

Whitehouse

"Cut Hands Has The Solution"

Visit "[Cut Hands Has The Solution](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, knuckle-nicks
I'll tell you:
It's helping
I'll tell you:
You're doing the right thing
I can see you're used
And I don't know where you've been
But I do know past failures still haunt you
Thoughtless slow remarks you later regret
It's hard to own up and take the blame
For being a nervous gibbering wreck
So go on be a careless fucking onlooker
So you can sit and not-think about pain
I know about gasping attacks and mirror-blood
I know about shitbags and shame
I know a fuckload more than you realise
A fuck of a lot more than you think
I know why you can take a kiss
But not a bone-count hug
I know you bite your fat banana fingernails
And I know why you'd need to shave
I know you're a slow fussy pathetic eater
And I know you don't sleep much
But I'll still tell you:
It's helping
And I'll still tell you:
You're doing the right thing
Question: did you ever hurt yourself to make
somebody sorry?
How often do you pretend to be sick?
You ever wanted something very much but never told
anybody about it?
Are you such a slug you can't live without a fucking
sundae?
You ever made a bit too much fuss over your cuts?
Yes, the cutting will be quite dramatic
If you get the crisscross slit right
And show an exposed piece of bone
Ready for harvest
And in a few seconds' time:
In a drop of anal red the poison
And your totally disgusting diseased unkempt

disgusting excuse of a body
Continues to react
Till mere days after the cutting
The cancer says well hello
In between fairground muscle twitches
And clearly white scaly shit
Tinkerboy says burnt it out
The little cunt doesn't know what the fuck he's talking
about
And just weeks after the cutting
You really don't know
How well can you imagine
How soon cheap tears are forgotten
Because there's no wasted kleenex or sympathy
Nobody would give a fucking toss
For a quasi-glamour of your symptoms
For your Russells sign
And for your atrocious sleepless lucidity
Because what if they were provoked?
It's prefectness and it's all there
No more pointless trawling through self-helped books
for triggering examples
No more daytime trash or drunken wisdom
At first it seems not to be working
Til you get that imitation of danger
That means you can no longer convince yourself it's
not working
More and more and more
So right now would be a good time for blackmail
Who have you ever tried to make guilty?
Have you ever told on anyone?
What somebody has told you not to tell
My question: I said have you ever told on anyone?
Yet I'll tell you:
It's helping
And I'll tell you:
You're doing the right thing
More and more you wonder if anyone really gives a
fuck
Do you sometimes feel that:
You talk too much
You don't listen enough
Do you admit to letting others push you around?
Who's pushing you around now?
Who's hitting on you now?
Who's the pervert hitting on you now, kuckle-nicks?
Has he successfully perverted an ethic?
Has he destroyed a doll body?
I'll show you what's it like not to have hands
And I'll show you how to hold on tight
I'll show you how to piss on your own bedclothes

And sit in a closet
You'll learn to sweat while unconscious
And I'll show you the electric stick
You'll learn about the kitty-cut
Before the privilege of seeing your own blood
I'll let you suck brown-brown and clairil
So you know how papa's so brave
I'll show you the wide-awake nightmare
And now you can buy some fucking fear
So new question: can you:
Spot a person who's like me?
Can you:
Imagine a difference between their body and yours?
Can you:
Imagine a person who looks like me?
Could you:
Spot a person who looks unlike you?
Can you:
Spot a person who's how you want to be?
Can you:
Imagine a person who you'd never want to be?
Transferring people is a fucking degrading thing to do
to them
And one day the you'll understand that
One day the you'll understand that:
Cut hands has the solution
We'll feed you to every hungry bird
We'll feed you to every starving animal
And we'll let them eat fat till they're full
And will let them drink blood till they're drunk
As I tell you:
It's helping
While I tell you:
You're doing the right thing

Visit [Whitehouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.