

# Baptized in Bud

Cannabis Corpse

We are here gathered  
under the pale moonlight  
To seek blessings. We offer sacrifice  
to the tube that rises from the temple pit  
We pledged our oath unto this dark device

Evil - Bong of the damned  
Discovered by slaves in the sand  
Calling - Voice of the flame  
The one who goes by many names

The pungent odor of  
Weed is stagnant in the air  
A thick green fog surrounds our dark layer  
Let's open the book  
from the Marijuana Gods  
The Necronomichron  
shall guide us in our prayers

Behold the giant Bong  
That enlightens all those who inhale  
Faces swirl in its shaft  
Restless spirits locked in with Weedcraft  
Symbols carved at its base  
That took centuries to translate  
Beware to those that try  
In smoke thy lungs will be baptized

It is pre-ordained, that  
One is selected every  
four hundred thousand years  
Chosen from the eldest of  
our order for this gift most High  
The gateway of the chosen  
will then be opened  
for our masters dank sacrifice

He will behold the sublime  
visions of the ones that are most wise  
Soon he will be.....

Baptized  
Baptized  
Baptized  
Baptized in Bud

He will ascend to the temples peak  
On staircases terrifying steep  
Where the mouthpiece to this bong awaits  
Behind the forbidden gates  
The Necronomichron  
Will guide him in the world beyond  
That lies within his mind  
In smoke his lungs will be baptized  
Baptized in Bud