

Steven Wilson, Luminol

Here we all are
Born into a struggle
To come so far
But end up returning to dust

___ and tips his hat
Lies is ___
He has no truck with idle chat
Not to be tie
The songs he learned from scratched LPs
Scop to his ___

The chords he plays with less ___
Some sweet ___
Each passing year etched on his face
Some break ___
The words he sings are not his own
We speak of things he'll never know