

## 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