

The Wound

Marillion

I've done everything that can be done to heal this wound
Left it on it's own for years

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Left it on it's own for years
Couldn't touch it, didn't pick it, didn't get it wet
It didn't stop the bleeding

I bandaged it, I wrapped it, stitched it, tourniqueted it
I held it stiff & aching in the air
Held it there til I went beserk
Didn't sleep
It didn't work
Didn't stop it weeping

And the wound is your life
And your life took on a life of it's own
(Or so you foolishly thought)
And your life rolled on over me Bang-Bang like 56 train wheels
Every time I heard news of you

And the wound was in every lousy song on the radio

And the pain was like a tree-
fern in the dark, damp, forgotten places
Darkness didn't stop her growing
New-born baby cells dividing..
Curled up tight unrolling day by day
Stretching up, stretching out
Forming the same identical shape
Clones. There ain't too much sadder than
Clones - relentlessly emerging from the hairy heart of the wound

And the fern is beautiful in it's own way
Uncurling in the dark
Beautiful with no one there to see it
As the wound weeps & aches

(Now there's some sad things known to the man from the planet Marzipan)