

# Beggars

## The Medics

Your guard isn't on, your barriers open  
Your words have now got, the whole town waiting  
My army is down, my company old  
And leaving, quiet and burned  
those nights we sought all the words  
And if I could have one more guardian on the wall  
Riding a fleet of beggars and cons  
Taking it back, it won't be long

Your name you have kept, the part you've taken  
So carefully planned, each word you've spoken  
My army is down, my company old  
And leaving, quiet and burned  
those nights we sought all the words  
And if I could have one more guardian on the wall  
Riding a fleet of beggars and cons  
Taking it back, it won't be long

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