

## **Cannabis Corpse**

# **"Experiment In Horticulture"**

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Waiting in the woods, our perfect victims await us  
Not knowing and relaxed, their blood will run cold with  
the bud seed  
With pruning shears drawn, we stalk without emotion  
To see the fear in their eyes, and yet to know not of  
their true worth

Chop up the hippies, boil the blood and leave no parts  
behind  
Offer the flesh unto our master, on the altar the plant  
demands a sacrifice

Sacrifice, of blood and gore, to fertilize the seed inside  
With candles lit in little time the vine begins to grow

Above the blood-soaked weaklings, it's arms are  
spread apart  
Leaves all unfolding, proud and mighty plant  
Our avatar grows skyward, upward and out through the  
ceiling  
Grabs onto the power lines, it shows it's face

It kills for weed to smoke, bud blood-soaked, it leaves  
no stoners stoked  
To make it strong, most weedy one, devouring grass,  
the plant demands a sacrifice  
Without thought, heads left to rot, bud-monster red-  
eyed beast  
Enjoys the gore, always craving more, minion of Satan,  
the demon is left to feed  
To make it strong, most weedy one, devouring grass,  
the plant demands a sacrifice  
Without thought, heads left to rot, bud-monster red-  
eyed beast  
Enjoys the gore, always craving more, minion of Satan,  
the demon we have freed  
Massive growth

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