

# Bongzilla, Sacred Smoke

Yeah, the sun it rises in the east everyday  
You can see it's the same, then you'll see it my way  
Yeah, the sun it sets in the west where it grows  
Yeah, the best I heard, dreadlock man he say so

There they sit at the foot of the mountain  
Taking hits of the sacred smoke  
Fire rips at their lungs  
Holy mountain take us away

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