

## Mind-food

Saint Vitus

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!