

Clock Hands Strangle "Green Monster"

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As we turned in your driveway
my vocal chords choked
on the false sense of hope
frozen lodged in my throat.
when you opened the door
the thoughts rushed in
could've sworn I saw bull silhouettes in the wind
as I drown in sea of my fears and my dreams
the pressure tears holes in the seams of my seats.
I'm so jealous of the grass, the moon, the air.
if I was the wind I would cling to your skin.
float down your mouth.
brush through your hair.
a walking tornado, a forecasters worst nightmare.
how come nature can hold you without thought or a
slight care.
while I feel the world press the bones in my skull

a jealous film over my eyes.
an envious cancerous tumor of a mind.
a jealous film over my eyes.
an envious cancerous tumor of a mind.

life's just a painting
and it's yours to forge
your own perfect meaning
your own perfect world
with love and hatred
god and nature
faith and faithless
and an unknown painter.
there's no real truth
just the art and what art means to you
but the world fears creativity and control
and we wish we saw things with his eyes, and her soul
imagine a life without patterns or trends
pass down the glasses with the truth in the lens

a jealous film over my eyes.
an envious cancerous tumor of a mind.
a jealous film over my eyes.

an envious cancerous tumor of a mind.

why can't we just accept ourselves?

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