

Beautiful Curse

Benjamin Tod

Things I try to lock inside too ugly to bare
Find a seam inside my dream and begin to tear
Through my eyes they come alive and beckon for a stare
In your throat I hit a note for Beelzebub to hear

And the silence weeps for which of us will leave with something
worse oh what a beautiful curse

Take me out and put me down I'm dying for a cure
In this room a tortured few feast upon a spur
No one sees the artist weep the bounty of his worth
And desperately try to breathe and dig until it hurts

And the silence weeps for which of us will leave with something
worse oh what a beautiful curse

Brother can you shape these hands and teach em how to feel Some
thing more than how to scorn or burn you in a deal
Who needs games or tempting fate when you know how to steal I s
ee in you the same old fool I was when things were real

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worse oh what a beautiful curse