

Synesthesia

Run With The Hunted

[Written by Steven Wilson] I'm sending you a letter
Because I don't think there's much time
Time to learn the cobwebs
Time to bear the crime It's only a number
It's only a death
Another soldier died in action
The telegram regrets I'm lying on a stretcher
They're lying to my face
There's no-one left to help me
I'm just a waste of space It's a matter of moments
I'll be dead before you've read
There's blood on the table
And my back is full of lead

Lyrics provided by

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