

# Filistata

## Stolen Babies

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 on 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 a always caught up, safe in the messiest of webs  
But when it fall 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? Filistata... 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?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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