

## Safe House (Isolation)

Music: Herin / Lyrics: Herin

Drums: Ian Bacon

Bass: Colin Edwin

Electric & acoustic guitars: Chris Herin

Lead & backing vocals: Tim Bowness

Piano & keyboards: Chris Herin

Sound design & programming: Colin Edwin

Strings: Hugh Syme

### The Story

"*Safe House (Isolation)*" is a haunting requiem for human consciousness, stricken by disease, that slowly diminishes and retreats toward its final and inevitable conclusion. Featuring hypnotic and wistful vocals by *Steven Wilson's* frequent collaborator *Tim Bowness (solo, No-Man)* and sound design textures from *Porcupine Tree's Colin Edwin*, the sparse yet cinematic composition is judiciously colored by *Hugh Syme's* poignant string arrangement.

*(Herin): "I was of two minds with this song since it presented a couple different treatment options. After a bit of indecision, I just gave up and decided to do two versions. Problem solved! I always leaned a bit in favor of the "isolation" version you hear on the album because it captures my memories and feelings when visiting my dad in the security wing of his assisted living home. The song steps into the protagonist's shoes (slippers) and wonders what that existence might be like. Or maybe the Alzheimer's patient is lamenting his situation while enough lucidity occasionally pokes through the haze. Tim's heartfelt vocals artfully conjure the lyric's poignant resignation and lonely contemplation while Colin's atmospheric embellishments evoke a benign sadness.*

*The other adaptation has Matthew on lead vocals and a full band arrangement. This version creates a slightly psychotic and paranoid mental picture of some tragic figure like Van Gogh reluctantly convalescing in an asylum – hence the title "Safe House (Asylum)." It's a bit creepy and definitely evokes a guy in a strait jacket. I hope it will see the light of day..., someday."*

## Safe House (Isolation)

I hide inside a safe house  
Behind the curtains drawn  
I contemplate the faces  
Scratched into the wall  
I can hear every snowflake  
Kiss the windowpane

*Too much noise and I disappear  
through the floor  
Smoke and mirrors open distant shores*

I chased the moving target  
With a blindfold on  
I held the dying embers  
Of a siren song  
There is no silver lining  
Through this endless night

*Too much noise and I disappear  
through the floor  
Smoke and mirrors open distant shores*

*Too much noise and I disappear  
through the floor  
Smoke and mirrors open distant shores*

Safe inside behind the darkened door