

Spiritual Beggars, Nowhere To Go

Feel betrayed, ...as
I sit here cold and tired
It seems that what
I valued before has been eaten cold by a ghost
Deeds, what's to gain here
I want to kill myself but I ain't got the guts... yet
Ice cold, even the smoke cuts cold
Mother, father, brother, sister
you don't understand me 'cos how could you...
When I can't You bastards Blind laughters I miss my home
Sick, feel sick can't eat more of your shit
You are a decieving liar and I am a mistrusting fire
Nowhere to go but home