

# Concrete Horizon

Spiritual Beggars

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 the 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 the rising tide