

## Afghan Whigs, The

### "My Curse"

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(dulli)

You hurt me baby  
I flinch so when you do  
Your kisses scourge me  
Hyssop in your perfume  
Oh, i do not fear you  
And slave i only use  
As a word to describe the special way i feel for you  
You look like me  
And i look like no one else  
We need no other  
As long as we have ourselves  
But i won't cry about it  
Every time you get obsessed  
Every time i came undressed  
All ugly thoughts are gone  
I'm sure we'll all be friends  
I'll try to break your back  
You'll try to make amends  
Curse softly to me baby  
And smother me in your love  
Temptation comes not from hell but from above  
And there's blood on my teeth  
When i bite my tongue to speak  
Zip me down, kiss me there  
I can smile now  
You won't find out ever  
Hurt me baby  
I flinch so when you do  
Your kisses scourge me  
Hyssop in your perfume  
Oh i do not fear you  
And slave i only use as a word to describe  
The way i feel when i'm with you  
If i have to lie about it everytime i came undressed

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