

## Reckless Kelly

### "Curse"

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Three, two, one. Kick it!  
Lord help me to believe I've got the need.  
Killed by the world I'm filled full of greed,  
Dead to the touch of a human hand,  
Can't stand, beaten down by a brokn old man.  
Broken men fill a city full of sadness.  
Broken rooms fill a body full of badness.  
I need a need other than the sting of sin,  
I need a sweet kiss to syncopate the rut I'm in.  
I've got a lover, she clothes me in another  
A bad thing to bring, a sacrifice under the covers.  
She said, 'Could all that red come from inside of me  
Like something living made a decision to cease to be'.

Life isn't like that, life isn't like this  
I have a need to know what it is.

Have you stopped to see what it is to be free?  
How the world has become a giant shopping spree?  
Lord help me to believe how the word has changed.  
If it happens enough does it seem the same?  
If it happens to me over and over again?  
Will I cease to feel all the pain I'm in?  
Will I cease to feel? Will I start to believe?  
Will I need nothing more than the air that I breathe?  
Well, why waste breathing on a living death?  
Why even bother with another breath?  
Why believe, why care, why even fuckin' feel?  
Why try to see beyond the evening meal?  
They tell me four billion people are alive today  
But they say that life is sacred anyway.  
But then to see it, no one seems to be living  
Oh, Lord, what is it that we're giving?

You're blind. You're blind.  
You're blind from the facts.  
You're blind. You're blind.  
You're blind from the facts.  
You're blind.  
(Getting in line time and time again)  
You're blind. You're blind from the facts.

You're blind.  
(While nation after nation stands in peril)  
Blind from the facts.

Three, two, one. Kick it!  
I felt life like a kiss in the morning  
I heard love like a rainstorm on top of an awning  
But then I left home to spend the night alone  
And then I saw a man asleep on the cold stone.  
Was he asleep? Maybe dead, maybe dying?  
I saw in heaven all the angels were crying  
I saw myself as I just walked by  
I saw another as he turned a blind eye  
I saw another as he kicked the man  
And that his friends all laughed or didn't take a stand  
I burned inside, put my hand through a wall  
I cursed the world that there is suffering and cruelty at  
all  
I cursed myself that there is suffering and cruelty in  
me  
That, though my eyes have sight, they're too full to see  
That this would be life, like a job and a wife  
Like a car and a house and a garden and a knife  
Is it freedom to choose what is not a choice?  
Or is it freedom to silence what is not a voice?  
Is it freedom to have one belief  
Or do you choose to live a life full of grief?  
I can't choose what I can't believe  
That the way of life is to live and grieve  
'Cause I see living as a place in the sun  
And the world as a place for a kingdom to come

You may say, I had. You may hate getting in line  
Time and time again. You may say, man this life stinks.  
I wonder how many people today burning in hell  
This very hour, burning in hell right now,  
Never thought it was real until they lived it?  
And there are people in the world  
That are too intellectual for that.  
Oh man! That's foolish...  
I wonder how many people today burning in hell  
This very hour, burning in hell right now,  
Never thought it was real until they lived it?  
This vacillating congress sits and will do nothing  
While nation after nation stands in peril.  
(You're blind...)  
You may say, I had. You may hate getting in line  
Time and time again. You may say, man this life stinks.  
I wonder how many people today...

