

Dawnbringer

"Beggars & Children"

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The beggar takes a wife, takes her right on cue
This mountain is growing, growing as I climb

Architect of poverty, that crystallized endowment
Ripped from home into the wreckage of heaven
Hunger hiding behind the sheltered, wicked feast
The paradox of consumption: even blood evaporates

The child open wide knows his world in one dimension
Before he cries that final unconsolable tear

Architect of poverty, that crystallized endowment
Ripped from home into the wreckage of heaven
Hunger hides behind the sheltered, wicked feast
The paradox of consumption: even blood evaporates

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