

# Trance To The Sun, Rex

Me and you in a hover craft  
On our way to the end of the measured mass  
We are blood and dark light  
Come with us we're going to bed  
With ribs sticking out like a little starving dog  
Forever  
Soft and delicious red as if blood was all over  
Just like a little starving dog  
Doesn't it hurt when you realize the magnitude of what you've severed  
What's been lost and never will be found again