

Cure the Obscure

Hackneyed

I - fill - fill - fill my pockets cause you're ill

I travel much: I travelled round the world -
to - find - something obscured
I learned in the past, that things that shock will last
Will - last - and fill my bags with brass!

The more it's cruel, the more it's fuel
An object more of less
Defaced by pain, your mangled flesh
Your handicap brings CASH!

I - kill - kill - kill - your future and your will

My life is such: on roads of pain I roam
To - find - all disgorged from home
Owners of displaced are glad to see my face
They - sell - don't mind the coming hell

The more it's cruel, the more it's fuel
An object more of less
Defaced by pain, your mangled flesh
Your handicap brings CASH!

It's a second chance for you
Second chance, to earn your existence

Take the second chance

You're second handed, you're second handed
You're freedoms ended, you're freedoms ended
You're second handed, you're second handed
Till your life ended, till your life ended