

Yearly Dying

Spiritual Beggars

Find myself in a state
that always appears this time of year
Feels like I'm in a dark muddy hole
Where everything seems to far

Baby, maybe-time to go
Baby, baby-make me warm
I know, you know-something's wrong
Baby, maybe time to go...

Weakness... Concentrate...
I'm too cold to wanna reach anything
Grab my pen without strength
Alcohol becomes my saviour

Baby, maybe-time to go
Baby, baby-make me warm
I know, you know-something's wrong
Baby, maybe time to go home...

Rain... Falling outside...
Memories flashing behind my frightened eyes
safe from harm... Harmony
ease my head with another one