

Flutes of Chi

Ween

Everything that you are,
That you'd like to be
Will come in three, my friend

Times thine inequity
The flutes of the chi
Will sound again, my friend

Wrap yourself up in gold,
The fruits of the old,
Are ripe to be told, my friend

For, it's not what you are,
How you've come to be
All this will will end and begin again

Everything that you are,
That you'd like to be
Will come in three, my friend

Times thine inequity,
The flutes of the chi
Will sound again, my friend