

# Idle Hands

## The Burial

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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