Salvaging (Pat Mastelotto mix)

Steven Wilson

What was the point of making you trust,
You live in a lie, the pain in the dust.God always shouts and you always kick,
Through passionless hours.
Yeah you make me feel sick.Your secret is taught but the body rejected.
Your smile's a question but the end is expected.A truce is obtained, excuses are given.
Time to assess, now the nails have been driven'.

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