

Only Child

Steven Wilson

A raven holding to narrow wrist
Pull it tight
Clothes are torn and the body twists
A single light

The worse the struggle the more you fail
Strands fall down
The more you like it the more it hurts
Why stop now?

An only child
A winning smile
A killing trial

A broken rib and a bloody lip
All in hell
The fire's gone and your pride is stripped
A private hell

You never know why it is this way
Leave here now
Live through this on another day
Tonight sleep sound

An only child
A winning smile
A killing trial