Blind Mountain

Spiritual Beggars

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

Innervisions 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