

Inmate

"Web"

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As I walk through the coldness
You feel the savoury warmth
Your sweet engine will turn my tumours into gold
The world has an illness
It is a disease called man
Crawl into the bitter skies of youth again

You deserve better
You deserve more
I deserve nothing
Arachnid shelter

Images of paralysis
Melancholic abrasions melt my nerves
I cherish the way you cleanse my troubled eyes
Sever my memories
In an abyss they freeze like my love
We have reached the pinnacle of infinity too soon

You deserve better
You deserve more
I deserve nothing
Arachnid shelter
Arachnid shelter

Now all I can trust is pain
The clusters of pain feel so real
Maybe one day I'll feel the heat of your sun again
Slowly I suffocate
Stitch up my lungs and leave me sober
I'll be thinking of you whilst aching for my last breath

You deserve better
You deserve more
I deserve nothing
Arachnid shelter

Your sweet engine will turn my tumours into gold
We will gulp 'til we are old
T.H.C. brain
Gold

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