

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