

Nakashima Mika

"Spider's Thread"

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Shadows flicker, disturbed by a force
The clouds fall down, and get sucked in
A sea of tears, with stars close by
Clad in irons, I crawl over the depths

Searching and searching
I can't find it...
Sharpening and shapening
It won't disappear...
In the presence of the sky that won't clear up, I feast

Grasping the vanishing
Spider's thread
Choosing the person to follow
If the argument is settled
Cutting, falling
Everyone tries to hold onto
A spider's thread
Spining it's web and dropping without regret
We then become aware
Of the screams over there.

The color vashishes just like the words
And there is no shape, but oh yes, it will return

Being called out, being called out
It doesn't turn...
Walking, walking
I can't give chase...
And with a chest full of sadness, I feast

See if you can see
The spider's thread
I can no longer see the person I choose
Brought up in high laced boots
It's strong isn't it, a delicate
Spider thread
I want this definite power
And live the way
I feel

