

Misty Valley

Spiritual Beggars

Blind illusions, no revolution
stuck in a season of grief
desperations of lifes frustrations
down to misty valley we sail
...you better hold on

What makes you happy makes me cold
cos I'm aware of my home
conversations and expectations
down to misty valley we sail
...you better hold on

Are you happy now and does a warm breeze rock your soul
Feel it coming

I hear him calling the cold breeze eating my bones
Death-destination has no explanation
down to misty valley we sail
...you better hold on

Pass the sound of wispers
Dream away
got to dream away
got to make my head breath

I can't sit here and moan
got to grab my strings of hope
try to make them shine

I'm sick and I'm tired
I've found myself grown so old
And in my head its this noise
think I'm gonna explode And I sure want to

Outside I see that snow has begun to fall
And it reminds me of you
And pass the sound of whispers
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones

Like a fairy
She dance so cool on the edge
She knows me
And I know her
She wants to show me
But she just walks away