

## **These Arms Are Snakes "La Stanza Bianca"**

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Rabid mouths, prone suicidals  
Morphine injections for crazed homicidals  
A man's work is never done  
In this the white room  
Nineteen hour shifts  
What kind of job is this

This is madness  
Someone had got to be here, but Jesus  
This is madness

Some that won't grow up  
Some that won't shut up

Anorexics  
Agoraphobics  
Schizophrenics  
Grown adolescents  
Past traumatics

Loss and abandonment  
The usual in this white room

Rabid mouths, prone suicidals  
Morphine injections for crazed homicidals  
A man's work is never done  
In this the white room

Some that won't eat up  
Some that can't get up

Delusional, compulsive and bulimic  
White floors, some with black tile  
A possible vacation, but possibly not  
Don't talk to me about a honorable mention  
Please don't talk of pensions and such  
The things these eyes of seen  
Money doesn't really seem to be all that much

Where are my supplements  
I need my supplements  
Where are my supplements

I need my supplements

My eyes are dry and my mind has had enough

Where are my supplements

I need my supplements

Where are my supplements

I need my supplements

My eyes are dry and my mind has had enough

I need my home and I need some sleep

I need my home and I need some sleep

I need a minute so I can rethink

What is this

This is madness

This is madness

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