**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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