Mescal Rite 2

Tomahawk

Chanting
I'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 it
Onyxes 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
Sm

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