keep on turning,

Keep on turning,

Turning around,

Spinning around.(round, round, round, round)

Songwriters

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