

Apollo Sunshine **"The Egg"**

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On and on it goes
Stealing all familiar
Answers to the questions,
Defeating our intentions.
Erasing all the lines
On the timelines of our
Future destinations
And rigid occupations.
Every sixty seconds wasted
Still brings us a minute further.
Farther from the egg
The ego
Id
The question is
How foreign?
Making love I
Feel as though
I'd like to fuck
My way into the womb
And spend the afternoon.
Stranger as you go
Seems the more you learn
The less and less
And less and less you know.
Every sixty seconds wasted
Still brings us a minute further.
Farther from the egg
The ego
Id
The question is
How foreign?
On and on it goes.
Seems the more you learn
The less and less
And less and less you know.

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