

## Where The Kind Lives

Cannabis Corpse

Through my window they arrive and bath me in lime glowing light  
They get me high as they abduct, I will do as they instruct  
They look towards their leafy ship, I understand and soon submit  
Take me away

Kind bud kind of makes me cough  
In vapor trails of pot exhaust  
Kind bud space craft lifting off

Tripping out from this spaceweed, blurring starlights whiz by me  
Flying further through deep space, traveling at cosmic pace  
Vast and nebulous their route, returning to home no doubt  
Fluid voyage to withstand, terrified, we start to land

Arriving upon this new world, a dense planet of crystal leafed curls  
Pure sphere of thick vegetation, a highly evolved hemp civilization  
Fortifications and towers loom chronoliths cloaked in carnivorous flowers  
My mind is blown from what I see, extravagant extraterrestrial weed

Kind Bud  
Space Bong

Where the Kind live, Where the Kind live  
Where they creep, cruelty  
Where the Kind live, Where the Kind live  
Where the Kind live

Through crowded streets I am the herded, briefly my death seems averted  
Past onlooking plant-people jeering, but it's where I am headed that I

should be fearing  
Too stoned to attempt an escape but I do understand what awaits  
A table of instruments spells out my fate: a specimen to scientifically rape