

Cephalic Carnage

"Hybrid"

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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.

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