

## **Dissociatives, The "Horror With Eyeballs"**

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Behind this gold picket fence lies a whole institute  
Where wallpaper painters scrape and scarecrows swell  
waterlogged,  
Now I 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

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, I'm feeling destitute,

All of this time on my hands,  
So far has gone to feeding my animals

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 that time I was dead,  
Limbless in bed, sedated experiment  
Na Na Na Na

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