

# Spiritual Beggars, Picking From The Box

Taking my mind away off things that makes me blind  
Now I can't even sleep when I'm drunk  
But I'm feeling just fine, you see to me its not so bad  
dreaming away back home  
But I wonder why you keep picking from the foodbox  
seems so strange to waste your life that could bring so much  
Blinded by fake you rush right into the failure trap  
Bitter blood reveals  
You keep kissing the strings of hope  
You pray to keep them warm  
But somehow you always wake up cold  
I know its hard to break away from here  
But you've got to lean on dreams to make them real  
Money ain't all that counts when the day is done  
Harmony is not something you buy  
But keep on raping yourself you fake  
You ain't got the guts to change  
Poison yourself cos you're scared to loose, what!