

Moths

This Is the Kit

Spiral down the path

Of least resistance

Down a chute to a bed of nails

That becomes a trampolineBouncing lost soulsEmperor Ludwig is with us

From extreme to extreme

So is Doctor TTechnicolor stairs and spires

Fantasia trips and wires5,000 happy fingers

Ready to play our songVortex recedes

All I hear and seeEchoes of my face and fears

In a chamber of one way mirrorsVoices from the drainWhisper like machines

Now that you're in our dimension

You'll never leaveTo leash and harvest thee

Ahh, treasure gleamsDown, down to Bermuda Triangle

Sink, sink 10,000 feet below

Time to finally meet the zookeepers

We let swallow us wholeMoths

Light any flameThey fly right inDeep in Chinatown

In New York CityDrop a coin into a cage

Chickens dance on a hot plateHot foot round & round

Til the wheel runs down

That's you as we view

Through our ceiling of glassKneel

Al Jolson style

Please, please

Can I get a raiseCrawl, crawl through the steaming jungle

Please, please more purple kool aid

Tabloid beauty corpses point the way

We're not in Kansas any more

Lyrics provided by

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