

In Formaldehyde

Porcupine Tree

Dust in the kitchen
Coffeepot, microdot
Now we are coasting
Talking less, breathing stress
Somewhere inside, I have died
So I will lie in formaldehyde
People walk through my insides
When I get out of here
You get to keep the car
And I get a plastic vase
Or do you want me to stay?
The things that I have to say
You've heard it all anyway
Send me to sleep
You always could, fatherhood
Tie up loose ends, make it stop
Forget me not
And 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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