

Coma Lies "The Beggar"

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My fingertips are frozen to the bone, I think this is the
last winter that I
will ever see with these old eyes.
With these old dead eyes.
I am your foul example of a wretched life spewing forth
desperation
there's not a chance of redemption or a hope to
clutch.
I will beg.
I sit at your feet looking up at you with despair strewn
across my face.
You return the stare, not with one of pity but with one of
disgust.
I was once like you in your hand tailored suits.
The whole world was once at my feet and now I live at
yours, oh how the
mighty fall, I wish I brought you with me.
Oh I remember the times, doused with such expensive
red wines and that
scent of sultry perfume of every woman in the room.

They all begged for my attention.
I used to own this town, but now this town owns me.
I live at your feet, I once lived up in the sky.
I had it all, power, money, women, pride.
My fortune lost, stripped back to my foundation.
Abandoned by all who
once stood by my side.
As Death closes in on me I look back on my life with
shame. I start to fade
into the streets, no-one will remember my name.
"Desperation", a word I have never known.
Dependence on certain substances, coupled with a
guilty, broken mind is
the reason I no longer exist in the eyes of an
unforgiving, uncaring
society.
Those long nights we spent, smoking imported cigars
as we laughed at
the stars...

