

Experiment In Horticulture

Cannabis Corpse

Waiting in the woods, our perfect victims await us
Not knowing and relaxed, their blood will run cold with the bud
seed

With pruning shears drawn, we stalk without emotion
To see the fear in their eyes, and yet to know not of their true
worth

Chop up the hippies, boil the blood and leave no parts behind
Offer the flesh unto our master, on the altar the plant demands
a sacrifice

Sacrifice, of blood and gore, to fertilize the seed inside
With candles lit in little time the vine begins to grow

Above the blood-soaked weaklings, its arms are spread apart
Leaves all unfolding, proud and mighty plant
Our avatar grows skyward, upward and out through the ceiling
Grabs onto the power lines, it shows its face

It kills for weed to smoke, bud blood-
soaked, it leaves no stoners stoked
To make it strong, most weedy one, devouring grass, the plant d
emands a sacrifice

Without thought, heads left to rot, bud-monster red-eyed beast
Enjoys the gore, always craving more, minion of Satan, the demo
n is left to feed

To make it strong, most weedy one, devouring grass, the plant d
emands a sacrifice

Without thought, heads left to rot, bud-monster red-eyed beast
Enjoys the gore, always craving more, minion of Satan, the demo
n we have freed

Massive growth