

# 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 aloneHe's lord of the hornets  
He's lord of the hornetsAs 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  
Lord of the hornets  
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HornetsLord of the hornets  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>