

The Web

Marillion

The rain auditions at my window, its symphony echoes in my womb
My gaze scans the walls of this apartment
To rectify the confines of my tomb
I'm the cyclops in the tenement, I'm the soul without the cause
Crying 'midst my rubber plants, ignoring beckoning doors
Clippings from ancient newspapers lie scattered cross the floor
Stained by the wine from a shattered glass
Meaningless words, yellowed by time, faded photos exposing pain
Celluloid leeches bleeding my mind
You've finished playing hangman, you've cast the fateful dice
Advice, advice, advice me
This shroud will not suffice

And thus begins the web

Attempting to discard these clinging memories
I only serve to wallow in our past
I fabricate the weave with my excuses
Its strands I hope and pray shall last
Oh please do last

The flytrap needs the insects, ivy caresses the wall
Needles make love to the junkies, the sirens seduce with their call
Confidence has deserted me, with you it has forsaken me
Confused and rejected, despised and alone
I kiss isolation on its fevered brow
Security clutching me, obscurity threatening me
Your reasons were so obvious
As my friend have qualified, I only laughed away your tears
But even jesters cry

I realise I hold the key to freedom
I cannot let my life be ruled by threads
The time has come to make decisions
The changes have to be made
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Now I leave you, the past does have it's say
You're all but forgotten a mote in my heart
Decisions have been made, decisions have been made
I've conquered my fears, the flaming shroud