

Crawling all over, behind ears and behind words
When you are alone and you're not one of the boys and girls
You fall out of your web, dancing on a crooked ledge
You're falling off the edge
Is someone going to end up dead?
There is no cure
I am my only curse
No way (I'm sure) to get this spell reversed
The Filistata crawling all over my head
It's like I always caught up, safe in the messiest of webs
But when it falls out (and like my mind falls out of me)
It's hard to get back in
It's hard to regain sanity
Up on a cliff doing the dance
What happens if I lose balance?
Constantly creeping away from people and from noise
While everyone's sleeping I'm scared to death
It's not my choice
There's a web inside me, behind my eyes, it pounds and pounds
There sits Filistata
It's growing there but makes no sound
There is no pain
Just hate and empty tears
Blind, hollow eyes and webs over the ears
And in the end will I have wasted years?