

Baptized in Bud

Cannabis Corpse

We are here gathered
under the pale moonlight
To seek blessings. We offer sacrifice
to the tube that rises from the temple pit
We pledged our oath unto this dark device

Evil - Bong of the damned
Discovered by slaves in the sand
Calling - Voice of the flame
The one who goes by many names

The pungent odor of
Weed is stagnant in the air
A thick green fog surrounds our dark layer
Let's open the book
from the Marijuana Gods
The Necronomichron
shall guide us in our prayers

Behold the giant Bong
That enlightens all those who inhale
Faces swirl in its shaft
Restless spirits locked in with Weedcraft
Symbols carved at its base
That took centuries to translate
Beware to those that try
In smoke thy lungs will be baptized

It is pre-ordained, that
One is selected every
four hundred thousand years
Chosen from the eldest of
our order for this gift most High
The gateway of the chosen
will then be opened
for our masters dank sacrifice

He will behold the sublime
visions of the ones that are most wise
Soon he will be.....

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He will ascend to the temples peak
On staircases terrifying steep
Where the mouthpiece to this bong awaits
Behind the forbidden gates
The Necronomichron
Will guide him in the world beyond
That lies within his mind
In smoke his lungs will be baptized
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