

Cannabis Corpse

"Sentenced To Burn One"

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If all stoners go straight to hell, then I guess I'll get to
smoke with Satan, himself
Bored with the bullshit of a get-a-head world
Kept to himself a habit that his country can't afford,
criminalization
Smokes on the weekends and at parties or with babes
Eventually he gets ratted, is arrested but gives no
names

Beat to shit by the cops, a monster for his love of good
pot
Dragged into the court of law, soon he'll be sentenced
and probably left to rot
Whatever punishment the judge decides
There will be no laughing, no stoned high-fives
His life will be ruined, his spirits run weak
A thoughtless verdict, the judge begins to speak

I'd say you've earned one, sentenced to burn one
Now it's high-time you've learned, son

You're choking, catch that feeling, for a minute, of
toking
Poisonous strain provoking
Circulatory system is seething
And now you are slowly ceasing to keep control of your
breathing
This sentence takes on new meaning
Execution witnessed, family's grieving
Judiciary system's deceiving, disgusted jury, head
attorney's heaving

Bored with the bullshit of a get-a-head world
Now you have been targeted by policies absurd
Stop, you cannot, for the right and wrong they must
discern
They're sending you to gas chambers, it's just as you
deserve

Fooled to the end, no one knows once again
To your death you are sent, terror is what is meant
Government conspiracy, lethal dose of THC

Revolting, head explodes yet the body's still convulsing
Like the roach that he is by merely dying drug-free
world indemnifying
Because they can, there's no way to fight the man
New world order type of plan
Results are achieved through their lying, police spying,
genocide they are implying

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