

Lard **"Moths"**

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Spiral down the path
Of least resistance
Down a chute to a bed of nails
That becomes a trampoline
Bouncing lost souls
Emperor Ludwig is with us
From extreme to extreme
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
To leash and harvest thee
Ahh, treasure gleams
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 & 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

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