

# Moths

## All These Kings

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 TTechnicolor 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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