

Three Might Be Duende

They Might Be Giants

The Monochrome Martinet
His texture is starch
The song is a march
And from the beginning
His duende was winning
But though he's a worthy emcee
He'll never be part of the three
Orpheum act
Faustian pact
Three might be duende in fact

Necropolis Blownapart
A ghostly sight emerges bright
Hot from the embers the first team member
Is hatching a dastardly plan
Like a bird with a dastardly egg
Trapped in this time
Lost in his rhymes
One might be duende defined

Apocryphal Espadrille
The shaper of dreams returns to the scene
No diorama could match his drama
A smile that would frighten the blind
The incubus freezes the mind
Right off the farm
Fooled by his charm
Sound might be duende's alarm

Dystopio Smashedtobits
The keeper of dust the builder of rust
When you discover sleep's older brother
The trio is finally complete
The trio has just one conceit
Forged by their past
First in their class
Three might be duende
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Three might be duende at last