

Conquerors of Chronageddon

Cannabis Corpse

"You don't need those legs to smoke this dank."

It's in our sights, glowing in the distance
The ancient bong foretold in ancient cryptic texts
A huge armed fortress is what what stands in our way
We are prepared...Prepared to die on this fine day
We will show no fear with weapons now ablaze
The grim reefers coming
It is now time to fight!

Getting high off of death
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Bursting through the gates, the final battle awaits
Our enemies will feel deaths sweet embrace
Accept your fate, massive explosions detonate
Splattering gore on to the cold concrete
War in our veins, only the strong will remain
Dark blood is falling like rain

Slaughtered legions
Killings begun
Corpses piling
People dying

No time to get lit
Inhale your final hit
We have just one mission
The bong must be returned

The stench of rotting corpses covers the war-torn battlefield
The carnage is far from over, their gruesome fate has now been sealed
The towers start to crumble, we laugh as it topples to the ground
The relic wait on it's altar, it is now ours to take

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Foretold by the gods, with power beyond good and evil
Rumored to bestow eternal life
Rumors had spread it could grant eternal life
A huge bong blast right to the head