

Officium Triste, A Journey Through Lowlands Green

Lowlands Green through which I fly.
These colours of joy I see in the sky.
Travelling in an incredible high.

These flights through lowlands green.
Heaven is what it seems.
Cannabolistic dreams.

Seeds of pleasure, from lowlands green
Inhale the fog, your mind is clean.
These memories will forever be.

Hairs of white with a purple glow.
Take me there, to places unknown.
Lowlands green through which I will flow.