

# 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  
Conquerors of Chronageddon  
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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