

# The Crystal Mountain

Cannabis Corpse

Sweat drenched, exhale the holy smoke.  
Feel its power take over your soul  
Enter the realm of pain and death  
You are now under its control

Bow to its hellish majesty  
Its will shall be done

The THC Crystal Mountain

Many others have come to kneel before it,  
they are just slaves  
Forever lost inside its bast and terrible  
maze  
These stoners are cursed forever to be  
Endlessly Jones-ing without any Weed  
Lost for eternity

You are not going to share their fate  
It has something else for you in store  
You have been chosen to command  
Its armies in the Marijuana wars

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The ground below begins to mutate  
Forming into a giant gate  
A wormhole to get back to earth  
The Marijuana army now awaits  
Screaming souls begin to billow  
Like smoke rising out of a bong  
From the top of the horrible mountain  
Swirling in a terrifying maelstrom

Bow to its hellish majesty  
Its will shall be done

The THC crystal mountain