

Lazarus

Porcupine Tree

As the cheerless towns pass my window
I can see a washed out moon through the fog
And then a voice inside my head breaks the analogue
And says "Follow me down to the valley below
You know moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul" "I survived against the will of my twisted folk
But in the deafness of my world the silence broke
And said "Follow me down to the valley below
You know moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul" "Follow me down to the valley below
You know moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul" "My David, don't you worry, this cold world is not for
you
So rest your head upon me, I have strength to carry you" "Ghosts of the twenties rising
Golden summers just holding you" "Follow me down to the valley below
You know moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul" "Follow me down to the valley below
You know moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul
Come to us, Lazarus, it's time for you to go"

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