Design

King Dude

I found a dimpled spider fat and white on a white heal-all
Holding up a moth like a white piece of rigid satin cloth
Assorted characters of death and blight
Mixed ready to begin the morning right
Like the ingredients of a witchesâ€™ broth
A snow drop spider, a flower like a froth

And dead wings carried like a paper kite
What had that flower to do with being white
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
What had brought the kindred spider to that height
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?

What but design of darkness to appall?
If design govern in a thing so small

Lyrics Submitted by VVitch

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