

Spiritual Beggars, Blind Mountain

Come on winter feed me with your darkness you know
I've felt like this before
Loneliness is my only friend now and this bottle of cheap red wine
Deep are the wounds that push me away deep are the rivers that
run through my soul
Bittersweet are my memories of the one that got away... yeah
Innervations bleed through my eyes
Look at me I'm dying for you
And all this time we'd borrow, beg and steal to feel real...
Living lies.