

# 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