

## Steven Wilson

### "Raider II"

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A fist will make you understand intention  
To raise alarm is underhand, so I cut off the phone  
I bind you up with tape and catch some TV  
It's getting late, the shadows in the street are watching  
us

Check for fibres in the gaps between the teeth, the  
floorboards  
Check the fingerprints, go through the trash  
Maybe I just wanted some attention  
Compulsion seeks its own way in rejection of the light  
Every story needs to have an ending  
We might as well give up all this pretending and clear  
the air

The night is crawling closer to the action  
Your mouth is driving me into distraction, you talk too  
much  
Well every story needs to have an ending  
We might as well give up all this pretending and clear  
the air

A plague inside your home, I'm raider  
Defiling all you own, raider  
A cat among the crows, I'm raider  
The butcher and his prose, I'm raider

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