

Addicted To Hash In A Tin

Cannabis Corpse

Into the wilderness, I found myself powerless
At the hands of this antiquated artifact, thought obsolete
I had uncovered it, container of obscurity
Archaeological findings, increased heartbeat
I chose not to speak of it, hid it away in my toolkit
A simple tin containing petrified hash
It took my breath away, inexplicable mental sway
Soon my affection would grow unabashed

I must protect you at all cost
None comprehend, hash in a tin, my best friend

Addicted to hash in a tin, prepare to commit the ultimate sin
Murder for the false god before you

I'll murder for you, hash in a tin, master
You have no choice
I hear the tin's laughter
Waiting until the rest go to sleep
I sharpen my shovel to kill in deceit
Go to sleep
Unleash my bud-thirsty devotion

Decapitate excavation team in sleeping state
A brutal weapon as it is, this shovel sure is killing great
The blood, it splatters on my face, all their lives I must erase
Kill for me
Yes indeed
Make them bleed
As you command me

Bodies mangled, torn apart
Teeth removed for no one to know
Dig them graves or leave them to burn
A taste of hash I think that I've earned
It's about time you reward your humble slave
No! I'm not to be passed around
I don't want to sell you, I just want to smoke you
You can't do this to me
Let me hit that shit

Now I realize what has happened here
That hash, it didn't talk to me
I'm just a pothead archaeologist
With a homicidal urge to chill