The Web (1997 Remaster)

Marillion

The rain auditions at my window
Its symphony echoes in my womb
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment
To rectify the confines of my tombI'm the cyclops in the tents
I'm the soul without the cause
Crying 'midst my rubber plants
Ignoring beckoning doors
Clippings from ancient newspapers
Lie scattered across the floor
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass
Meaningless words

Faded photos exposing the pain Celluloid leeches bleeding my mind Christ you've finished playing hangman

Yellowed by time

You've cast the fateful dice

Advice, advice me, this shroud shall not suffice And thus begins the webAttempting to discard these clinging memories

I only serve to wallow in our past
I fabricate the weave with my excuses
It's strands I hope and pray shall last
Oh please do last

Oh please do lastThe fly trap needs the insects

Ivy caresses the wall

Needles make love to the junkies

The sirens seduce with their call

Confidence has deserted me, with you it has forsaken me

Confused and rejected, despised and alone,

I kiss isolation on its fevered brow

Security clutching me

Obscurity threatening me

Christ, your reasons were so obvious

As my friends have qualified

I only laughed away your tears, but even jesters cry

But even jesters cryI realize I hold the key to freedom

Ohh I cannot let my life be ruled by threads

The time has come to make decisions

The changes have to be madeI realize I hold the key to freedom

I cannot let my life be ruled by threads

The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be madeNow I leave you
The past does have its say
You're all but forgotten
A mote in my heart
Decisions have been made
They've been made
They've been made
I've conquered my fears, all my fears
The flaming shroud, the flaming shroud
Thus ends the web, the web, the web, the web

Songwriters
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