Picking From the Box

Spiritual Beggars

Taking my mind away off things that makes me blind
Now I can't even sleep when I'm drunk
But I'm feeling just fine, you see to me its not so bad
Dreaming away back homeBut I wonder why you keep picking from the food box
Seems so strange to waste your life that could bring so much
Blinded by fake you rush right into the failure trapBitter blood reveals
You keep kissing the strings of hope
You pray to keep them warm
But somehow you always wake up coldBut I wonder why you keep picking from the food box
Seems so strange to waste your life that could bring so much
Blinded by fake you rush right into the failure trapBitter blood reveals
You keep kissing the strings of hope
You pray to keep them warm
But somehow you always wake up coldI know its hard to break away from here
But you've got to lean on dreams to make them real
Money ain't all that counts when the day is doneHarmony is not something you buy
But keep on raping yourself you fake
You ain't got the guts to change
Poison yourself cos you're scared to loose, what!But I wonder why you keep picking from the food box
Seems so strange to waste your life that could bring so much
Blinded by fake you rush right into the failure trapBitter blood reveals
You keep kissing the strings of hope
You pray to keep them warm
But somehow you always wake up cold

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