

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 relapse
We laughed the rain down
Slow burn on the lawn
Ghosts across the delta
Swallowed up the storm
Sometimes I feel like a fist
Sometimes I am the color of air
Sometimes it's only afterwards
I find that I'm not there
In the dream dusk
We walked beside the lake
We watched the sky move sideways
And heard the evening break

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