

## Porcupine Tree "Drawing the Line"

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Camphor crossed with lace, it is the witching hour  
Cinematic but crude  
Teasing all my feelings out, you move away  
It seems so natural to you

Still siren, climbing up the victory tower  
Like there's something left to prove  
I trap the beads of sweat that run between my eyes  
And free the fever to move

I'm drawing the line, I'm drawing the line  
I'm drawing the line, I draw the line  
And I have my pride  
I'm taking control, I'm taking control  
I'm taking control, I'm taking control  
And I save my soul  
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out  
I'm shutting you out, I'm shutting you out  
And I have no doubt  
Dreamt the sound of scissors, cutting stitches out  
Then discarding the used  
Recording all my problems onto memory cards  
Your compassion unmoved

Onto others what they always do to you  
The most twisted of your rules  
Distill malaise and photograph the hole it leaves  
Running out a copy for you

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