Raider Ii

Steven Wilson

A fist will make you understand intention
To raise alarm is underhand, so I cut off the phone
I bind you up with tape and catch some TV
Itâ€™s getting late, the shadows in the street are watching us

Check for fibres in the gaps between the teeth, the floorboards
Check the fingerprints, go through the trash
Maybe I just wanted some attention
Compulsion seeks its own way in rejection of the light
Every story needs to have an ending
We might as well give up all this pretending and clear the air

The night is crawling closer to the action
Your mouth is driving me into distraction, you talk too much
Well every story needs to have an ending
We might as well give up all this pretending and clear the air

A plague inside your home, Iâ€™m raider
Defiling all you own, raider
A cat among the crows, Iâ€™m raider
The butcher and his prose, Iâ€™m raider

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