

## Addicted To Hash In A Tin

Cannabis Corpse

Into the wilderness, I found myself powerless  
At the hands of this antiquated artifact, thought obsolete  
I had uncovered it, container of obscurity  
Archaeological findings, increased heartbeat  
I chose not to speak of it, hid it away in my toolkit  
A simple tin containing petrified hash  
It took my breath away, inexplicable mental sway  
Soon my affection would grow unabashed

I must protect you at all cost  
None comprehend, hash in a tin, my best friend

Addicted to hash in a tin, prepare to commit the ultimate sin  
Murder for the false god before you

I'll murder for you, hash in a tin, master  
You have no choice  
I hear the tin's laughter  
Waiting until the rest go to sleep  
I sharpen my shovel to kill in deceit  
Go to sleep  
Unleash my bud-thirsty devotion

Decapitate excavation team in sleeping state  
A brutal weapon as it is, this shovel sure is killing great  
The blood, it splatters on my face, all their lives I must erase  
Kill for me  
Yes indeed  
Make them bleed  
As you command me

Bodies mangled, torn apart  
Teeth removed for no one to know  
Dig them graves or leave them to burn  
A taste of hash I think that I've earned  
It's about time you reward your humble slave  
No! I'm not to be passed around  
I don't want to sell you, I just want to smoke you  
You can't do this to me  
Let me hit that shit

Now I realize what has happened here  
That hash, it didn't talk to me  
I'm just a pothead archaeologist  
With a homicidal urge to chill