In Formaldehyde

Porcupine Tree

Dust in the kitchen
Coffeepot, microdot
Now we are coasting
Talking less, breathing stressSomewhere inside, I have died
So I will lie in formaldehyde
People walk through my insidesWhen I get out of here
You get to keep the car
And I get a plastic vaseOr do you want me to stay?
The things that I have to say
You've heard it all anywaySend me to sleep
You always could, fatherhood
Tie up loose ends, make it stop
Forget me notAnd would you really mind
If I told you a million time
The story of my decline?You never seem to take
The time to contemplate
Before you annihilate

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