

Left Hand Pass

Cannabis Corpse

Dark knowledge long have I sought
But have not found
The magic spells and incantations
That would astound
My research has led me to find a decrepit library
Lost in time,
Buried by Puritans fearing its witchcraft
Will this be the key to unlocking
What I have been looking for?
I must go this is the only way
To satisfy my dark desire

I go deep into the forest near the town of Salem
In an overgrown passage awaits salvation
In darkest night I walk alone upon this trail
The pale moonlight reflects the glow of evil sigils
I cut my palm and drip warm blood onto the altar
A door is revealed,
The passageway beckons me inside
I am afraid this ghostly entrance is where I will die

Stepping down the staircase and through the cobwebs
The foul smell of death fills me with dread

This place left undisturbed for ages
Contains the dust covered pages
Of the Necronomichron

I make sure to speak the words precisely
So the spells will work
Cannot fail or I am sent to Hell
Inside the circle I stand the ritual has now begun
The ritual has now begun!

The room goes cold as I read the incantation
Every word spoken brings me such strange sensations
Countless ghostly spirits unleashed suddenly
Chaotically swirling around me

"Bring forth the lord of flies
I seek his offerings,
Hear my command!"

A horrific demon appears
In a burst of flame to do my bidding
I command it to bring me a joint of Hell's sativa
From a bag made of human flesh
It pulls out a doober
I spark it up making sure
To pass it with my left hand

The joke was on me
That joint was all stems and seeds