

## Steven Wilson

### "Luminol"

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Here we all are  
Born into a struggle  
To come so far  
But end up returning to dust

Oxfam panache tips his hat  
(Laces undone)  
He has no truck with idle chat  
(Work to be done)  
The songs he learned from scratched LP's  
Stops in mid-flow to sip his tea

He strums the chords with less than grace  
(Songs we all know)  
Each passing year etched on his face  
(Sun, rain or snow)  
The words he sings are not his own  
They speak of things he'll never know

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