

Society Of Beggars

"Skortha"

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They won't stand beneath the light
Too afraid to show themselves

What a fool to think they might
Have a thought for someone else

In the sun
We can fall asleep
And crawl back in the womb

In the sun
We can raise the dead
Come tangle in the gloom

Raise your glass of blood in fright
And bow your hollow head

You worked, bought, consumed and died
What a legacy you've left

In the sun
We can fall asleep
And crawl back in the womb

In the sun
We can raise the dead
Come tangle in the gloom

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