

# Moths

## Racing Glaciers

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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