

Medicinal Healing

Cannabis Corpse

The next day never came for the stoners
No one would ever hear all their muffled cries
As they slept an axe went through two of their necks
Leaving one to be the last to die
When he saw the carnage he started screaming
As he did they tied him to a nearby tree
A dull blade skillfully sliced right through
His stomach and ribcage
The blood started to spray
His life was slipping away
By his feet in the mud
A bucket was placed to catch the dripping blood
The corpses were dragged in body bags
To the killers home a burned out shack
This family was deranged.
They spent everyday
Smoking Marijuana, crystal meth, methamphetamines and crack
Their ugly addiction driving them to kill
The bodies carelessly tossed on the floor
Everyone went to work, they'd done this before
Their ghastly inbred sons removed limbs to fuel the hydroponic system
A machine used to grind chunks of flesh
pulverized body parts that were left
It was pumped into the veins of a corpse
That belonged to their dead grandfather
He had died from an overdose
His dead body was left there in his favorite chair
The families weed supply was starting to run short
They had reached their last resort
They planted seeds inside the cadaver
And within hours it began to work
Out of his flesh vines began to grow from the nutrients of the decomposed
They knew it would stop growing unless the blood started flowing
Medicinal healing
Missing persons reports kept on coming up short
On the kids trying to score
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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