

Grenouer "In-Sect"

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Load of cares, we plod on our way
A certain addiction to light
Leftovers and gick, a bottle of hay
The burrow has been furnished right
Shaggy paws, bronzed chitin, membranous pinions
Look out your best to avoid the fall into somebody's
clutches

Relative truth keeps on the alert
Good reasons to gain height
Commodious instincts are wide on the mark
Our memory is a blank

I am an insect of an amazing world
I praise my essence sticking to the rules
Of the communion sliced into huge folds
Hail to my presence with a tremendous boom

Crawl, stir, creep, hiss

An edible larval chrysalis

Self-assured conceited creatures
Appointed virtues
Unfamiliar with reflection
Tiny resourceful destroyers
Lethal beauty, fatuous orgasms
A voluptuous trend
Elaborate traps, a proficient chasm
Routine mortal hours

I am a human, tetchy and insane
Reincarnative with my clasping sting
I am a monster of some other kind
Hail to my progress in heart-rending fright

Tread, sneak, fuss, preen

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