

No Twilight Within the Courts of the Sun

Steven Wilson

Draggin' a lake
Find the owner of the voice
I zip in the bag
And drove all across the noise
Examine the hairline
His archives in the strands
He turned into something
That puts the weakness in my hands
I see what I suppose
I breathe what I dispose
Black wheels get yellow in the sand
I steal every idea that I can
(Something something) shadows in the lake
(Something) she (something) beside (something)
(Something something) in a car
(Something something) in the dark

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