

Inside the Termite Mound

Killing Joke

By day we're dormant
Because it's too hot outside now
Nocturnal notions (as we leave or cocoons)
Antennae tuned to inuman vibrations
Shading 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 hneycombed 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.