

Hybrid

Cephalic Carnage

Illicit solariums of my nativity
A lachrymal tale of how I came to be
Starting when aromatic genus

Of the marijuana were spliced with the genes of miceAnd soon failed but continued to splice
Until finally succeeding in bio-cultivating deeds
Creating new life forms origin of man and seed

But not like you, the mice knew everything intellectuallySpecifically they had hate for human beings
For years of experiments and infecting them with disease

Hybrids, dagga, a plant of peace and love
I'm torn between who I amWhen you create internally all you need is love

It becomes an emotional body inner animus

But when you create externally, you don't need no love

All you need is the calculating mindThus producing a being with only a left brain
With no compassion or sense, hybrid

An army grown of weed and mice to replace man

Able to withstand famine and diseaseCompulsive habits of environment destroyed
Unable to reproduce without Scientology

Soon the world will be run by artificial intelligence

Designed to control population growthHumans slowly become obsolete
When cloning life is similar to that of the grays

Instead of test tubes and cattle mutilationsBut through horticulture of spliced DNA
Derived from Marijuana and mice
Our world will be controlled by the rich slaves
And pollution notwithstanding hybrids

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