

Move

Psychedelic Porn Crumpets

I'm not quite ready to fall asleep
I'm worried that
I'll miss out on big news
Something important like a
Satellite has discovered
A planet completely covered
In pink fluorescent paint
With old rover tracks on

Out of touch
Years older than us
Candid land
Expand to understand

I sit up and look out
And think of all the life that
Has gone by or flush of
Intelligence that harbours
Deep inside a spire
A pillar of creation
Dormant as we rotate
In circular motion

Out of touch from
Some kind of life form
Too old to roam the Earth
Too young for the universe

Do you wanna know how
All of the pieces fit here?
If it happens more than
Once in a universe
If we're the only time it occurs

Do you wanna know how
All of the pieces fit here?
If it happens more than
Once in a universe
If we're the only time it occurs
Do you wanna know how?