

Refuge

Steven Wilson

Here in the wreckage
The winter is hard
I sleep in the same clothes
That I dragged through the mud

And if you ask me
Nothing's changed
There's nowhere else I can go
So I stay

We're writhing rats
We make beds in the straw
And then we build houses
Paint our names on the door

And if you ask me again
Is this life?
I don't see I have a choice
But I still smile

And bide my time

I who have no roots
And nowhere to go
And as for the future
Well, I really don't know

But if you ask me
I will nod
But if you ask me...

Here I am
Here I am

My dear wife
And my children of God
The borders were already drawn for us

Hold on to life
In this refuge of dirt
And search for a place you can breathe again

It's not a crime

I'd love to see you again
Sometime soon
But will you give back to me now
What you stole?