

Porcupine Tree, Herd Culling

Son go fetch the rifle now
I think there's something in the yard
I can see the herd is getting rattled
And the dogs are on their guard

Liar

Well we came to make a home here
But there's something in the trees
We bolt the door, chain the gate, secure the homestead
But it's never gonna leave

Liar

In the shackles of the night
There are lights up in the sky
Scratching at the doors
They are coming through the walls

Twenty feet above the ground
They move without a sound
Among the garbage cans
A curse upon the land