

Moths

Lard

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!"