

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