

Face Like A Spider

Frente!

I climb your face like spider is wider than my brother's face
I can't appear wither I am here at some other place
Swinging in the grace of the afterwards
Or bringing it on home, I crowd into alone

And I pay for my perfection with a shot of perfect pain
I'm tired but the blood tide comes to visit me again
My friends and I hold hands
We will burn your fucking plans