

The Faint, Casual Sex

Casual sex

Is it irrational? (Yes!)

I think it's time to find out why

And soon I fall asleep, it's nighttime

In a dream there's a dolphin

And a soldier, they're walking

Through the sand and toward a morgue

In an office there's a hostess who has

Carried our friend

And wheeled him into a drawer

She pulls his file

The air is cold

Down the aisle we follow her

I'm thinking casual sex - the feeling

Casual sex - the soldier's life's the same as mine

And he's attracted to a nun

But the feeling of sex is nothing possible yet

A new wave soldier's standing next to a young nun

The nun just has to pace

Her gothic skirt over her legs

They're getting warmer toward the insides

And their tops

"The inexistence of time" is not a painting, it's life

They're into robes and gloves

Goblet glass and crosses

The feeling of sex is nothing possible yet

A new wave soldier is standing next to a young nun

The sound of her voice

And the handle of the robe

Are getting thinner as the whip begins to speak

The nun just strikes a pose

The soldier's helmet hits the floor

He's walking backward

Until he's pinned against stained glass