

## Blunted At Birth

Cannabis Corpse

Chronic fucking, chronic bud  
Increased libido  
Engorging the flesh pipe  
Smoke cum so green  
One spurt is not enough  
You crave his warm weed inside your vag  
Nine months have passed  
Since that carnal night  
You have tried to forget  
Despite the pot, you cannot  
You have become a human bong  
For this weakling fetus to grow inside  
Putrid fetid infected womb  
Too lazy to be born  
On the hospital bed legs spread open  
Forceps now become roach clips  
Swollen placenta, sullen cervix dilated  
Now the blunted shall be born  
Legs spreading further  
Legs spreading further  
The child runs out, drenched in bongwater  
Blunted at birth  
No longer there, mind decimation  
Brain obliteration, thoughts warped  
Reality that once has been changed  
Into a cursed gestation  
His cord remains attached  
His bong has not yet cached  
His eyes they teem with pus  
His mouth a weedy crust  
His tongue is burnt to shit  
His nose still smells the hit  
His teeth are black with ash  
Reeking of the hash  
Small green deformed head on baby's body  
Doomed to die soon  
Crawling back towards the womb  
You have become a human bong