

These Arms Are Snakes

"Child Chicken Play"

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I've seen the ghost of you.
I've touched the ghost in you.
Your face has begun to show the hurt you've done by
you.
Your money in masses can go with your ashes alone
with you.
Like you always do.

This pile of bones
was last week's crowd
and you walked with your lower surface,
your feet touching the ground.
For more lowly sounds.
For more low sounds.
Like you always do.

Child kitchen play like you finally got into the sweet,
now there goes your teeth.
Skinny chicken beak pecking into a filth street like it's
oil
that it wanted to eat.
Lost in a surface hole buried down so low.
You can smell the flowers right from where they grow.
We got nickels on how long the show will go for.

It's blood, it's blood.
Your beast of a heart.
It's blood, it's blood.
Siphoning more blood.
You beast, you beast.
Taking more wet dirt sound than you need.
Touting your catch as if it tried to get away.
The blood-stained teeth you bare are showing a lot
more than you'd care.

And I will be in small towns.
I will be in many towns.
Though these hills they roll
they soon will fall.
Though these hills they roll,
they will soon become nothing.

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