

# Califone, Spider

the icicles chime  
fingerings lost in the motions of our hands  
sit just as you are  
lost in the crime  
carry the choir  
age and peel  
after the quiet bleeds peel and age  
familiar peace in the pain  
pulling you wrong in soft belief and midnight finish  
a violent quiet freeze  
the carnival fighters are sharing a bed tonight  
bruised in the hay  
the circle around the brawl divides in frozen rain  
on spiders house  
after the quiet bleeds peel and age  
familiar peace in the pain  
raindrops tremble and wait to freeze  
on spiders house