

Moths

This Is the Kit

Spiral down the path
Of least resistance
Down a chute to a bed of nails
That becomes a trampoline Bouncing lost souls Emperor Ludwig is with us
From extreme to extreme
So is Doctor T Technicolor stairs and spires
Fantasia trips and wires 5,000 happy fingers
Ready to play our song 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 leave To leash and harvest thee
Ahh, treasure gleams 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 Jolson 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

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