

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