Incubus

Marillion

When footlights dim in reverence to prescient passion forewarned My audience leaves the stage, floating ahead perfumed shift Within the stammering silence, the face that launched a thousand fram es

Betrayed by a porcelain tear, a stained career

You played this scene before, you played this scene before I the mote in your eye, I the mote in your eye A misplaced reaction

The darkroom unleashes imagination in pornographic images
In which you will always be the star, always be the star, untouchable
Unapproachable, constant in the darkness
Nursing an er***** a misplaced reaction
With no flower to place before this gravestone
And the walls become enticingly newspaper thin
But that would be developing the negative view
And you have to be exposed in voyeuristic colour
The public act, let you model your shame
On the mannequin catwalk, catwalk
Let the cats walk, and the cat walks

I've played this scene before, I've played this scene before I the mote in your eye, I the mote in your eye
A misplaced reaction, satisfaction

You can't brush me under the carpet, you can't hide me under the stairs

The custodian of your private fears, your leading actor of yesteryear Who as you crawled out of the alleys of obscurity Sentenced to rejection in the morass of anonymity You who I directed with lovers will, you who I let hypnotise the lens You who I let bathe in the spotlights glare You who wiped me from your memory like a greasepaint mask Just like a greasepaint mask

But now I'm the snake in the grass, the ghost of film reels past I'm the producer of your nightmare and the performance has just begun It's just begun

Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppets
As you stutter paralysed with rabbits eyes, searing the shadows
Flooding the wings, to pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's
lips

Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituary My cue line in the last act and you wait in silent solitude Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt

You've played this scene before