

# Horror With Eyeballs

## The Dissociatives

All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals Behind 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 animals All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals On 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 destitute All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals All of that time I was dead  
Limbless in bed, sedated experiment I 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 mud All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals All of this time on my hands  
So far has gone to feeding my animals All of that time I was dead  
Limbless in bed, sedated experiment

Songwriters

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