

Porcupine Tree "Strip The Soul"

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This is my home, this is my own, we don't like no
strangers
Raise the kids good, beat the kids good and tie them
up
Spread it wide, my wife, my life, push the camera
deeper
I can use, I abuse, my muse, I made them all

This machine
Is there to please
Strip the soul
Fill the hole
A fire to feed
A belt to bleed
Strip the soul
Kill them all

They are not gone, they are not gone, they are only
sleeping
In graves, in ways, in clay, underneath the floor
Building walls, overalls, getting bored, I got faulty
wiring
Brick it up now, brick it up now, but keep the bones

This machine
Is there to please
Strip the soul
Fill the hole
A fire to feed
(Do you want a western home in the rubble?)
A belt to bleed
Strip the soul
Kill them all
(Do you want a western home in the rubble?)

This machine
Is there to please
Strip the soul
Fill the hole

This machine
Is there to please

Strip the soul
Fill the hole

This machine
Is there to please
Strip the soul
Fill the hole

This machine
Is there to please
Strip the soul
Fill the hole

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Fill the hole

Strip the soul
Fill the hole

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