

Spiders

The piercing, radiant moon
The storming of poor June
All the life running through her hair
Approaching guiding light
Our shallow years in fright
Dreams are made, winding through my head

Through my head
Before you know, awake

Your lives are open wide
The V-chip gives them sight
Of all the life running through her hair
The spiders all in tune
The evening of the moon
Dreams are made, winding through my head

Through my head
Before you know, awake

Through my head
Through my head
Before you know
Before you know, I will be waiting, all awake

Dreams are made, winding through her hair
Dreams are made, winding through her hair