

# Marillion, Incubus

(Dick/Kelly/Rothery/Trewavas)

When footlights dim in reverence to prescient passion forewarned  
My audience leaves the stage, floating ahead perfumed shift  
Within the stammering silence, the face that launched a thousand frames  
Betrayed by a porcelain tear, a stained career  
You played this scene before, you played this scene before  
I the mote in your eye, I the mote in your eye  
A misplaced reaction

The darkroom unleashes imagination in pornographic images  
In which you will always be the star, always be the star, untouchable  
Unapproachable, constant in the darkness  
Nursing an erection, a misplaced reaction  
With no flower to place before this gravestone  
And the walls become enticingly newspaper thin  
But that would be developing the negative view  
And you have to be exposed in voyeuristic colour  
The public act, let you model your shame  
On the mannequin catwalk, catwalk  
Let the cats walk, and the cat walks

I've played this scene before, I've played this scene before  
I the mote in your eye, I the mote in your eye  
A misplaced reaction, satisfaction

You can't brush me under the carpet, you can't hide me under the stairs  
The custodian of your private fears, your leading actor of yesteryear  
Who as you crawled out of the alleys of obscurity  
Sentenced to rejection in the morass of anonymity  
You who I directed with lovers will, you who I let hypnotise the lens  
You who I let bathe in the spotlights glare  
You who wiped me from your memory like a greasepaint mask  
Just like a greasepaint mask

But now I'm the snake in the grass, the ghost of film reels past  
I'm the producer of your nightmare and the performance has just begun  
It's just begun

Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppets  
As you stutter paralysed with rabbits eyes, searing the shadows  
Flooding the wings, to pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's lips  
Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituary  
My cue line in the last act and you wait in silent solitude  
Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt

You've played this scene before