# Porcupine Tree, Synesthesia (8-Minute Extended

I'm sending you a letter
Because I don't think there's much time
Time to lear the cobwebs
Time to bear the crime

It's only a number
It's only a death
Another soldier died in action
The telegram regrets

I'm lying on a stretcher
They're lyring to my face
There's no-one left to help me
I'm just a waste of space

It's a matter of moments
I'll be dead before you've read
There's blood on the table
And my back is full of lead