

Mushroom Festival in Hell

Ween

The wind is howling and the time is right for fear
In the emergence in the phosphorescent tears
And all the hippies gonna lick the mind of God?
They've already been immersed in the wad

The wind is howling and the sea is boiling down
The mind is the water, the mind is the water
'Cause it's a mushroom festival in hell
'Cause it's a mushroom festival in hell

Yeah, woo, woo, woo, woo