

# Slave To The Chron

Cannabis Corpse

How many hours of my life  
Have been spent hitting the pipe?  
Blackened tar that's within me  
I should scrape my lungs for all the THC

Loss of brain cells  
Short attention span  
Self control is gone

But I...  
I'm a slave to the Chron  
No point to fight back, the weed has won  
I'm a slave to the Chron  
Resistance is futile I've know all along

With every toke inhaled I crawl closer to the grave  
I live in fear the police will take my pot away  
War and death are everywhere, life's become a joke  
So why not take this stress away within this cloud of smoke?

So many hours of my life  
Have been spent hitting the pipe  
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But I...  
I'm a slave to the Chron  
Tight green grip grown of the earth is strong  
I'm a slave to the Chron  
20% of the earth can't be wrong  
Slaves to the Chron

Stirring restlessness inside of me  
Addiction to quell, unreal agony  
It's in my blood and it's in my skull  
Without my nuggets the world just seems dull  
Dull!

Slave to the Chron

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