

# Strip the Soul / Dot Three

## Porcupine Tree

This is my home, this is my own, we don't like no strangers  
Raise the kids good, beat the kids good and tie them up  
Spread it wide, my wife, my life, push the camera deeper  
I can use, I abuse, my muse, I made them all

This machine  
Is there to please  
Strip the soul  
Fill the hole  
A fire to feed  
A belt to bleed  
Strip the soul  
Kill them all

They are not gone, they are not gone, they are only sleeping  
In graves, in ways, in clay, underneath the floor  
Building walls, overalls, getting bored, I got faulty wiring  
Brick it up now, brick it up now, but keep the bones

(Do you want a western home in the rubble?)

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