

Spiders

System of a Down

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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