

Worms

Worms are crawling to your homes,  
surfing spaceships shaped like cones.

They are crawling from above,  
from inside, and down below.

They are crawling in your drain,  
crawling up and up again.

Crawling, crawling through your sink,  
to the water that you drink.

Now the worms are in your head,  
tiny worms that drive you mad.

Now the worms are in your skin,  
crawling outwards from within.

There are worms in your heartbeat,  
you can hear them as they eat.

Worms that feel and worms that squeal,  
crawling drunk behind the wheel.

Worms are words you cannot catch.  
Worms are eggs about to hatch.

Worms worms party in your screen.  
'lectric worms run in your spleen.

Laughing worms without a face.  
Elastic worms from out of space.

Yes they're wasting all your time,  
chasing for an empty rhyme.

Yes they're singing through the walls:  
"Buckle up, 'cause nature calls!"