

# The Dissociatives, Horror With Eyeballs

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 paintersd 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  
Buy 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