

With Their Hash He Will Create

Cannabis Corpse

Roaches of those forgotten
The very foundation of his creation
Harvesting (the) THC
Of his deceased malpractice victims Inherit has scraps of those who've died
His supply will be multiplied With their has he'll create
Form them from resin, kief coagulates Golems of gathered hashish
Soldiers of stoned await injection
by Syringes filled with err! The med card you carry
could mean your life
Suspended animation of wax combined
With their has he'll create
Form them from resin, kief coagulates His stoned eyes now awake
Born form the oven, baked Sticky fleshed monstrosity
Brownish globs maneuvering
ever so stinkily
Figure stumbles clumsily
Golem sparkling ever crystallly
One hit of his very fiber
Could drive a mortal insane Granules of potent slate
Hashish melded with hate The ashtray is his playground
Mutating fallen joints together
Brown blocks finally complete
Finding a home within the structure
The med card you carry
could mean your life
Suspended animation of wax combined Inherit hash scraps of those who've died
His supply will then be multiplied
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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