

# The Hive

Richard Harris

See her walking whitely  
As though she really was a virgin  
With her tiny feet  
Precisely on the line  
She thinks her whitely thoughts  
About the whitely things she bought  
And the alter crouches silently  
Waiting for the virgin to arrive  
You can almost hear the buzzing of the hive  
They played the whitely music  
As though it was really music  
In the parking-lot they're lettering a sign  
The preacher says the proper things  
And then the rusty alto sings  
And now they'll all get roaring drunk  
Pretending they're essentially alive  
While the proud procession leads her to the hive  
God blessed our happy cubicle  
Keep it safe and sanitized  
Homogenized and pasteurized  
There's no place like numb  
Behold a formal female  
Disappearing through the doorway  
She has dreamed of this since she was only nine  
She's never really fought it  
And now by God she's got it  
And the alter crouches silently  
Waiting for the virgin to arrive  
You can almost hear her screaming  
In the hive.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>