

The Sleepwalkers

Van Der Graaf Generator

At night, this mindless army, ranks unbroken by dissent,
Is moved into action and their pace does not relent.
In step, with great precision, these dancers of the night
Advance against the darkness. How implacable their might!
Eyes un-dulled by moon, their arms and legs akimbo,
They walk and live, hoping soon to surface from this limbo.
Their minds, anticipating the dawn of the day,
Shall never know what's waiting mere insight away.
Too far, too soon. Senses dimmed in semi-sentience, only wheeling through this plane,
Only seeing fragmented images prematurely curtailed by the brain,
But breathing, living, knowing in some measure at least
The soul which roots the matter of both Beauty and the Beast.
From what tooth or claw does murder spring,
From what flesh and blood does passion?
Both cut through the air with the pendulum's swing
In deadly but delicate fashion.
And every range of feeling is there in the dream
And every logic's reeling in the force of the scream
The senses sting.
And though I may be dreaming and reality stalls
I only know the meaning of sight and that's all
And that's nothing. The columns of the night advance,
Infectiously, their cryptic dance
Gathers converts to the fold -
In time the whole raw world
Will pace these same steps on
Into the same bitter end. Somnolent muster now the dancing dead
Forsake the shelter of their secure beds,
Awaken to a slumber whose depths they dread,
As if the ground they tread
Would give way
Beneath the solemn weight of their conception.
I'd search the hidden corners of all this world,
Make reason of the sensory whorl
If I only had time,
But soon the dream is ended.

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