

Portishead, Wandering Star

Please could you stay awhile to share my grief
For its such a lovely day
To have to always feel this way
And the time that I will suffer less
Is when I never have to wake

Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
The blackness of darkness forever
Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
The blackness of darkness forever

... Those who have seen the needles eye, now tread
Like a husk, from which all that was, now has fled
And the masks, that the monsters wear
To feed, upon their prey

Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
The blackness of darkness forever
Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
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[INSTRUMENTAL]

(always) doubled up inside
Take awhile to shed my grief
(always) doubled up inside
Taunted, cruel.... ...

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The blackness of darkness forever
Wandering stars, for whom it is reserved
The blackness of darkness forever