

The Gutter Twins, Idle Hands

My idle hands-
There's nothing I can do
But be the Devil's plaything, baby
And know that I've been used
Her lips are cold
They suffer me
They drag me under, baby
Into your suffering
Let your hands
Do what they will do
Stand inside
Make your Maker's move
And your eyes don't look the same
They seem enervated, in denial
Cast like stones-
Like you been rode for miles
My eyes have seen
They have been shown
This is an Occupation
To Stand alone
I suffer you-
You suffer me
We are the Devil's plaything
Into this Reckoning