

## Molting

## Cephalic Carnage

Mired in a spindle bound  
Killing something new  
Living underground  
I crawl everywhere, eradicating everything I purge  
I got my new blood  
My skin is growing back  
Hide amongst the plants  
The new brain is mad  
My friends don't like the way I look  
Soon they'll be a feast for me  
And we'll have a life of bland  
Impregnate my arachnid bride  
Systematically weaving to survive  
Victims fly into our traps  
Frantic they try to rip away  
Imminent paralysis  
Fangs pierce insect flesh  
Toxified they now convulse  
Moribund and wrapped in silk  
Sip the hallowed soul  
I await their bitter end  
A scene where bugs are dead  
Never able to fend off my attack  
Corpse littered web you see  
All my trophies atrophied  
Molting my old self  
Inject my spawn into their shell  
Molting they will be as me  
The greatest swarm there will ever be  
Molting my serenity  
Eat'em and leave'em  
Cannibal family  
How much death will it take  
As I lay on her plate, the last thing she ate