

No Twilight Within The Courts Of The Sun

[Steven Wilson](#)

Drain the lake
Find the owner of the voice
Zip in the bank
And drop off across the noise
Examine the hairline
As archives in the strand
You turn into something
That puts the weakness in my hands I see, but I suppose
I breathe, when I dispose
Black wheels turn yellow in the sand
I steal every idea that I can

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