

## Mescal Rite 1

Tomahawk

I'm the happy ghost wandering the horizon  
The self-aggravating master divine  
And I'll be reborn under a human disguise  
In the circle of smoke 'round the fire in your eyes  
With the perfect assurance of a master hand  
I will paint you a picture of the master plan  
With none of your reasons and none of your rhyme  
Give me two scoops of sugar and the world is just fine  
Sing it

Onyxes and granites and mothers-of-pearl  
And the rings of gold and the marbled swirls  
And the endless folds of glistening wings  
Watch them bubbling effortlessly, colors sink  
Smörgåsbord of vision and an orgy of taste  
And the conspiracies and the sacreds are graced  
With a sense of the past, I'm behind in the race  
All the cravens in the world won't eclipse my embrace  
Sing it

Like water we're flowing, like water we're cool  
Flowing upstream and down into the pool  
Going to the ocean can't explain it away  
And ya hear my words and to enter the bay  
While at the ending you've committed no crime  
Just open your ears and let my voice be your guide  
Keep your hands off the trigger, I'm controlling this ride  
Irrigate the green fields of your caverns inside  
Sing it

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