

Spiderhead

The Devil Wears Prada

In early autumn I saw her face
A premonition
Beneath the sky
Panning the landscape
Quick gusts across a barren desert
Arms stretched to bring me closer
Arms stretched to bring me close

Wheels - spinning and spinning
Blind minds - thinning and thinning
The spiderhead casts a violet spell
Tell it to me tell it well
Let it sound all the way to hell
Tell it to me tell it well

She seems common for the most part
As the page turns
The calendar drifts
Her claims - profound

For it all to reverse
For it all to turn over
The crimson tone will deepen
Until October

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For it all to turn over
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