

Nowhere to Go

Spiritual Beggars

Feel betrayed as I sit here cold and tired
It seems that what I valued before
Has been eaten cold by a ghostDeeds, what's to gain here?
I want to kill myself
But I ain't got the guts, yetIce cold, even the smoke cuts cold
Mother, father, brother, sister
You don't understand me
'Cos how could you when I can't?Deeds, what's to gain here?
I want to kill myself
But I ain't got the guts, yetYou bastards, blind laughters I miss my home
Sick, feel sick can't eat more of your shit
You are a deceiving liar and I am a mistrusting fire
Nowhere to go but homeDeeds, what's to gain here
I want to kill myself
But I ain't got the guts, yetYou bastards, blind laughters I miss my home
Sick, feel sick can't eat more of your shit
You are a deceiving liar and I am a mistrusting fire
Nowhere to go but home

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