

# Only Child

Steven Wilson

A raven holding to narrow wrist  
Pull it tight  
Clothes are torn and the body twists  
A single light

The worse the struggle the more you fail  
Strands fall down  
The more you like it the more it hurts  
Why stop now?

An only child  
A winning smile  
A killing trial

A broken rib and a bloody lip  
All in hell  
The fire's gone and your pride is stripped  
A private hell

You never know why it is this way  
Leave here now  
Live through this on another day  
Tonight sleep sound

An only child  
A winning smile  
A killing trial