

Spiritual Beggars, Misty Valley

Blind illusions, no revolution stuck in a season of grief
desperation's of life's frustrations down to misty valley
we sail ... you better hold on
What makes you happy makes me cold cos
I'm aware of my home conversations and expectations
down to misty valley we sail ... you better hold on
Are you happy now and does a warm breeze rock your soul
Feel it coming I hear him calling the cold breeze eating my bones
Death destination has no explanation
down to misty valley we sail ... you better hold on