

Casual sex
Is it irrational? (Yes!)
I think it's time to find out why
And soon I fall asleep, it's nightttime

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