

Throes Of Dawn

"Beg For Change"

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I became so poor I'd auction off more than I owned
anyday
and I felt my cheeks go red, but I had to ask anyway

I begged for change and
prayed there was hope left yet

I begged for change and
I held out my hands
we're failing and fading

I became so slight, I betrayed the secrets that kept me
alive, don't let me die
I see through archaic eyes, but I have to ask anyway

I begged for change and
prayed there was hope left yet

I begged for change and
I held out my hands
we're failing and fading

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