

## Sleepless Incidental

IQ

Sightless, he watches the columns collide  
As he wanders the canyons relentlessly wide  
Empires are burning, the rain cuts his skin  
And in every direction the sound closes in  
Time, only time, have I  
And already I'm not okay  
He falls in with the unwashed and unfed  
He will sleep for the first time, no crib for a bed  
In these extraordinary lanes  
He is blind again, unaware still  
From the greatest height and to furthest end  
Without association, he will bend  
And walking with the wounded, old and thin  
Made to be paraded, bring the misfit in  
How to overpower the avenues of steel  
In my illusion, what of this is real?  
Sleepless incidental, what I really need  
Is how to now avoid the full stampede  
I'm only taking time  
And I'm not where I want to be now  
--Instrumental--