Mushroom Festival in Hell

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

Ween