Spiral down the path of least resistance down a chute to a bed of nails that becomes a trampoline.

Bouncing lost souls from extreme to extreme emperor Ludwig is with us so is Doctor T.

Technicolor stairs & spires fantasia trips and wires 5.000 happy fingers ready to play our song.

I... don't think I should
go... you can make it...
yaaaahhhhh!

Vortex recedes all I hear and see echoes of my face and fears in a chamber of one-way mirrors.

Voices from the drain whisper like machines now that you're in our dimension you'll never ever leave.

Ahh... treasure gleams to leash and harvest thee.

Down, down to Bermuda triangle sink, sink 10.000 feet below time to finally meet the zookeepers we let swallow us whole.

Moths light any flame they fly right in.

Deep in Chinatown in New York City drop a coin into a cage chickens dance on a hot plate.

Hot foot round & round til the wheel runs down that's you as we view through our ceiling of glass.

Kneel...
Al Johnson style
please, please
can I get a raise?

Crawl, crawl through the steaming jungle.

Please, please more purple Kool Aid tabloid beauty corpses point the way we're not in Kansas any more.

"No little buddy I wasn't wrong, you were wrong!"