

## 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