

Recoil, Curse

Lord help me to believe, I've got a need
Killed by the world I'm filled full of greed
Deaf to the touch of a human hand
Can't stand beaten down
by a broken old man
Broken men fill a city full of sadness
Broken limbs 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 to
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 world 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 fucking 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, you're blind, you're blind from the facts
You're blind, blind from the facts