

Individual Pot Patterns

Cannabis Corpse

From this bong I smoke
A gush of water bubbles
Every night I wait to light
Up another joint
De-stalking me every bud
I keep the seeds for later
I green-top the fucking bowl
Every single time
Packed tight in the pipe
Herb begins to smolder
Burnt Bud smoke exhaled
I saved none for later

I refuse to ever stop
It is a part of me
Until the grave I'll always crave
Smoking weed

On this bowl I puff
And watch the rising fog
Every breath another toke
I feel the warmth inside me
Sprinkle hash on top some
Weed to make a potent salad
I try not to choke
and hit that shit again

I refuse to ever stop
It is a part of me
Until the grave I'll always crave
Smoking weed

Vaporize!
Vaporize!
Vaporize!
Vaporize!

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From this bong I smoke
Off this joint I hit
So stoned I cannot see
So baked I can't stop laughing
From this bong I smoke
Off this joint I hit
So stoned I cannot see
So baked I can't stop laughing

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De-stalking me every bud
I keep the seeds for later
Packed tight in the pipe
The Herb begins to smolder

I refuse to ever stop
It is a part of me
Until the grave I'll always crave
Smoking weed