

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

Medicinal Healing
The blood started to spray
His life was slipping away

Medicinal Healing
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

Medicinal healing
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