

Lux Occulta

"Without Leaving"

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When I hit on love
With nothing to back it up
Count me out of luck

Forgive me if I don't get up

Forgive me if I don't get up
Forgive me if my numbers don't show
I'm always aiming to go

Count me out
I'm too naive
For too long I've been absent without leaving
I go missing out awkward scenes
Daydreaming with a vengeance
Supreme

I think she knows, I think she knows

"He's got a skullful
Or kerosene and shortcuts
Balanced on his neck
Overhead, a jet
Full of passengers
Slumbering in his ear
She's weirder, weirder, weirder
Than at any other time
She's got his chassis
Nuzzling a foggy bottom line"

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