

# 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!"