# Blessed

## Spiritual Beggars

Loaded as the sun above, I dig myself
Drinking washes the gray away, it kissed my brain
Smoking makes me catch my breath
I feel alone, now I feel my inner selfIncarnation of Christ
Now the lungs of the universe
Are the lungs of my soul
I can feel it, I can sense itHallelujah, bless my soul
Monday morning, you enter hell
Not me, I'm not a fool, no, I'm not a whore
Haven't sold my soulMonday morning, I open a beer
And light a cigar
Put my pen to paper
And write, "I hate you all"

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