Steven Wilson, Luminol

Here we all are Born into a struggle To come so far But end up returning to dust

__ and tips his hat Lies is __ He has no truck with idle chat Not to be tie The songs he learned from scratched LPs Scop to his __

The chords he plays with less ___ Some sweet __ Each passing year etched on his face Some break __ The words he sings are not his own We speak of things he'll never know