

## The Seance

## Porcupine Tree

Under gas light the joining of hands  
Chanting a name over and over

A table tilts the circle is broken  
Doubting no more  
They pay what they owe her

Disembodied a luminous hand  
Holding the air, passing the current  
A voice is channeled, a rope is uncoiled  
Flicker the light  
And someone is here

We go following sorrow to feel your  
Blood spilling out of the reeds there  
Give me a sign I can breathe air  
Blood flowing out of the stream there

(give me something new please, something I can love)