

Idle Hands

Ghostemane

I've got too much on my mind, plus your mind on my plate
I've got a fucked up sense of what they call love and hate
I'd like to place my hand on your neck once more
And this time I'll squeeze even after you leak on my floor
I've got too much time on my hands these days
And I feel my idle hands starting to wander away
I think I'll just sit alone in my absent brain
It's not like I've got anywhere else to spend my day

I swear to not
I swear to not
I swear to not
I swear to not

I am a bastard, I am a fatherless hope
You tell me faster, down on the floor on all fours
I am a bastard, I am a bastard
I am a bastard, I am a bastard

I swear to not
I swear to not
I swear to not
I swear to not