

The Creator Has a Mastertape

Porcupine Tree

He captured and collected things
And he put them in a shed
He raised a proper family
So he could tie them to a bed

The creator had a mastertape
But he left it in a cab
I stared into the void tonight
The best dream I ever had

He worked himself into the ground
And drove a spike into his head
A voice said "Are you happy now?"
Your sordid home is running red

Pills and chloroform
All the pages torn