

The Faint "Casual Sex"

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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

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