

Dissociatives

"Horror With Eyeballs"

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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
Limbleless 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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