Moths

All These Kings

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

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