

# My Curse

## H2O

Too many questions  
But no one seems to know  
The value of the answers  
Too many fingers and all pointed back at me  
Is it because I was the one who pointed mine first?  
I see a problem but maybe it's part of me  
Excuses without reasons  
I have a conscious inspiring to be  
More than a thought that's burning deep inside of me I see a doorway and I fumble for a key  
How many turns until it opens?  
And what will it reveal?  
I'm at the center, or is it left of me  
When will it open? On the surface, the smile evades the truth  
The words are even cheaper  
I ask for something impossible to give  
And sit back and watch it all go

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