

# Beck, Curses

Curses I send  
On these countless men  
Curses on their trespasses  
Will they never end?  
Curses on their blades  
On the spare and open lanes  
Once I've been searching  
Recipe acclaim ( ? ? )  
Curses on their children  
Runnin all around  
Makin such a business  
While I'm rusting in the ground  
I might rise up to meet them  
When they leave this life  
Might rise up to eat them  
When they leave this life

Curses on this valley  
And the lands on up ahead  
I was on my way to meet them  
When they found me dead  
And I clapped my brittle hands  
And I made them join my game  
Now I hope they all decease  
And marry a man in shame

Curse every word  
That's planted on their lips  
Curse the sleek machine  
And their iron colored ships  
Curse every wave that  
Pounds a wicked shore  
Curse every salesman  
Knocking on their door

And I am not a creature  
And I am not a dog  
I have no claim to be there  
In the evening fog  
And I am not a bone  
Staring through the air  
Have no say in anything  
My tongue is barely there

Curses on curses  
I see no other way  
Some of them are weeping  
And some of them gay  
Some of them have worn  
So deep they feel no pain  
Curses on their fingers  
Curses on their brains