

# Reverse the Curse

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In the tortures of the damned  
Specters crowd the den  
Breath down the shadows  
This was never the plan

Reverse the curse

This is the turning of the tides  
This is a manageable vice  
A new old habit  
I've got nothing to hide

Reverse the curse

Beyond all pleasures and woes  
Beyond this labour of love  
We will find the world we wanted  
And feel the current of life  
Deep within our bones

On a bed of aging nails  
Hot and cold by the turns  
A fistic talk with godhood  
Static through the veil

Reverse the curse

This is the meadow of the flies  
Endless hum we praise  
Pulling out our tongues  
Secret language in disguise

Reverse the curse

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Beyond this labour of love  
We will find the world we wanted  
And feel the current of life  
Deep within our bones