

Cannabis Corpse

"Skull Full Of Bong Hits"

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Stealing your parents' keys,
Escape found in drug fantasies.
Troubled problem child,
Herbal impulses left unreconciled.

Now it's time to take a drive,
Parents deeply sleeping, in their beds they lie,
Take the car to the edge of town,
Without a sound you sneak out to chief down.
Turning off your lights in the park,
Waiting for your friends to meet, you smoke in the
dark.
From beneath the seat you grab the bong and pack the
pot.
Yeah, you love weed a lot.

Clockcleaning hits fade in and melt your mind,
Fucking stoned as shit.
Over your music you hear someone else,
Reluctantly look back to check,
Nervousness, paranoid, crippling fright.

Radio interruption, an announcement is to be made:
"Be on the look out! A psychopathic serial killer has
just escaped."

Look behind you, there's a psycho,
Disgusting sweaty hands grab your face.
Try to fight it, you're too stoned though,
Slams your frightened face into the glass of the resin-
caked bong.
Shoved down your throat and shattered glass.
Skull full of bong hits,
Skull full of bong hits.

Wishing you weren't so useless and stoned - Skull full
of bong hits.
Maniacal murder like none you have known - Skull full
of bong hits.
The pain is sharp, I should have died but I'm still
alive.

He's grinning at me, with rotted yellowing teeth, he
fondles my brain.

I can't believe, so helplessly I'm to die a slow brain-
death.

If I wasn't so high my life would flash before my eyes.

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