

Bloom On, Beggar Of Some Love

The rain's falling down on my form.
I seemed like a thunder-burned tree in this storm.
In my empty stare I felt something harm
Like the scream of abortion,
Like the truth of illusion,
Like the crowd of my solitude.
"Beggar of some Love"
The storm's keeping run after my pain.
Presence was killing and absence was rotting my brain.
But those words of the dark in my ears still remain
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the scream of abortion,
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the truth of illusion,
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the crowd of my solitude,
"Beggar of some Love"
Sun came up.....
But that make no difference between light and the rain.
The voice of my loneliness comes and tells me again
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the scream of abortion,
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the truth of illusion,
"Beggar of some Love"
Like the crowd of my solitude,
"Beggar of some Love"
And Affection.....