

The Beggar

The Virgins

Shuffling down those avenues with his armor and a slave
The beggar, like a specter, aims forth
Praying to a plastic junk phone on a street
Delivering his only lectures

See you now
Come crawling across the sand
See the lagger horse
Stepping on his, no

Grab your children and gather around
The beggar is coming through
Hold your triggers all going down
You know it's up to you
Stripped up to his bones
Trailing all his blood
Forcing from this world
Fall and coming good

Real agents' faces changing like shadows around
A crowd that's broad expands through land
Staring off into the man in candid sun
Smiling while he dances, no

See you now
Come crawling down the town
See the starving dogs
Waiting for their, no

Grab your children and gather around
The beggar is coming through
Hold your triggers all blowing down
You know it's up to you
Stripped up to his bones
Dragging all his blood
Forcing from this world
Fall and coming good

Politicians, street musicians, night wind, magic wands
Command and coax the beggar, take a look
Undertakers, bubblemakers, bending toward the ones
That shine a light to guide him up to his dear

Grab your children and gather around
The beggar is coming through
Hold your triggers all blowing down
You know it's up to you
Stripped up to his bones
Trailing all his blood
Forcing from his world
Fall and coming good