

# The Fiends That Come to Steal the Weed of the Deceased

Cannabis Corpse

On a cold slab growing cold in my morgue  
Two stoners dead from asphyxiation  
An experiment in smoking marijuana gone wrong  
Led them to choke on the smoke  
I'm sure they thought they could handle it  
A 40 foot bong packed with an ounce  
Their heads blew off  
In my profession I've seen a lot of things.  
But nothing quite like this  
But nothing quite like this...

Searching through their pockets  
I hit the jackpot  
I pull out a small bag of herb  
I stare at all the crystal covered buds  
A maddening craving begins to take over  
I must taste for myself  
The lethal cheeba  
That brought these young stoners' demise  
I roll a small joint  
The moment the smoke enters my lungs  
I lose all sense of reality  
Have I now gone crazy?

Strange colors and shapes  
Unlike anything I have ever seen  
Make me fall to the floor in a quivering heap  
Thoughts and sensations so strange  
I fear I have gone insane  
Am I dead?  
Am I alive?

Panic overtakes me I want this torture to end  
I grab a nearby scalpel and ram it into my neck  
My white lab coat is quickly turning to red  
My sweet release is coming soon  
When I am dead  
When I am dead..  
When I am dead...