

Lord Of The Hornets

Robert Calvert

Asleep in a hive in the base of a hollow tree
Behind a shed in a garden in Norbury
And when he whispers commands in his megaphone
They swarm to his call and he knows that he's not alone

He's lord of the hornets
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As a tiger wing drones in a hive of industry
Each has a place and will be what it must be
Queen's a machine on a larva production line
Laying antenna-ed troops on the stings in a paper mine

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