

Venerea, King Of The World Of Ideas

Masochistic at night and omnipotent by day
the tyrannical child king of a neutral country
whose arsenal only serves to palliate
the brigades who stand firm by a frontier of glass
whose court ball consists of threefold blindfold
dewlap dancers who rave by their sacrificial strass

all contributions gratefully retrieved
they don't have to be seen to be believed
the walls of this palace are paper thin
get close enough to write and you'll listen in
but there's bugs on the walls
planted from within

king of the world
suicidal god of his own microcosmos
where all black holes are filled
and no bangs are big
'cept the one that brought him there
that pushes him away
king of the world of ideas

it all goes by so fast
nothing that slips past
and if it does slow down
stars would gather 'round and vaporise the ground
his body will be noise
and his mind be sound