

Weaving Spiders Come Not Here

Corrosion of Conformity

Feed the fire the rite of fuel.
Conspire.
The end begins the mute they die.
Kill the fly kill the fly.
Bow down or walk away.
Walk away.
Surreal babylon is here to stay.
In retreat we plan attack so sweet.
Our plans complete.
Celebrate this power.
Light the owl the time is now.
The time is now.
Bow down or walk away.
Surreal babylon is here to stay.
Greed came to flower.
And nourish power.
Bow down or walk away.
Weaving spiders come not here.
Come not here.