

Wormhole

Saint Vitus

Winding through the backroads of my mind
Tryna find a corner to get high
All my windowpanes are clear
My friend the dragon's already here

Hungry zombie lookin' for a meal
Barters with a hag, can you strike a deal?
Seven white horses passin' by
Demon fire in their eyes

Backwoods livin' is the life for me
The beast or the sloth is what keeps me free
My creepy little troll is sittin' in a tree
With a bag full of bottles for the mosh pit scene
Smoking up the cobwebs in my head
Strolling along with the walking dead
I always feel safe in a sacred place
Far away from the human race