

Dying Every Day

Spiritual Beggars

working my fingers
to the bone
too old to run
too young to die
a lot of fire
upon my soul
suffer from hell(chorus)
I don't know
where I'm going anymore
this ain't living
just dying every day at the end of the day
I'm all alone
not falling anymore
put my life in my own
a lot of fire
upon my soul
suffer from hell(chorus)
I don't know
where I'm going anymore
this ain't living
just dying every day

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