Drawing The Line

Porcupine Tree

Camphor crossed with lace, it is the witching hour
Cinematic but crude
Teasing all my feelings out, you move away
It seems so natural to youStill siren, climbing up the victory tower
Like there's something left to prove
I trap the beads of sweat that run between my eyes
And free the fever to moveI'm drawing the line, I'm drawing the line
I'm drawing the line, I draw the line
And I have my pride
I'm taking control, I'm taking control
I'm taking control, I'm taking control
And I save my soul
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out
And I have no doubtDreamt the sound of scissors, cutting stitches out
Then discarding the used
Recording all my problems onto memory cards
Your compassion unmovedOnto others what they always do to you
The most twisted of your rules
Distill malaise and photograph the hole it leaves
Running out a copy for youI'm drawing the line, I'm drawing the line
I'm drawing the line, I draw the line
And I have my pride
I'm taking control, I'm taking control
I'm taking control, I'm taking control
And I save my soul
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out
And I have no doubt

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