

## **The Dissociatives**

# **"Horror With Eyeballs"**

Visit "[Horror With Eyeballs](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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  
Limbless 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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.