

Napalme Existence

8 Foot Sativa

This is my promise to you
The broken, who bleed silently, outlined in sickly red
Their masters, with glazed eyes and numb hands
When skies fall, burning with disease
To eradicate
And reverse the error of everything
This f**king mess
I shall smile
As the flesh drips from my face I will be laughing
Laughing at my reflection
And at this misfortune undone
This is your plague
I hope you'll enjoy it as much as I will