

Melechesh

"The Curse"

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Give a prayer to the purse
Can a blessing really be a curse
Is it right, is it wrong, or is it even worse
Well I'll tell you for the prize you descend
But you don't know where the path will end
In the grave with the handle on the things you crave
Would it please you to say that I'm with you all the way
Well I can't and I won't 'cause it kills me just the same
In a cold, cold sweat I'm awakened by a plastic ring
It's the thought of a million person sonic fling
So you say what you say but it doesn't matter anyway
It's ok as long as you just stay away from me now
Only the rich die young

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