I Just Don’t Trust the Furniture

I just don’t trust the furniture
The desks have all got teeth
Grinning fangs inviting
Evilly delighting
At what they could be biting
And dragging down beneath . . .

Violet electric light
Bursts in violent blasts
Forked tongue lightning slithers
Like vicious neon rivers
Everybody shivers
Until the storm has passed

No one knows just how or why
But when they start to glow
When open lids are gaping
There is no escaping
The scratching and the scraping
Of the horrors down below

A corridor is opened
A gateway is unfurled
Its gravity commences
To hypnotize the senses
And drag you down defenceless
To its nightmare world
I just don’t trust the furniture
The dark decaying smell
But when hungry desks are humming
Their rumbling insides drumming
Something else is coming
Beware the chairs as well . . .

I just don’t trust the furniturgh . . .