

The Carpet Crawlers

Gregorian

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 memory
There's no room to avoid

The crawlers cover the floor in the red ochre corridor
For my second sight of people, they've more lifeblood than before
They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door
Where the needle's eye is winking, closing 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
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 chamber's said to be
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing 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
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 the 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
We've got to get in to get out"

The porcelain mannequin with shattered skin fears attack
And the eager pack lift up their pitchers - they carry all they lack
The liquid has congealed, which has seeped out through the crack
And the tickler takes his stickleback
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out..."