

Memento Mori

"The Beggar's Waltz"

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A simple boy of common strain
A low-bred without class
Soil his name and apir at him
Just launch and turn away
A little boy who's lost his pride
A little boy who's dignity died

No fairy tales can cheer him up
As life just fed him lies
No summer sun can bring him warmth
Nor light to wilted eyes
He is a puppet upon a string
He will dance if you will sing

Painful yearning
In the beggar's waltz
Relentless turning
In the beggar's waltz
Painful yearning
In the beggar's waltz
Relentless turning
In the beggar's waltz

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