

Ministry, Eureka Pile

I seem to find myself each time I run away
Don't give me vivid in some yester body (selling) days ?
Sometimes they reappear just like the sands of time
Or d'ya like some quick sand baby running off my summer wine

Same faces broken homes
Those memories have fled
All tears within me now are dormant or dead
My veins are bursting with a thirst that you cannot ignore

Alright Eureka's Pile
Now my saviour, or my whore

There's a lot that they don't mind when things aren't what they seem
I always wake up baby cos I always wake up me
My life may ain't come to much
Ignore my history

Least my Eureka Pile can see some way I feel
Ain't the way I see (* 2)

My Eureka Pile and me.