Steven Wilson

"No Twilight Within the Courts of the Sun"

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Draggin' a lake Find the owner of the voice I zip in the bag And drove all across the noise

Examine the hairline His archives in the strands He turned into something That puts the weakness in my hands

I see what I suppose I breathe what I dispose Black wheels get yellow in the sand I steal every idea that I can

(Something something) shadows in the lake (Something) she (something) beside (something) (Something something) in a car (Something something) in the dark

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