

# Spiritual Beggars, Blessed

Loaded as the sun above  
I dig myself  
Drinking washes the gray away  
It kissed my brain  
Smoking makes me catch my breath  
I feel alone  
Now I feel my inner self  
Incarnation of Christ  
Now the lungs of the universe  
Are the lungs of my soul  
I can feel it  
I can sense it  
Hallelujah Bless my soul  
Monday morning you enter hell  
Not me I'm not a fool, no I'm not a whore  
Haven't sold my soul  
Monday morning I open a beer  
And light a cigarr  
Put my pen to paper and write I hate you all