Blind Mountain

Spiritual Beggars

Come on, winter, feed me with your darkness
You know I've felt like this before
Loneliness is my only friend now
And this bottle of cheap red wineDeep are the wounds that push me away
Deep are the rivers that run through my soul
Bittersweet are my memories
Of the one that got away, yeahInner visions bleed through my eyes
Look at me I'm dying for you
And all this time we'd borrow
Beg and steal to feel real, living lies

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