

# Spiritual Beggars, Magic Spell

You choose to dive into this nothingness while  
I try to swim against the stream  
Listen to my inner voice feel it caress my soul  
Dream away in a magic spell  
I will not fall apart under the oak  
Yeah loose my mind she can't believe that it is right  
We run, we die desperation in our eyes  
Reach out for the opportunity or fall down  
in fear squeeze my pillow tight longing back  
My eyes are the same even as a child  
I could see a glimt of the road  
Yeah loose my mind she can't believe that it is right