

The creator has a mastertape (extended)

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 bedThe creator had a master tape
But he left it in a cab
I stared into the void tonight
The best dream I ever hadHe worked himself into the ground
And drove a spike into his head
A voice said lare you happy now?
Your sordid home is running red?Pills and chloroform
All the pages torn

Songwriters

WILSON, STEVEN/BALCH, COLIN EDWIN/BARBIERI, RICHARD/HARRISON, GAVIN

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