

House of wax

[Bruce Woolley](#)

Lightning hits the House of Wax
Poets spill out on the street
To set alight, the incomplete
Remainders of the futureHidden in the yard
Hidden in the yardThunder drowns the trumpet's blast
Poets scatter through the night
But they can only dream of flight
Away from their confusionHidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, allLightning hits the House of Wax
Women scream and run around
To dance upon the battleground
Like wild, demented horsesHidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, all
Yeah, yeah, yeahOh, hidden in the yard
Underneath the wall
Buried deep below a thousand layers
Lay the answer to it all, all, all, all

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