I Find That I'm Not There

Porcupine Tree

We lost the skyline
We stepped right off the map
Drifted into blank space
And let the clocks relapseWe laughed the rain down
Slow burn on the lawn
Ghosts across the delta
Swallowed up the stormSometimes I feel like a fist
Sometimes I am the color of air
Sometimes it's only afterwards
I find that I'm not thereIn the dream dusk
We walked beside the lake
We watched the sky move sideways
And heard the evening break

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