

# Past the Sound of Whispers

## Spiritual Beggars

Dream away, got to dream away  
Got to make my head breath  
I can't sit here and moan  
Got to grab my strings of hope  
Try to make them shine I'm sick and I'm tired  
I've found myself grown so old  
And in my head it's this noise  
Think I'm gonna explode And I sure want to  
Outside I see that snow has begun to fall  
And it reminds me of you  
And pass the sound of whispers  
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones Like a fairy  
She dance so cool on the edge  
She knows me and I know her  
She wants to show me but she just walks away

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