

# Porcupine Tree, Dark Matter

(Written by Steven Wilson)

Inside the vehicle the cold is extreme  
Smoke in my throat kicks me out of my dream  
I try to relax but its warmer outside  
I fail to connect, it's a tragic divide

This has become a full time career  
To die young would take only 21 years  
Gun down a school or blow up a car  
The media circus will make you a star

Dark matter flowing out on to a tape  
Is only as loud as the silence it breaks  
Most things decay in a matter of days  
The product is sold the memory fades

Crushed like a rose  
In the river flow  
I am I know