

Cannabis Corpse "Chronolith"

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Stoned, as stoned as the builders of this bud-bastion
must have been
High, so high, so high, high above the summit circled
calmly be green clouds
Smoke, the smoke is drawn forth from the buds of
inner earth
Deep, deep beneath the core burn their coals,
primordial nugs
Be not afraid, such sticky plants
Thought extinct, these buds all warmly pulse with subtle
life
Ascend the winding steps, ancient monument
Built by old gods, here as a symbol of their mastery
Do not fear, forbidden plants
Seen as divine, these buds all swell to the tune of the
Chronolith
Climb, you can climb to the top, you're so high you may
prefer to jump and die
Freak, freak the fuck out as the earth begins to shake
The earth slowly shakes
Smoke billows forth from the Chronolith, calling forth
the end of your universe
Dark clouds, pummeling blackness, it's stench comes
thick into the night air
Fear not these clouds they do not maim
But beware, these potent herbs excite the brain

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