

On Dark Rivers

Spiritual Beggars

On dark rivers we float
Never to meet the releasing sea
Our souls hide
Deep inside our bodies

We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams

Sounds of words that are spoken
Merely flirting with the truth
But we never find it
Never can we put the finger on it

We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams

Under a bad moon
We try to figure out
Which way to fall
In this masquerading boat
You've got to wonder
Why most of us
Choose to stay

We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams