

# Weedless Ones

## Cannabis Corpse

Behind the shadows  
Foul beings searching for your stash  
They are creatures known as weedless ones Watching and waiting  
Pinching your bag until it is gone  
Taken by the weedless ones Putrid rat-like goblins to abhorrent to ever see sunlight  
Repellent human-like faces and bodies  
But more animal than they are man Their search for drugs left them deformed  
They are deranged,  
Pumping through their veins crushing levels of THC  
Diminutive blasphemies  
Cursed with crippling addiction  
They're slaves to narcotics  
The weedless ones Have come for you tonight  
While you're passed out in your mom's basement  
Silent they smoke your last hit  
Leaving none left when you awaken  
You look at the coffee table  
to see that your last bong hit has now been stolen You search the floor and between the couch cushions  
But you'll never see that Weed again  
In the distance you can hear them laughing at you  
There's nothing you can do  
But to accept the hand that you've been dealt and think about killing yourself Cursed with crippling addiction  
They're slaves to narcotics  
The weedless ones  
They've come for you  
while you're baked watching television  
distracted you let your guard down  
Now your Bag of Pot can't be found! Behind the shadows  
Foul beings searching for your stash  
They are creatures known as weedless ones  
Watching and waiting  
Pinching your bag until it is gone  
Taken by the weedless ones Tonight they've come for you  
while you are eating that old pizza  
You thought you could have a midnight snack  
Now you'll never get your Weed back! From this bong I smoke  
A gush of water bubbles  
Every night I wait to light  
Up another joint

De-stalking me every bud  
I keep the seeds for later  
I green-top the fucking bowl  
Every single time  
Packed tight in the pipe  
Herb begins to smolder  
Burnt Bud smoke exhaled  
I saved none for later I refuse to ever stop  
It is a part of me  
Until the grave I'll always crave  
Smoking weed On this bowl I puff  
And watch the rising fog  
Every breath another toke  
I feel the warmth inside me  
Sprinkle hash on top some  
Weed to make a potent salad  
I try not to choke  
and hit that shit again I refuse to ever stop  
It is a part of me  
Until the grave I'll always crave  
Smoking weed Vaporize!  
Vaporize!  
Vaporize!  
Vaporize! Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns  
Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns  
Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns From this bong I smoke  
Off this joint I hit  
So stoned I cannot see  
So baked I can't stop laughing  
From this bong I smoke  
Off this joint I hit  
So stoned I cannot see  
So baked I can't stop laughing Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns  
Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns  
Individual  
Individual Pot Patterns De-stalking me every bud  
I keep the seeds for later  
Packed tight in the pipe  
The Herb begins to smolder I refuse to ever stop  
It is a part of me

Until the grave I'll always crave  
Smoking weed  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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