

Flutes of Chi

Ween

Everything that you are
That you'd like to be
Will come in three, my friend
Times thine inequity
The flutes of the chi
Will sound again, my friend
Wrap yourself up in gold
The fruits of the old
Are ripe to be told, my friend
For, it's not what you are
How you've come to be
All this will end and begin again
Everything that you are
That you'd like to be
Will come in three, my friend
Times thine inequity
The flutes of the chi
Will sound again, my friend

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>