

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