

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