

Steven Wilson, Staircase

Automaton drone
You're lost with no phone
And the home you made your own
Can never be paid for
The great in the small
The rise and the fall
And you come back for more

The need to belong
And the will to do no wrong
The ones that you lost
Abandoned or crossed
Will haunt you

Plagued by poor health
But you stockpile more wealth
Congratulate yourself
A sense of proportion
An act of extortion
There's too much distortion

You sink in stages
As you're approaching middle ages
You're up to here in debt
Insidious tech
You're up to your neck
Why don't you give it a rest?

A train set
A cold war threat
A prison
A poison nest
A chrome cassette
Division
The blue and white
A power strike
A girl you like
The daylight fades
You feel your way
Daguerreotype

The power of nature
And the oppression of strangers
The consequence of dread
A barbarous brain
A dominant strain
You'll never win this game