

# 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