

Spiritual Beggars

"Concrete Horizon"

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Through the darkest hours
You will find me here
Tired of asking questions
I'm breaking free, getting out of here
My concrete horizon
I want to walk far beyond the line
The seed is there, it's been sown
And I'm high on a rising tide

In every nightmare
I see the same old place
In every waking hour
I plan my escape

One life - get out of here
My life - I can't stay here

It's a fools game
That I used to play
This is over, leave me be
I'm breaking free, getting out of here
City lights burning bright
In a cold, cold distance
The seed is there, it's been sown
And I'm high on a rising tide.

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