

Steve Kilbey, Heliopolis

Weaving dissolving patterns
Forming our uncertain terms
Passing into history
Going to the worms
I'll wait for you forever
In my house all white with dust
Falling into lonely hours
Let the engines rust

Heliopolis

And who could tell the difference
When the space is slim
A violation of the soul
Is it me or him
The earth belongs to everyone
Who ever loved or felt
Their touch belongs to everyone
Who's ever been to hell

Heliopolis