

# Assemblage 23, King Of Insects

Words come easy  
Behind a screen  
When there's no interface to face  
To be seen

King of Insects  
You eat your own  
Atop an anthill  
You call your throne

Kingdom of one  
So unaware  
As one-by-one your subjects  
Vanish into air

Chatter to the wind  
Make your decree  
And save your venom  
For the ones who disagree

Your castle walls are falling  
Your body's frail  
Your window on the world  
Is minuscule in scale

Burrow deep now  
Escape the light  
Heaven forbid you have to face  
The ones you slight