# Idle Hands

## The Gutter Twins

With my idle hands theres nothing I can't do
But be the Devils plaything baby and know that Ive been used
Your lips are cold, they suffer me
They drag me under baby into your sufferingLet your hands do what they will do
Stand inside, make your makers move
And your eyes dont look the same
They seem enervated, in denial
Cast like stones like you been rode for miles
Rode for milesMy eyes have seen, they have been shown
This is an occupation to stand alone
I suffer you, you suffer me
We are the Devils plaything into this reckoningLet your hands do what they will do
Stand inside, make your makers move
And your eyes don't look the same
They seem enervated, in denial
Cast like stones like you been rode for miles
Rode for miles

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