

Web

Oh Sees

Our first trip on Saturday night
Was to turn off all the lights
And we'd spin a web unseen
In the dark, it's quite a scream

Unawares, the people sleeping
Languid on the bedroom ceiling
Flick my cuff and wipe my feet
On your faces while you sleep

Sticky blood upon my sleeve
In the darkness under eaves
Look up here, I'm high above you
Notice me, I've dropped my glove

Open mouth, I shall infringe
Down my web, I drop right in
Underneath your human skin
I'm dripping poison, lingering

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