

Cannabis Corpse

"Slave To The Chron"

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How many hours of my life
Have been spent hitting the pipe?
Blackened tar that's within me
I should scrape my lungs for all the THC

Loss of brain cells
Short attention span
Self control is gone

But I...
I'm a slave to the Chron
No point to fight back, the weed has won
I'm a slave to the Chron
Resistance is futile I've know all along

With every toke inhaled I crawl closer to the grave
I live in fear the police will take my pot away
War and death are everywhere, life's become a joke
So why not take this stress away within this cloud of
smoke?

So many hours of my life
Have been spent hitting the pipe
Blackened tar that's within me
I should scrape my lungs for all the THC

But I...
I'm a slave to the Chron
Tight green grip grown of the earth is strong
I'm a slave to the Chron
20% of the earth can't be wrong
Slaves to the Chron

Stirring restlessness inside of me
Addiction to quell, unreal agony
It's in my blood and it's in my skull
Without my nuggets the world just seems dull
Dull!

Slave to the Chron

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