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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