The Creator Has A Mastertape

Porcupine Tree

He captured and collected things And he put them in a shed He raised a proper family So he could tie them to a bed The creator had a mastertape But he left it in a cab I stared into the void tonight The best dream I ever had He worked himself into the ground And drove a spike into his head A voice said, "Are you happy now? Your sordid home is running red" The creator had a mastertape But he left it in a cab I stared into the void tonight Best dream I ever had Pills and chloroform All the pages torn Pills and chloroform All the pages torn Pills and chloroform All the pages torn

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