

Strip the Soul

Porcupine Tree

This is my home, this is my own, we don't like no strangers
Raise the kids good, beat the kids good and tie them up
Spread it wide, my wife, my life, push the camera deeper
I can use, I abuse, my muse, I made them all This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole

A fire to feed

A belt to bleed

Strip the soul

Kill them all They are not gone, they are not gone, they are only sleeping

In graves, in ways, in clay, underneath the floor

Building walls, overalls, getting bored, I got faulty wiring

Brick it up now, brick it up now, but keep the bones This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole

A fire to feed

(Do you want a western home in the rubble?)

A belt to bleed

Strip the soul

Kill them all

(Do you want a western home in the rubble?) This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole This machine

Is there to please

Strip the soul

Fill the hole Strip the soul

Fill the hole Strip the soul

Fill the hole

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