

Dark Matter

Porcupine Tree

Inside the vehicle the cold is extreme
Smoke in my throat kicks me out of my dream
I try to relax but its warmer outside
I fail to connect, it's a tragic divide
This has become a full time career
To die young would take only 21 years
Gun down a school or blow up a car
The media circus will make you a star
Dark matter flowing out on to a tape
Is only as loud as the silence it breaks
Most things decay in a matter of days
The product is sold the memory fades
Crushed like a rose
In the river flow
I am I know

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