Misty Valley

Spiritual Beggars

Blind illusions, no revolution
Stuck in a season of grief
Desperation's of life's frustrations
Down to misty valley
We sail, you better hold onWhat makes you happy
Makes me cold 'cos
I'm aware of my home
Conversations and expectations
Down to misty valley
We sail, you better hold onAre you happy now and does
A warm breeze rock your soul
Feel it coming I hear him calling
The cold breeze eating my bonesDeath destination has no explanation
Down to misty valley
We sail, you better hold on

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