

Porcupine Tree, Cheating The Polygraph

Lying through my teeth again
I've been bad again, black lies
Skirting round the truth again
To escape the look in your eyes

Cover up the facts again
With the money men, disguise
Losing my integrity
Well it's lost to me, I don't mind

Feel my soul going
Feel my soul colder

Blackening my soul again
With another lie, it's my style
Burying my face again
God I'm so ashamed, this time

Feel my soul going
Feel my soul colder