

Get Up. Get High

Lords of Acid

Looking at the world like an insect
 Buzzin' in the sky
 Drifting on the waves of life
 On a trip - bathing in the sun
Waiting for a dream - visions unseen
 In peace - ruthless like a snake
Crawling in the dust - the path of lust
Whispers of delight - passion in the night
In the snowfields my childhood died Looking at the world from a broomstick
 Flying in the sky
 Gliding on the clouds of life
 On a quest - gazing at the moon
Waiting for his voice - magickal noise
 In trance - hungry like a leash
Hanging in a web - my trap of death
 Victim of the night
On the altar a virgin died High, high, high
 We're jumping up in the sky.
 High, high, high
Getting high, getting high, getting high, Looking at the world like a loser
 Staring at the wall
 Stepping through the mud of life
 On the loose - hiding from the sun
Waiting for a friend - a helping hand
 In pain - beaten like a dog
Looking for a rope - last chance of hope
Overload with lies - tumblin' like dice
On the altar a gambler died. High, high, high
 We're jumping up in the sky.
 High, high, high
Getting high, getting high, getting high

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