

Porcupine Tree, In Formaldehyde

Dust in the kitchen
Coffeepot
Microdots

Now we are coasting
Talking less
Breathing stress

Somewhere inside
I have died
So I will lie
In formaldehyde
People walk
Through my insides

When I get out of here
You get to keep the car
And I get a plastic vase

Or do you want me to stay?
The things that I have to say
You've heard it all anyway

Send me to sleep
You always could
Fatherhood

Tie up loose ends
Make it stop
Forget me not

And would you really mind
If I told you a millionth time
The story of my decline?

You never seem to take
The time to contemplate
Before you annihilate