

# Spiritual Beggars, On Dark Rivers

On dark rivers we float  
Never to meet the releasing sea  
Our souls hide  
Deep inside our bodies  
We got to feed our dreams  
Nurse our dreams  
Sounds of words that are spoken  
Merely flirting with the truth  
But we never find it  
Never can we put the finger on it  
Under a bad moon  
We try to figure out  
Which way to fall In this masquerading boat  
You've got to wonder  
Why most of us  
Choose to stay