

Where The Kind Lives

Cannabis Corpse

Through my window they arrive and bath me in lime glowing light
They get me high as they abduct, I will do as they instruct
They look towards their leafy ship, I understand and soon submit
Take me away

Kind bud kind of makes me cough
In vapor trails of pot exhaust
Kind bud space craft lifting off

Tripping out from this spaceweed, blurring starlights whiz by me
Flying further through deep space, traveling at cosmic pace
Vast and nebulous their route, returning to home no doubt
Fluid voyage to withstand, terrified, we start to land

Arriving upon this new world, a dense planet of crystal leafed curls
Pure sphere of thick vegetation, a highly evolved hemp civilization
Fortifications and towers loom chronoliths cloaked in carnivorous flowers
My mind is blown from what I see, extravagant extraterrestrial weed

Kind Bud
Space Bong

Where the Kind live, Where the Kind live
Where they creep, cruelty
Where the Kind live, Where the Kind live
Where the Kind live

Through crowded streets I am the herded, briefly my death seems averted
Past onlooking plant-people jeering, but it's where I am headed that I

should be fearing
Too stoned to attempt an escape but I do understand what awaits
A table of instruments spells out my fate: a specimen to scientifically rape