

Robert Calvert, Lord Of The Hornets

Asleep in a hive in the base of a hollow tree
Behind a shed in a garden in Norbury
And when he whispers commands in his megaphone
They swarm to his call and he knows that he's not alone

He's lord of the hornets
He's lord of the hornets

As a tiger wing drones in a hive of industry
Each has a place and will be what it must be
Queen's a machine on a larva production line
Laying antenna-ed troops on the stings in a paper mine

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