

Carpet Crawlers (Live In Manchester)

Genesis

There is lambswool under my naked feet.
The wool is soft and warm,
Gives off some kind of heat.
A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed.
Imaginary creatures are trapped in birth on celluloid.
The fleas cling to the golden fleece,
Hoping they'll find peace
Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid.
There's no hiding in my memory
There's no room to void
The crawlers cover the floor in the red ocher corridor
For my second sight of people, they've more lifeblood than before
They're moving. They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door
Where the needle's eye is winking, closing in on the poor
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
There's only one direction in the faces that I see
It's upward to the ceiling, where the chambers said to be
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing that they're free
The carpet crawlers heed their callers
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright
Through a door a harvest feast is lit by candlelight
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight
The carpet crawlers heed their callers
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

Songwriters

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