

The Curse

Agnes Obel

Have the people went to the high hill?
From the start they didn't know exactly what it was.
Winter came and made it so- oh look alike, look alike.
Underneath the grass would grow, aiming at the sky.
It was swift, it was just - another wave of a miracle,
but no one, nothing at all, will go for the kill
If they called on every soul, in the land, on the moon.
Only then, would they know; a blessing in disguise
The curse will come from the underground down by the shore,
Where all grow even hunger to live like before.
The curse will come from the underground down by the shore,
where all grow even hunger to live like before.
Tell me now of the very soul, look alike, look alike.
Do you know this stranglehold covering their eyes?
If I call on every soul in the land, on the moon.
Tell me if I'll ever know, a blessing in disguise.
The curse will come from the underground down by the shore,
where all grow even hunger to live like before.
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