

Incubator (V2000)

Psychedelic Porn Crumpets

I have a love for dismantling
Pulling apart the conceptual void
Ranting on the Van Allen belt
Till empty glass in the morning sun

Five AM, and the birds will chirp
It's 'round about the time I close my eyes
And fetal back into the analogue dream
And feel the warmth wash over

Now, go
See it
When you die
You'll be weightless enough
In your head
In your heart
(In your mind's eye)

I hear a bell of the midday call
It's 'round about the time I lift my head
And piece back together who I once was
The primal recollection begins again

Five PM, and the birds will chirp
I think about how everything coincides
Fetal back into the analogue dream
And feel the warmth wash over

(Forever isn't that long if you're alive)
(Forever isn't that long if you're alive)

Now, go
See it
When you die
You'll be weightless enough
In your head
In your heart
(In your mind's eye)