

# Whitehouse, Cut Hands Has The Solution

Hey, knuckle-nicks  
I'll tell you:  
It's helping  
I'll tell you:  
You're doing the right thing  
I can see you're used  
And I don't know where you've been  
But I do know past failures still haunt you  
Thoughtless slow remarks you later regret  
It's hard to own up and take the blame  
For being a nervous gibbering wreck  
So go on be a careless fucking onlooker  
So you can sit and not-think about pain  
I know about gasping attacks and mirror-blood  
I know about shitbags and shame  
I know a fuckload more than you realise  
A fuck of a lot more than you think  
I know why you can take a kiss  
But not a bone-count hug  
I know you bite your fat banana fingernails  
And I know why you'd need to shave  
I know you're a slow fussy pathetic eater  
And I know you don't sleep much  
But I'll still tell you:  
It's helping  
And I'll still tell you:  
You're doing the right thing

Question: did you ever hurt yourself to make somebody sorry?  
How often do you pretend to be sick?  
You ever wanted something very much but never told anybody about it?  
Are you such a slug you can't live without a fucking sundae?  
You ever made a bit too much fuss over your cuts?  
Yes, the cutting will be quite dramatic  
If you get the crisscross slit right  
And show an exposed piece of bone  
Ready for harvest  
And in a few seconds' time:  
In a drop of anal red the poison  
And your totally disgusting diseased unkempt disgusting excuse of a body  
Continues to react  
Till mere days after the cutting  
The cancer says well hello  
In between fairground muscle twitches  
And clearly white scaly shit  
Tinkerboy says burnt it out  
The little cunt doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about  
And just weeks after the cutting  
You really don't know  
How well can you imagine  
How soon cheap tears are forgotten  
Because there's no wasted kleenex or sympathy  
Nobody would give a fucking toss  
For a quasi-glamour of your symptoms  
For your Russell's sign  
And for your atrocious sleepless lucidity  
Because what if they were provoked?  
It's prefectness and it's all there  
No more pointless trawling through self-helped books for triggering examples  
No more daytime trash or drunken wisdom  
At first it seems not to be working  
Til you get that imitation of danger  
That means you can no longer convince yourself it's not working  
More and more and more

So right now would be a good time for blackmail  
Who have you ever tried to make guilty?  
Have you ever told on anyone?  
What somebody has told you not to tell  
My question: I said have you ever told on anyone?  
Yet I'll tell you:  
It's helping  
And I'll tell you:  
You're doing the right thing

More and more you wonder if anyone really gives a fuck  
Do you sometimes feel that:  
You talk too much  
You don't listen enough  
Do you admit to letting others push you around?  
Who's pushing you around now?  
Who's hitting on you now?  
Who's the pervert hitting on you now, kuckle-nicks?  
Has he successfully perverted an ethic?  
Has he destroyed a doll body?  
I'll show you what's it like not to have hands  
And I'll show you how to hold on tight  
I'll show you how to piss on your own bedclothes  
And sit in a closet  
You'll learn to sweat while unconscious  
And I'll show you the electric stick  
You'll learn about the kitty-cut  
Before the privilege of seeing your own blood  
I'll let you suck brown-brown and clairil  
So you know how papa's so brave  
I'll show you the wide-awake nightmare  
And now you can buy some fucking fear  
So new question: can you:  
Spot a person who's like me?  
Can you:  
Imagine a difference between their body and yours?  
Can you:  
Imagine a person who looks like me?  
Could you:  
Spot a person who looks unlike you?  
Can you:  
Spot a person who's how you want to be?  
Can you:  
Imagine a person who you'd never want to be?

Transferring people is a fucking degrading thing to do to them  
And one day the you'll understand that  
One day the you'll understand that:  
Cut hands has the solution  
We'll feed you to every hungry bird  
We'll feed you to every starving animal  
And we'll let them eat fat till they're full  
And will let them drink blood till they're drunk  
As I tell you:  
It's helping  
While I tell you:  
You're doing the right thing