

# Synesthesia

## Porcupine Tree

I'm sending you a letter  
Because I don't think there's much time  
Time to clear 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 lying 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