

Steve Kilbey, Celebration Of The Birthday Of The

I know you don't believe anymore
So I wonder where you got the knowledge
With our desire to acquire more
In the service of your master
You can take a faster door
I know you don't pretend anymore
I wonder where you got the silver
I wonder how you got the power
I wonder where you got the fire
It isn't that surprising
A spiritual uprising, could affect things now
Down the street the celebration's
Reached disintegration, surging past anyhow
In the service of your master
You can take a faster door

Servants all we ebb and flow
Remindless as we come and go
Changes (changeless ?) as we die and grow
Cold dead womb and troubled sea
Resonate in sympathy
I know one day you'll come to me

With the faint whir of leathery wings
Evoking all impossible things
Eternal twilight feels so cold
When the money's all gone your love's been sold
The elephant God sits impassive
His ivory tusks are black and massive
We swing and we curve and we splinter in fits
Drum 'round his throne where he patiently sits
The law of the jungle, the jungle of lore

Devil of the rich, God of the poor
In this frenzied crowd I lose my isolation
As we merge together in celebration
The elephant God sits unmoved
His distant eyes, our tongues and grooves (are tongued and grooved ?)
The noise and the smell and the terrible dancers
Burning questions and nebulous answers

Servants all we ebb and flow
Remindless as we come and go
Changes as we die and grow

Cold dead moon the children see
Resonate in sympathy
I know one day you'll come to me

Our immaterial world is best
My fingers chase remindlessness
But just slowly come to rest

I know the walrus wasn't paul
In el dorado just once more
You're everything and even more (I'm lookin' for ?)

The songs of dancers fade away
2001 became the way
I'll pay your ransom for today

And it still seems such a waste
One brief life, one brief taste

All the phantoms have been chased
To eternity