

## **The Tim Version "First Curse"**

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For every person born in life we're doomed  
Before we crawl to face up to all the challenges that  
Supercede our call things that we just can't control we  
force  
Upon ourselves our anxieties we hide away like books  
upon  
A shelf all our dreams and childhood nightmares  
drown in  
Alcohol bedroom with broken glass and cigarette  
smoke  
Stains the wall on top of broken promises trust is hard  
to keep  
A challenge that was made to fuck the strong and  
doom the  
Weak too young to forgive too old to forget all the  
things you  
Don't regret and I know somewhere our there things  
resolve  
Themselves restitution paid and penance made for all  
the  
Things that went to hell it seems that all our problems  
are  
The ones that we create by forcing in a perfect fit what  
others  
So easily fake but faking smiles while wearing crowns  
is what  
We're raised to do despite all of my training it's  
something I'm  
Still getting used too.

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