

Diary Of Dreams

The Curse

<http://www.resistinggi.com/UserFiles/File/Curse.mp3>

The **BUSH'S** drilled in think-speak patriotism is that orders are orders, I am the KING and anything else is unpatriotic, meaningless and will severely be punished, fuck the Constitution and the Bill of Rights! So fuck you, you nobody soldier. Just take our fucking illegal unconstitutional orders and shut the fuck up and that is the fucked up message the Resisting GI says is a total fuck up, called slavery **OBAMA!**

Have I put the above in the language of grassroots undisputable law! **Been There, Done That**

Class Action Resisting Soldiers are patriotic, unstoppable and a force for Truth, Justice and the American Way for saving our Constitution. It is called **DESTINY!**

THE CURSE is within all those degreed legal fucks (wolves in sheep clothing) who have participated in illegal courts-martial of Resisting Soldiers

STOP THE CURSE
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Plastic needles in my skin.
Don't ask me what they're for.
No clue except for pain and shock.
You tied me to the bed to mock.
My eyelids kept wide open.
So I can see all that you do.
All this liquid, in my eyes.
Come inside my world, friend, if you dare.

The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse.

Its cold I shiver while I sweat.
Room without a glimpse of sunlight.
My head is shaved, my body bruised.
Can't feel my fingers, everything is numb.

The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse.

Your reality, is twisted, it seems you, just don't notice,
that all you do to me, you never touch me mentally.
But you can, all this to me, it's not like, it would matter.
Much worse than, so much worse than that,
I can't get you out of my head.

Where is, that strong human will now.
Guess there are things you can't escape from.
I don't know, but something isn't right here.
I guess what you expect from me is fear.

The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse.

Your reality, is twisted, it seems you, just don't notice,
that all you do to me, you never touch me mentally.
But you can, all this to me, it's not like, it would matter.
Much worse than, so much worse than that,
I can't get you out of my head.

I stare, but there is nothing I can see.
God knows, with only one hand I could.
Your giggles, reach me, from next door.
I wonder, what is this all for.

The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse.

Your reality, is twisted, it seems you, just don't notice,
that all you do to me, you never touch me mentally.
But you can, all this to me, it's not like, it would matter.
Much worse than, so much worse than that,
I can't get you out of my head.

**The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse, The Curse,
The Curse, The Curse.**