

# Spiritual Beggars, Per Aspera Ad Astra

Looking up from an icy spot  
Praying for the re-birth of the sun  
If everything would explode  
Would you breathe in or out?  
Bring me a dog or a loaded gun  
I'm fed up with all the people around  
Most of them are to me  
Like crisp breadcrumbs in my bed  
And all I can say to you is to fly with the riddle  
To touch the moon  
All I can say to you is try!  
Passive thinking, stuck in the game  
Souls hide in infected cells  
If everything would explode  
Would they breathe in or out?  
Stranded, deep in civilisation  
People I thought were like myself  
Have turned into what we all once said  
We hated so much  
And all I can say to you  
Is that fly with the riddle  
To touch the moon  
All I can say to you  
Is that I try