

Kirsty Hawkshaw, Dis-Affected

Just hanging around
Like a dis-used satellite
Gathering space junk
In her bigger disguise
Life strewn landminestyle in her wake
Clutching her ball of broken stardust
Heating and squeezed
Glowing so feebly
Ready to throw into my eyes

Stealla blowout
Dust pouring from the vacuum
Of her exploding mind
Stealla
I hide behind the calm moon
I can't give her
What she can't find

Now I don't think she likes me
I make it hard for her to find me
Victory within defeat
But opposites can be united
Only in the form of compromise
Between the light and the darkness
Is a share in both skies

Stealla blowout
Dust pouring from the vacuum
Of her exploding mind
Stealla
I hide behind the calm moon
I can give her what she can't find

Stealla hangs around the quasar
Stealing illumination
For her bigger reprise
Juxtapose the boundary
Heart like an asteroid
Turning on that cosmic split
Without delusion or regret
But her repressed desires
Stick like arrows in my flesh