

## Thought Industry "Songs For Insects"

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I sing poems of rebellion. Lax russet lips lavish  
Scabrous empathy. Without rights I kowtow. A silly  
Carcass burrowing forward. This reads terms of vast  
Cosmos for Tianamen Square, or felt dampness in  
meat.

I crave iced pavement to clot my languid flesh. Without  
Rights I blunder. A bloated child lost in a flaccid smile.  
Mold and silk ripple the womb. Congested slams of  
Beijing. Suckle chunk water surviving rusty plumbing.  
Paint chips and fades the wormholed face of Mao  
Zedong. Insects tremble at the coming of the Year of the  
the  
Cockroach.

Visage with backwards eyes could be Sun-Yet-Sen. A  
Friend armed with nails to help me torch the flag.  
"Leader, your steps I adore. I'll fight along since you  
Stand for me. I have surrendered to life's  
enchantment, a  
Voluptuous passing dream."

"Carnage?, peeped the Fly. His wings glide with  
Sweat. Lick her foot. Consume it slowly. Blood is what I  
Need. Raped her squirming cute face sobbing. I'm the  
Cockroach King. When is wrong all right? We'll banter in  
The cupboards. Meditate. Use Zen under the plates.  
Father I am. I'm you, but I've found I'm you as lethe.

Sable Saliva paints a plethora of Lindens with rugose  
Branches and molted angst torsos.  
"Don't cry my baby brother. A martyr I was made.  
When the tanks just roll me over, remember where your  
Loyalties remain.

Thighs held tense and wet deserve salacious care.  
Risqué' like death I maim guests slowly. Love is all I  
Need. A fat bombast stripped leitmotif for the  
Cockroach  
King. A ruffian to trust? Like what kissing preludes.  
What  
Rigmarole poets elude. Father I am. I'm you, but I've  
Found I'm you; a swain.

The pariah's gone. Extirpated. Let's burn His house.  
Holy water drink it slowly. Where's the police tonight?  
Stumbling down here. Here the police will die. City  
Water vomits harshly. Love spinning round. Flailing.  
Bloody water washes hardly. Sauterne, parched I suck.  
Blotter. Sweat and water tastes too salty now.  
Lepidoptera. One billion strong. Twenty miles wide  
To kill one man.  
No time to use with morals to loose. To choose.

Dabble dandy sulfur daisy eye. My eye. Debatable  
Flummery. Me free. Lilliputian ego. A rayon vest, a  
Smooth chest. No complications. No compendium.  
Sangfroid. I disencumber with equilibrium. A drunkard.  
I am. I'm you, but I've found I'm you as dawn.

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