

Saint Vitus "Patra (petra)"

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Plastic unicorns point at you
Sideways faces are nothing new
Psychedelic sunrise at the foot
of the bed
You get all this when you feed
your head
Cellophane people, multi-
colored sky
Scenery changes in the wink
of an eye
You can smell the colors, hear
the lights
A bit of mind food works every
time
Black turns to white, red turns
to green
The world looks better than it's
ever seemed
The walls are melting, the
curtains breathe
Nothing can touch you when
your mind is free
Your mind is free
Yeah you're mine!

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