

Sundown, Divine

All shut up - Minds of fire
The machine's collapsed and we can't get higher
Though we tried all configurations
It just won't kick the shakes and the desperation
Moments of ecstasy
- Calls out and speaks through me
How urgent the surgery - Now who did you wanna be
We'll keep cutting 'til it all is gone
Sugar daddy got treats for everyone

We're cosmic relics
Space keeps us cold
We're cryogenic baby
Never getting old

All phased out - Intermodular
Gone transgalactic and we don't know where we are
You might feel strange the very first time
Closed and captured like limbless pantomime
Turn around to the ground
I wonder if there's a cure
Turn around to the ground
Now why are you such a bore
Does it really matter who holds the knife
'Cause baby you've been slipping
anyway most of your life