

On Dark Rivers

Spiritual Beggars

On dark rivers we float
Never to meet the releasing sea
Our souls hide
Deep inside our bodies We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams
We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams Sounds of words that are spoken
Merely flirting with the truth
But we never find it, no
Never can we put the finger on it We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams
We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams Under a bad moon
We try to figure out
Which way to fall In this masquerading boat
You've got to wonder
Why most of us choose to stay We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams
We got to feed our dreams
Nurse our dreams

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