

## **Spiritual Beggars** **"Misty Valley"**

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Blind illusions, no revolution  
stuck in a season of grief  
desperations of lifes frustrations  
down to misty valley we sail  
...you better hold on

What makes you happy makes me cold  
cos I'm aware of my home  
conversations and expectations  
down to misty valley we sail  
...you better hold on

Are you happy now and does a warm breeze rock your  
soul  
Feel it coming

I hear him calling the cold breeze eating my bones  
Death-destination has no explanation  
down to misty valley we sail  
...you better hold on

Pass the sound of wispers  
Dream away  
got to dream away  
got to make my head breath  
I can't sit here and moan  
got to grab my strings of hope  
try to make them shine

I'm sick and I'm tired  
I've found myself grown so old  
And in my head its this noise  
think I'm gonna explode And I sure want to

Outside I see that snow has begun to fall  
And it reminds me of you  
And pass the sound of whispers  
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones

Like a fairy  
She dance so cool on the edge  
She knows me

And I know her  
She wants to show me  
But she just walks away

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