

Porcupine Tree, Space Transmission

You must listen very carefully to what I have to say.
There isn't much time, because You Know Who
has consumed all the instruments.
For many eons now I have been trapped on this planet.
He is keeping me here against my will, and sometimes
when I press my ear up very close to the concrete
I can hear his daughters sobbing with laughter.
Either I am blind, or I have been in darkness
ever since the sun exploded fourteen centuries ago.
A few hours ago, He Who Keeps Me Here visited me saying,
"God, why do the millions worship you instead of I
am I not more powerful, more forgiving and truly compassionate?"
A black liquid was seeping uncontrollably from my mouth
and all I could do was babble incomprehensibly
about a dream I had many moons ago.
In it, a clock ticked constantly, maddening my senses.
That was all, but it lasted for many days
until each tick seemed like fragments of glass piercing my scales.
He Who Keeps Me Here tells me that one day I will return to earth,
and then I will seek my revenge.