

# Killer Cure

## The Beekeepers

Sometimes I, can't stand the,  
noise that I use to clean my mind.

Some days I, can't face the,  
Thoughts that I'm lumbered with this life.

And the summer comes and goes like any other,  
but you still, but you still, but you still can't reach me.

Kinder weather doesn't make it any better,  
And a few cheap thrills might cure or kill me.

It's that time and, that place and,  
that smile on, that face and,  
that look that, just says that,  
all the news remains the same.

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but you still, but you still, but you still can't reach me.

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And a few cheap thrills might cure or kill me.

When everyone pretends to leave me in the past,  
It's still alive, still alive, still alive and feeding.  
Never heard or seen, it's in the soul of all you feel,  
And a few cheap thrills might cure or kill me.

And the summer comes and goes like any other,  
but you still, but you still, but you still can't reach me.

Kinder weather doesn't make it any better,  
And a few cheap thrills might cure or kill me.

Lyrics Submitted by HeadOpener

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