**The Spider is the Web**

Creeping spider crawl to me  
for I would weave a web  
Incandescent for all to see  
Torrential firmament  
Let snaking threads uncurl  
They lash about my knees  
And grand design exposed for all its sophistry  
The spider is the web  
And I the fly with eye multi-faceted  
The wind that rushes in the dark  
Grey compression  
Thunderous suppression  
I am denied  
The gutters overflow  
Flood in the burrows  
The rats are swimming  
The rain falls down in spite  
I dream the sun, I dream the moon  
The clouds roll over sleeping sky  
Creeping spider crawl to me for I would weave a web  
For all to see  
Plotting each silvered thread  
Parabola, spiral and arc  
The wind that rushes in the dark  
The rain shall fall  
The heads shall roll  
The poison paralyze  
My heart is beating  
But my blood is growing cold  
The storm clouds part  
For the wind that rushes  
Grey compression  
Thunderous suppression  
I am denied  
The spider is the web  
And I the multi-faceted  
  
Lyrics by Lynnette Shelley  
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