

# Down, The Seed

(The power of the riff compels me)

Smoke up, do what you must do  
Wake up, inhale the earth grown fumes  
Higher than mountains, but oh so god-damn deep  
The morning star we reach, think for yourself  
And that's you, you times a million

Look around, we surround the fields  
On guard for the perfection of the seed  
Perfection of the seed

Try hard to stop us which you can't  
Outnumbered by the marijuana camps  
Larger than nations, I can't name one without  
Must kill the king of drought  
Planting of pleasure, rising up, stretch towards the sky

Look around, we surround the fields  
On guard for the perfection of the seed  
Perfection of the seed

This way of life has become an addiction  
Despite right or wrong and their closed superstitions  
This way of life has become an addiction  
Despite right or wrong, despite right or wrong  
Despite right or wrong

Perfection of the seed