

Whore Adore

Alabama Thunderpussy

Her devilish eyes keep the honest man wondering if lounges in t
he nude
I can't see any scales but I'm sure there's horns under her hai
r
Tempt me taste me
There's plenty of evil to share with her

Kissing goes on and on
Until the lust is gone

With gifted touch she holds your emotions in a bottle air tight
and plastic sealed
One last breathe of simple defeat then she'll scratch you off t
he list
Number 3 or 13 is better than dead last

Should've known you'd tag along like the rest of the idiots
Tearing men to shreds with every bite she takes
Forget amends they'll also break

The whore I adore

Closer to the deadly strike
Poisonous fingers wipe off the itch of frustration
Troublesome
Clenching with solid might
Forever loosing the fight
Stop showing how much it hurts
That's just something else she likes