

## 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 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