

8 Foot Sativa, Perpetual Torment

Damnation of the weak
Fed through perpetual greed
An alluring mask hides true intent
A lie so beautiful, so well designed
It now has its own life
We're all now part of the plan
A plastic society of well-trained dogs
Farm animals vacant and blank

You'll be there watching
Trapped on the other side
Caged in perpetual torment
Burn with hatred for you kind

So shallow, so naive
I own you, you self-fulfilling fuck
A shot to the head is all I'll share
A well played part, you act of caring

Nothing: what you felt, what you changed
who you helped, is what you've become
A cheap taste of humanity
The treads of shame, we're all to blame
I am willing to die to take you out
A fear beyond all will fill every cell
No forgiveness, no compromise
Welcome to death, a new personal hell

I own you, you self-fulfilling fuck
I am willing to die to take you out.

Catatonic, weak and under siege
Forced to devour and twisted history
Bound, blind, paranoid, unclean
Scrape to your grave from a life of ignorance
Malignant cancer, the human genetic pool
Like a virus it spreads feeding, eating thoughts
To money machine, the human god
It has no remorse, you've been raped of all