

# Refuge

Steven Wilson

Here in the wreckage  
The winter is hard  
I sleep in the same clothes  
That I dragged through the mud

And if you ask me  
Nothing's changed  
There's nowhere else I can go  
So I stay

We're writhing rats  
We make beds in the straw  
And then we build houses  
Paint our names on the door

And if you ask me again  
Is this life?  
I don't see I have a choice  
But I still smile

And bide my time

I who have no roots  
And nowhere to go  
And as for the future  
Well, I really don't know

But if you ask me  
I will nod  
But if you ask me...

Here I am  
Here I am

My dear wife  
And my children of God  
The borders were already drawn for us

Hold on to life  
In this refuge of dirt  
And search for a place you can breathe again

It's not a crime

I'd love to see you again  
Sometime soon  
But will you give back to me now  
What you stole?