

Withered Hand

Oh Sees

Pluck your eyes out with the master's withered hand
Where the planets grope about without a plan
On your knees, now, because you'll only suffer more
You must suffer, yes, you mustn't only die

And the heavens grinding down, you can't be well
Hanging heavy in a sky as black as oil
Crawling slowly, face down in the muck
Crawling slowly with an outstretched, withered hand