

# Inside the Termite Mound

Killing Joke

By day we're dormant  
Because it's too hot outside now  
Nocturnal notions (as we leave or cocoons)  
Antennae tuned to inuman vibrations  
Shading the cities of the world to come

I listen to the sound, the endless construction  
Inside the termite mound

I walked past the nursery  
All the children have gone now  
(The rules we taught them are what they've become)  
Move past the people (they make me feel so indifferent)  
Serving their purpose  
It's their purpose to serve  
A thousand lights from this hneycombed labyrinth  
These winding tunnels lead to my place of desire  
Bars and bazaars of self-gratification  
Live to consume  
Live for momentary pleasures

I listen to the sound, the endless construction  
Inside the termite mound.