

Ginseng Breeze

The Chant

Tiny moments of
The moments of our need
We will breath our last breath
In a ginseng breeze
Ginseng breeze

Killing curses love
With no bye or leave
Why breath your last breath
In a ginseng breeze
Ginseng breeze

When this house of cards comes down
Standing here at the signpost
Of our lives
No more words please
No more sound
Standing here on life's playground
From the killer, old man, to the clown

Good times will come
Good times will go
Lozenge your mind
To the pain you know
Good time to cum
Good time to go
Lozenge your mind
From the pain you know