

Fucked with Rats

Devourment

Cold, bound, half dead
Vision fades swiftly
Breathing is labored
My latest victim squeals to me
Ten victims this month alone, a new thrill I must
search for
Complacent in my rituals, stab and hack ad infinitum
Still alive but fading quickly, I quiver with
anticipation
Its clear what I must do now
Permeate, penetrate, violate with vermin
A stiff dead rat lies at her feet, a misogynistic tool
of my madness
Caustic methods to fill my needs, this rotting rodent
is just what it calls for
I bind her legs, her struggle futile, the ligature
grates, the tension rises
I force it in, no subtle action, the sinew tears to my
satisfaction
She suffers as I revel
The rats spread filth inside my soul
She bleeds like a stuck pig
I thrust it as I climax
They suffer from my lunacy
The insane urge that forces me
They suffer from my lunacy
Their violent end will come to be
Her beating heart begins to fade
The insides ravaged, torn and maimed
I quiver still from ardent bliss
A new found thrill I can't resist
They suffer from my lunacy
The insane force that purges me
They suffer from my lunacy
Their violent end will come to be
It seems there's life left in her
A chance to further my pleasure
I grab the filthy dead rodent
And force it in her gaping mouth
I ram my stiffness inside her
She can't believe it's not over
I choke her, dead as I finish
We both expire rhythmically