We Are Cigarettes

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Big rate don't have us because our fate is destined to cigarettes
Hue of ours varied but ripen to ashes of deceased.
  You take comforts by sucking and we die,
  Even turned us into worthless.
Keep green, we have stored gunpowder of campaign,
  No more, no more o, nefarious!
O flatterer! no rights you have over us.
The sun is sparkling, declares our praise
And shot rays to inflame indecencies,
Brimful water curling high in the vast sea
Making the castle of victory,
  O, devil! be aware, be aware
Let us fly away in the boundless blue,
The case is not able to make cage more
Let us together all strength of battling power
  Into a cannon
And fling them ammo and let them be fired.