

## 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