

The 420th Crusade

Cannabis Corpse

Prepare the extermination machines
We stand at the brink of war
Vowing till death to fight
Against pot oppression
The laws and legislation put into place
Will all be erased
From its ashes a new world order
But first they have to pay!

The blood is flowing...
The call of the aPOTcalypse is nigh!
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Stoner soldiers march to certain death
Our pointless lives will finally have
True meaning in war!

Vengeance will be ours!

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Behold the giant clouds of smoke
Billowing up from the battlefield
Chronic killers, Dank bud domination,
Poser extermination

Total chaos erupts as we make the first strike
On these crooked politicians with no right
They think they can decide
How we enjoy ourselves?
We're forced to obey
Never again will we be treated as their slaves

Rolling the doobies for the slaughter
We must get high for all the murder
Blazing up as we form rank
Mighty warriors pledging allegiance to the dank

Corpses piled up to the sky
Our brutal vengeance
Will not be denied
Empty eyes of the slain are locked eternally
In the horrific final moment of their death

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