

Casual Sex

The Faint

Casual sex, is it irrational?

(Yes)

I think it's time to find out why

And soon I fall asleep, it's nighttimeIn 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 drawerShe pulls his file, the air is cold

Down the aisle we follow her

I'm thinking casual sex, the feelingCasual 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 nunThe 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 crossesThe 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 speakThe 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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