

8 Foot Sativa

"The Great Western Cliff-Hanger"

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Diamond white versus charcoal black
A thousand faceless souls worth less than one soulless
face
This is our daily standard
And it makes me sick to my stomach
Forgetting all we have learnt
This is a new dawn
The bitch of things to come
Something have got to give and this time I think it
should be you
As you sit there mouth agape
Shocked by this pixelated distant reality

The press of a button to erase them all
The fecal pacifier in the mouth of the drooling infant
I won't swallow this shit
Mere dollars for the fortune teller
To tell them they are worthless
But given the chance
For less I will give them a gun and your signed
confession
Uh oh, looks like you are shit out of luck

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