

One Hand Washes the Other

Clarence Clarity

With one hand washing the other...I've conceived and achieved, and I'm bleached and I'm clean

And I eat the spleen fed back to me

And I gleam and succeed in-between white sheets

In a dream where I lie next to me I could bleed out

Emphysema

Got both feet in a swollen fever

Hear no evil

See no evil

But I can speak

And bleat for you When you clap, I do it

I can step right to it

When you ask me to move you

When you clap, I do it

But if I stop a minute

You'll ask me to lose With my sides in a vice, I'm concise and contrived

And my imperfections run to me

And there's flies in a pile, where my hopes go to die

Hear my plier plucked insecurities You're looking Godly next to me,

Pull and set us free When you clap, I do it

I can step right to it

When you ask me to move you

When you clap, I do it

But if I stop a minute

You'll ask me to lose I was born

In love everything

Exhausted empathy

I got bored

There's a truth in apathy

Isolated entropy

Let's get bored

Let's get born

And feed the sickle down our throats When you clap, I do it

I can step right to it

When you ask me to move you

And when you clap, I do it

But if I stop a minute

You'll ask me to lose

When you clap, I do it

I can step right to it

When you ask me to move you
And when you clap, I do it
But if I stop a minute
You'll ask me to lose

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