

Salvaging

Steven Wilson

Robbers appoint at making you trust,
you live in a lie, the pain in the dust. God always shouts and you always kick,
Through passionless hours.
Yeah you make me feel sick. Your secret is taught but the body rejected. Your smile's a question but the end is
expected. A truce is obtained, excuses are given.
Time to assess, No one knows what you're dreamin'. It's hard to assess, nobody know what you're dreamin'.
It's time to assess, no one knows what you're dreamin'

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