

Beggar Who Gives Alms

Downhere

There are no mystic jewels, embedded in my prose,
No moonlit haloed cherubs, perched on my piano,
No lyrics laced with pixie dust, no angels sings along.
I am just a beggar who gives alms.

Chorus:

Gold and silver have I none, but such I have give thee,
Borrowed words from the one, who gave the gift to me,
The pearl that I could never buy, this life, this dream, this song,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.

I am not the creator, but a scribe with a pen,
I'm recreating visions, through a cracked and broken lens,
Only one has ever seen the home for which we long,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.

Chorus:

Gold and silver have I none, but such I have give thee,
Borrowed words from the one, who gave the gift to me,
The pearl that I could never buy, this life, this dream, this song,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.