

8 Foot Sativa "Crosses For Eyes"

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Heads buried within the clouds, sickening white
Rotting corpses at your feet
Maggot infested
Devouring greyed out dreams, forgotten
Devolving into this nightmare reality
But the dead shall rise from the sea of excrement in
which they dwell
To claw at your feet
Scraping tender flesh from polished bone
To awaken as you descend
To fall to join their ranks

Screams to choke
As the filth fills your lungs
Drowning
Incision and
Separate eye lid from face
Now you can see
But it's still too late
Those below will dismember
And pluck your averting eyes from your once crowned
skull
Throw your remains on the heap
Just another body in the pile of the benighted

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