

With Their Hash He Will Create

Cannabis Corpse

Roaches of those forgotten
The very foundation of his creation
Harvesting (the) THC
Of his deceased malpractice victims

Inherit has scraps of those who've died
His supply will be multiplied

With their has he'll create
Form them from resin, kief coagulates

Golems of gathered hashish
Soldiers of stoned await injection
by Syringes filled with errl

The med card you carry
could mean your life
Suspended animation of wax combined

With their has he'll create
Form them from resin, kief coagulates

His stoned eyes now awake
Born form the oven, baked

Sticky fleshed monstrosity
Brownish globs maneuvering
ever so stinkily
Figure stumbles clumsily
Golem sparkling ever crystallly
One hit of his very fiber
Could drive a mortal insane

Granules of potent slate
Hashish melded with hate

The ashtray is his playground
Mutating fallen joints together
Brown blocks finally complete
Finding a home within the structure

The med card you carry
could mean your life
Suspended animation of wax combined

Inherit hash scraps of those who've died
His supply will then be multiplied