

# Hybrid

## Cephalic Carnage

Illicit solariums of my nativity  
A lachrymal tale of how I came to be  
Starting when aromatic genus  
Of the Marijuana were spliced

With the genes of mice  
And soon failed, but continued to splice  
Until finally succeeding  
In bio-cultivating deeds

Creating new life forms  
Origin of man and seed  
But not like you,  
The mice knew everything intellectually,

Specifically they had hate  
For human beings  
For years of experiments  
And infecting them with disease...

Hybrids  
Dagga, a plant of peace and love  
I'm torn between who I am  
When you create internally,

All you need is love  
It becomes an emotional body  
Inner animus  
But when you create externally,

You don't need no love  
All you need is the calculating mind  
Thus producing a being  
With only a left brain

With no compassion or sense...Hybrid  
An army grown of weed and mice  
To replace man  
Able to withstand famine and disease

Compulsive habits  
Of environment destroyed  
Unable to reproduce  
Without scientology

Soon the world will be run  
By artificial intelligence  
Designed to control population growth  
Humans slowly become obsolete

When cloning life is similar  
To that of the greys  
Instead of test tubes  
And cattle mutilations

But through horticulture of spliced DNA  
Derived from Marijuana and mice

Our world will be controlled  
By the rich, slaves,  
And pollution withstanding... Hybrids.