

Local Porn Star, Al Ankabut

Silk woven words of deciet.

Lie to me...

Al' Ankabut

Eight legged, hand wave, your so brave.
Fake to my face what you trying to say,
Skies turn grey when you fade away,
Can't save your grave when your karmas paid.
Buried and confined in the back of your mind,
Seeing inside has turned the tied.
Buried and confined in the back of your mind,
The web now dies and the spider cries.

Weave those, weave those webs,
Weave those...
Weave those, weave those webs, (weave)
Weave those...

Set the trap,
You're the bait,
Catch yourself,
It's too late.

The end has came,
The end is near,
The end has gone,
The end,
So it begins.