

Molting

Cephalic Carnage

Mired in a spindle bound
Killing something new
Living underground
I crawl everywhere, eradicating everything I purge
I got my new blood
My skin is growing back
Hide amongst the plants
The new brain is mad
My friends don't like the way I look
Soon they'll be a feast for me
And we'll have a life of bland
Impregnate my arachnid bride
Systematically weaving to survive
Victims fly into our traps
Frantic they try to rip away
Imminent paralysis
Fangs pierce insect flesh
Toxified they now convulse
Moribund and wrapped in silk
Sip the hallowed soul
I await their bitter end
A scene where bugs are dead
Never able to fend off my attack
Corpse littered web you see
All my trophies atrophied
Molting my old self
Inject my spawn into their shell
Molting they will be as me
The greatest swarm there will ever be
Molting my serenity
Eat'em and leave'em
Cannibal family
How much death will it take
As I lay on her plate, the last thing she ate