

Saint Vitus, Mind-Food

Plastic unicorns point at you
Sideways faces are nothing new
Psychedelic sunrise at the foot
of the bed
You get all this when you feed
your head
Cellophane people, multicolored sky
Scenery changes in the wink of an eye
You can smell the colors, hear the lights
A bit of mind food works every time
Black turns to white, red turns to green
The world looks better than it's ever seemed
The walls are melting, the curtains breathe
Nothing can touch you when your mind is free
Your mind is free
Yeah you're mine!