Ancestral

Steven Wilson

Reason never seems to come to guilty men
Things that meant so much mean nothing in the end
That function is dysfunction and to hide the truth
Distracted by their faith, ignoring every proofA bicycle
A garden wall
A mother's call
A love is born
And after all, the sleet that falls on meIn this city there are these who'd live alone
Twilight brings them from the gloom into our homes
And hiding there among the wreckage left behind
They see things that aren't there when they close their eyesCome back if you want to
And remember who you are
'Cause there's nothing here for you my dear
And everything must passWhen the world doesn't want you
It will never tell you why
You can shut the door but you can't ignore
The crawl of your declineCome child
Go back if you want to

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