

This Strange Engine

Marillion

There was a boy who came into this world
At the hands of a holy woman in a holy place
He wore a red coat and walked a bulldog
Saw them reflected in the mirror of the lakes Lived in the shadow of the mountains
With the smells of disinfectant
Dusty old leather and the polished wood of his bed No more than a baby feeding swans on the river
Holding the hands of his mother
And the wax paper bag of yesterday's bread And his father on the other side of the world
On the ship's railings and some far away tide
With the silent dry tear of home thoughts from abroad
In his far away eyes, in his far away eyes The smell of the wax on the wooden floor
Mixture of polish and soap
No children to fear or to play with
Rows of empty hooks for the coats An upright piano and the boys in the choir
Still remind him of just before he was born
Remind him of just before he was breathing
Strange misty visions of God Turn the cities into families, into villages of souls
Hovering in the air while they're sleeping
With their houses invisible
Send to me the ghosts of Christmas
Whispering, "You're the only one" And ever since I was a boy
I never felt that I belonged
Like everything they did to me
Was an experiment to see How I would cope with the illusion?
In which direction would I jump
Would I do it all the same
As the actors in the game? Or would I spit it back at them
And not get caught up in their rules?
And live according to my own
And not be used, not be used To find the fundamental truths
It was going to take some time
Thirty five summers down the line The wisdom of each passing year
Seems to serve only to confuse
Seems to serve only to confuse Daddy came out the navy and took us
Away to his dirty gray hometown
And he worked down on a coal mine for National Service
So that he could be around There was a magical purple in the chrome
Of the exhaust of his Triumph motorbike
And a warmth of oil and metal and the thrill

Of the hard corner holding tight
From the horizon came home from the navy to the mine
From the horizon to buried alive
Took his dream underground
Buried his treasure in his faraway eyes
And one day as the boy lay sleeping
In the sunshine of a half remembered afternoon
A cloud of bees with no particular aim and no brain
Found the boy, decided that his time had come
Came down out of the sky, stung him in the face
Again and again, blue pain, screaming like baptism
Intravenous Jesus like being chosen
Something with no brain, blue pain
It's happening again, it's happening again
Oh, Mummy, Daddy, will you sit a while with me?
Oh Mummy, Daddy, will you jog my memory?
Tell me tall tales of Montego Bay, table mountain
Flying fish, banana spiders, pots of paint
And the sun on the equator
Setting like an ember thrown to deep water
From crimson to black
But coming back tomorrow on the horizon
The blue pain fades to a point
Where it doesn't fade, it stayed blue
And stirred his red coat heart to this strange engine
This love, this love
This love, this inconvenient
Blind, blood-diamond, this puzzle
This love, this blind, blood-diamond
This puzzle I don't understand
That knows no faith and tries
And fails and tries again
Stares at the sea
The night's dark deep
For one last time and bleeds
And bleeds and dies for you
And lies and is to blame
And is ashamed
And is not the same
And is true, is true
Is true, is true and lies
[Incomprehensible] Is true

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