

Voice of the Bowl

Cannabis Corpse

I could see that he'd lost his mind
He was holding a bloody serrated camp knife
and he was running at me with crazed eyes screaming in panic
"Now its time for all un-stoned to die!" With my revolver
This threat easily was ended with a head shot
It was a close shave, I knew that I had no choice
I had to get back to that cave Once inside what I beheld defied all logic
Miles of caverns filled with huge stalks of dank Chronic Just like the vines that we saw on board our ship
I had to know what was the cause of all of this
As I went deeper the smell got more intense
It defied all logic, nothing seemed to make sense
Countless hours passed as I hiked deeper into the pit
That's when I heard a faint ghostly voice beckoning within my mind I finally reached a magnificent chamber
With a glass bowl levitating in the center
It spoke "I've been waiting for you to come to me
The Weed smoking savior
Foretold in the prophecy
Obey my command
The time has now come to smoke
The forbidden Dank
Now come forth. INHALE!" Voice from the bowl... My body began moving
I struggled against it but I could not resist
It was overwhelming
I gave into its dank will
I put my lips
On the glass mouthpiece
And the bowl was lit
When the smoke was entered my lungs I beheld a vision
Of a world covered in Pot from the
Necronomichron
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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