

# Spiders

## Orange Nichole

The piercing radiant moon, the storming of poor June  
All the life running through her hair  
Approaching guiding light, our shallow years in fright  
Dreams are made winding through my head  
Through my head  
Before you know, awake  
Your lives are open wide, the V chip gives them sight  
Of all the life running through her hair  
The spiders all in tune, the evening of the moon  
Dreams are made winding through my head  
Through my head  
Before you know, awake  
Through my head, through my head  
Before you know, before you know I will be waiting all awake  
Dreams are made winding through her hair  
Dreams are made winding through her hair

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