

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