

# Sleepless Incidental

## I.Q.

Sightless, he watches the columns collide  
As he wanders the canyon relentlessly wide  
Empires are burning, the rain cuts his skin  
And in every direction the sound closes in  
    Time, only time, have I  
    And already I'm not okay  
    He falls in with the unwashed and unfed  
He will sleep for the first time, no crib for a bed  
    In these extraordinary lanes  
    He is blind again, unaware still  
From the greatest height and to the furthest end  
    Without association, he will bend  
And walking with the wounded, old and thin  
    Made to be paraded, bring the misfit in  
    How to overpower the avenues of steel  
    In my illusion, what if this is real ?  
    Sleepless incidental, what I really need  
    Is how to now avoid the full stampede  
    I'm only taking time  
    And I'm not where I want to be now

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