

A Curse Of Cynicism

The Dear Hunter

It's a curse, in a cycle of misbelief and it keeps on happening.

A tradition, a trail of deceit, I never stopped and questioned,

"Why, is it so damn hard to find anyone who could get behind,

Such a simple plot?" Keep your eye on the prize, keep your eye on the prize!

Think what you want, believe what you think,

And know what you believe "Cause it's all misconceived.

And I asked you for nothing, nothing but, "Why?"

Because isn't an answer, it's just a reply.

It's a cure, a disciple of belief , and it keeps you here with me,

And it keeps on happening. And I never meant to kill the prize

like an unreliable fire. Anyone can get behind,

"Keep your eye on the prize, keep your eye on the prize!"

Yeah, I am cynical, I am cynical.

It's a curse, it's a curse.

Oh, I am cynical, I am cynical.

It's a curse, it's a curse.

I am cynical, I have nothing you want, take everything,
Don't leave anything, hollow me, take the core, leave nothing at all.

I am cynical, nothing left.

I am cynical, I have nothing you want, take everything,
Don't leave anything, hollow me, take the core, leave nothing at all.

I am cynical, nothing left.

Yeah, I am cynical, I am cynical.

It's a curse, it's a curse.

Oh, I am cynical, I am cynical.

It's a curse, it's a curse.