

## Napalme Existence

8 Foot Sativa

This is my promise to you  
The broken, who bleed silently, outlined in sickly red  
Their masters, with glazed eyes and numb hands  
When skies fall, burning with disease  
To eradicate  
And reverse the error of everything  
This f\*\*king mess  
I shall smile  
As the flesh drips from my face I will be laughing  
Laughing at my reflection  
And at this misfortune undone  
This is your plague  
I hope you'll enjoy it as much as I will