

Edge of the World, Pt. 1

Pond

In the silence of our absence
Rings a sacred world
What a pity that it won't be heard
We're all just a waste of good meat
In a godless world
Throw my carcass in a wheelie bin
And won't you send a nice message to my girl?

How can you smile?
You must be sick or mad to stay on Earth
A dream of Escher, Kafka and all seven sins of Perth

There hangs the chandelier
There go the twelve million sparks
Welcome to the polished steel room of earthly pleasures
Welcome to the dark
There's still a National Park across the water from your parent
s house

Would you give yourself a tombstone?
Would Cardinal Pell?
I don't even recognise my own home
We've built our own layer of hell
And the sun will hang and wait for the next parade
And the echo of us will fade
Erase all traces of colonial past
We've been here the whole time
Just as long as the Woodside's fine
We fly out, we fly in
For these three whole weeks of carnal sin
But the ice and the iron is wearing me thin
Lest We Forget, lest we regret
Our bloody past
How long can the boomtown last?