

Killing Joke

"Inside The Termite Mound"

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By day we're dormant
Because it's too hot outside now
Nocturnal notions
As we leave or cocoons

Antennae tuned to inhuman vibrations
Shaping the cities of the world to come

I listen to the sound
The endless construction
Inside the termite mound

I walked past the nursery
All the children have gone now
The rules we taught them
Are what they've become

Move past the people
They make me feel so indifferent
Serving their purpose
It's their purpose to serve

A thousand lights
From this honeycombed labyrinth
These winding tunnels
Lead to my place of desire

Bars and bazaars of self-gratification
Live to consume, live for momentary pleasures

I listen to the sound
The endless construction
Inside the termite mound

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