

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