

Cut Off My Hands

Chad VanGalen

cut off both my hands and threw them in the sand
watch them swim away from me like a pair of bloody crabs
close my eyes and dream of different skies
stare straight at the sun and try not to cry for you
oh nodoused in waves of static haze
I grew my mind into a maze
it makes me sick to even think of it fall asleep and disappear
pop some pills to chase your fear
she said I love you both the same before she drifted away captured by the jackals and thrown into a hole
they tortured you for days and then let you go home
I can see them now just flapping in the wind
like I giant stinky mouth that's been shooting out spit
oh no
oh no

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