Lard, Moths

Spiral down the path Of least resistance Down a chute to a bed of nails That becomes a trampoline

Bouncing lost souls From extreme to extreme Emperor Ludwig is with us 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

Ahh, treasure gleams To leash and harvest thee

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 & Damp; 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