

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

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