

# Spiritual Beggars, Save Your Soul

Let me sing for pleasure  
Let me drink my treasure  
Up to the mountain of faith  
Hit me again  
While you kiss your left brain  
You oppress your right brain  
Ice-pops up in your arse  
You run with the flock  
Our presence is a saga  
A shore beyond  
The horizon  
Save Your Soul  
When I read Bukowski  
And when I read Martinus  
I feel magic in my soul  
Boiling me warm  
Do you dream of freedom?  
Or do the demons tell you?  
There is nothing you can lose  
If you run with the flock  
I'm too cool  
To be a fool