

6:36

Mustasch

I'm piled up high the morning light
A giant silver screen
I'm waiting for my mind to land
I'm living in a dream

Yeah

I'm a wizard I got magic sticks
I'm drinking liquid gold
The taste of metal in my mouth
Infected all my bones

The light so bright but when I close my eyes it all explodes

I'm piled up high the morning light
A giant silver screen
I'm waiting for my mind to land
I'm living in a dream

Oh yeah

I can't explain why colors fade
And everythings a fuss
I feel like I'm a winters day
And not a hippie had enough

I'm piled up high the morning light
A giant silver screen
I'm waiting for my mind to land
I'm living in a dream

I'm piled up high the morning light
And everythings unreal

The wizard lost his magic sticks
The wall turned in to stone
The taste of metal in his mouth
And everything explodes

I'm piled high the morning light
A giant silver screen
I'm waiting for my mind to land
Cause everythings unreal