

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