

Horrors

"Gloves"

Visit "[Gloves](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Today I found a baby's glove
Lying on the drainage board so still
Yesterday a leather glove from the slim hand of a
woman
The next time I saw one it was lying half frozen and
twisted on the kerb..and I...Now I have my own private
collection
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors
Now I have no room for my obsession
Lined up and labelled in neat little packets
The next time I saw one it stuck inside my head and
became all that I could think about
I'll think twice before I pick it up this time
Since I thought about what it had done and where it
had been and who it had belonged to
And I'll twice before I pick it up this time
I thought about who it might have done and where it
had come from and what it might have belonged to
The next time I saw one I had that itching sensation but
my hands stayed by my sides and I couldn't take it
And through wax seals and padlocks... A hand through
my ribcage
Past the choking I saw palms and fingers grasping
shoulders...collarbone...crushing
I imagined myself hacking desperately at a sea of
appendages, forward and right, freeing myself like a
butcher, feeling the mash of bone and sinew running
slowly down the front of my body... and I couldn't take it
any more, I said, I've got to go, I've got to get out of
here, and I ran down the street, I've got to get out of
here, I've got to go..

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