Idle Hands

Mark Verbos

Stuck to the dog, pissin' out both ends
I got a hundred lethal weapons that I call my friends
Ain't a person on Earth who could take my life
I wish they would, so a man could get some sleep at night
But my design is a mixture of descent and decay
I see a monster in the mirror fucking everyday
Can a man ever wash his hands of blood?
Perpetual deja vu, isn't that enough?
Peel back the layers
And see what I've become
Satisfied, now I feel nothing
Stay away, I swear it wasn't me
See if you can relish, if you close both eyes
Every time I make an issue of it, someone dies
Carried out like a hit man, set in stone
Don't know why I even bother to be left alone
In my opinion, it's a self serving fucked up phase
Got a picture in my wallet that I keep, in case I
Gotta go, gotta split, gotta make it to a higher level than this
But I could be wrong, what I say is wrong, what I really wanna say is
Peel back the layers
And see what I've become
Satisfied, now I feel nothing
Stay away, I swear it wasn't me
Run, it doesn't matter
I need all the miracles that I can gather
Run, I can't pretend
I put myself in idle hands again
Here's how it ends, just a bit too soon
River deep in all the shit I let myself get into
Doesn't anybody like it here?
Blank looks, television drama and no fear
Let another person fuck with your mind
I bet you become the person who will fuck in time
Man, I just stopped caring, the music is blaring
I feel you glaring, why won't you stop staring?
Peel back the layers
And see what I've become
Satisfied, now I feel nothing

Stay away, I swear it wasn't me
Run, it doesn't matter
I need all the miracles that I can gather
Run, I can't pretend
I put myself in idle hands again
Get the fuck off of me!

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