

Black Dahlia

Porcupine Tree

You have no interest in the past
Where you came from
Where you're going to

There's a cliché in your eye
File the edges down
Soon be underground

There's nothing here for you under the sun
There's nothing new to do, it's all been done
So put your faith in another place

Never seem to get away from this
It's all fallen into an abyss
So put your foot on the pedal boy

All you know is secondhand
Bullet pass through
The cage inside you

You stole the only thing you love
So unfaithful
Drop is fatal