Mescal Rite 2

Tomahawk

ChantingI'm the happy ghost wandering the horizon
The self-aggravating master divine
And I'll be reborn under a human disguise
In the circle of smoke 'round the fire in your eyes
With the perfect assurance of a master hand
I will paint you a picture of the master plan
With none of your reasons and none of your rhyme
Give me two scoops of sugar and the world is just fine
Sing itOnyxes and granites and mothers-of-pearl
And the rings of gold and the marbled swirls
And the endless folds of glistening wings
Watch them bubbling effortlessly, colours sink
Smrgsbord of vision and an orgy of taste
And the conspiracies and the sacreds are graced
With a sense of the past, I'm behind in the race
All the cravens in the world won't eclipse my embrace
Sing itLike water we're flowing, like water we're cool
Flowing upstream and down into the pool
Going to the ocean can't explain it away
And ya hear my words and to enter the bay
While at the ending you've committed no crime
Just open your ears and let my voice be your guide
Keep your hands off the trigger, I'm controlling this ride
Irrigate the green fields of your caverns inside
Sing itI'm the happy ghost wandering the horizon
The self-aggravating master divine
And I'll be reborn under a human disguise
In the circle of smoke 'round the fire in your eyes

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