Horror With Eyeballs

The Dissociatives

All of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsBehind this gold picket fence lies a whole institute
Where wallpaper painters scrape and scarecrows swell waterlogged
Now I've got dead time on my hands
For feeding my animalsAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsOn this dark kissed day the light shines through only you
Or is it because your silhouette is your frame like an empty window
Now I got cold time up my sleeve
Now I'm feeling destituteAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsAll of that time I was dead
Limbless in bed, sedated experimentI feel root vegetable! Am I dead or buried alive?
I sleep warm velvet wand by the night
I'm selling the sun, my skin feels silky smooth
Now I'm buried in mudAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsAll of this time on my hands
So far has gone to feeding my animalsAll of that time I was dead
Limbless in bed, sedated experiment

Songwriters
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