

Exeunt

8 Foot Sativa

There will be a time when there will be too much to fit
So I will make room
Hammer in hand
As blood and bone fall away
Like rain upon the deepest ocean of nothing
The filth will drip from entry wounds
To turn to mush upon the floor
With eyes shut tight as I make silent apologies
I reflect on black hours and skull in hands
As the gold falls into the abyss
So will the red
And I will crawl beneath the soil to understand
My gift to you
Just make sure to follow my lead