

Arachne

Rufus Wainwright

Spinning Arachne
Birds are picking at the cherries in your lovely tapestry
Spinning Arachne
Looming over the loom in the middle of the room
I see you spinning Arachne
The bears are hungry for the berries in your country
Fantasy, spinning Arachne
The gray-eyed goddess Athena is in the plume, harbinger of doom

Don't
Challenge the gods
Don't
Especially that one

Because if you do, oh, Arachne
A black spider, you will become
And there's nothing more frightening
Than a black spider spinning in the night

Spinning Arachne
How your cheeks, they get to pouting when attention you're not getting
Don't [?]
You'll give birth to sleeping beauty [?] children
Waving the future
Tried so hard to make it pretty, tried so hard to really matter
Next to [?] Athena

I won't even go there
I won't even go there
I won't even go there
Oh, Arachne

Just don't
Challenge the gods
Don't
Especially that one
Don't
Challenge the gods
Don't
Especially that one

Because if you do, oh, Arachne
A black spider, you will become
And there's nothing more frightening
Than a black spider spinning in the night