

Mushroom Cult

Dog Fashion Disco

Mushroom Cult.
Kaleidoscope of love.
Ophidians dance as the shifting occurs.
We are stars and electric animals.
Nurtured by the mothers of prostitutes. Floating in a mushroom universe.
Swimming in a sea of cyclostomes.
And as we surface through the tide,
You open up and I come inside. I must be in limbo,
'Cos purgatory's always felt like home. And as the world spins round and round,
We fornicate upon the cotton clouds.
That rain down sulphur smiles
On the children at play in the poppy fields. Sinking for what seems like forever.
Like Atlantis into the sea.
To forget the shore and wash away,
Wash away my memory. I must be in limbo,
'Cos purgatory's always felt like home. Inside the moon lives the high priest of the mushroom cult.
Upon the altar are the ashes of the Pharisees.
I sold my soul,
Sold my soul,
Sold my soul away.
I'm free of guilt,
Free of sin,
Free of everything!

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