

Wolf, The Curse

I can see the dead
All the time I feel their chilling presence
Constantly afraid
Why was I born cursed with this penance?
All the time
Day and night In my head
Haunting me I can see The living dead
I can't turn my face away
The spirits forcing me to stay
I can see their eyes
Desperately their pale hands reaching for me
Drugs can't set it right
There is not a thing the doctors can do for me
All the time
Day and night
In my head
Haunting me I can see
The living dead
I can't turn my face away
The spirits forcing me to stay
People that I meet
It's hard to tell weather they are for real
Secrets that I keep I cannot tell a soul of what I've seen
All the time
Day and night
In my head
Haunting me I can see
The living dead
I can't turn my face away
The spirits forcing me to stay
If they do not stop to mess with my mind
I will cross the line to the other side