

Spiritual Beggars, Save Your Soul

Let me sing for pleasure
Let me drink my treasure
Up to the mountain of faith
Hit me again
While you kiss your left brain
You oppress your right brain
Ice-pops up in your arse
You run with the flock
Our presence is a saga
A shore beyond
The horizon
Save Your Soul
When I read Bukowski
And when I read Martinus
I feel magic in my soul
Boiling me warm
Do you dream of freedom?
Or do the demons tell you?
There is nothing you can lose
If you run with the flock
I'm too cool
To be a fool