

Clarissa Explains Cuntainment

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

The horror they leave in three's they always do
I'm holding hands with the devil
While you make your deal with Jesus
So let me milk your prostate with the unborn meat fingers

Horrible your eyes implode with Lucifer's hammer so you don't watch
It's satisfaction guaranteed, the horror, this condemned end of life

Three are dead, one wounded

You just should have planted the rotten seed
Inside your grandmother, she could afford the abortion

Three, one dead

What was it what was occupying your mind
Into the vaginal secretion
I'll drop my rotten seed to you, it's time to trash the fetal tissue
It's time to trash the fetal tissue
One two three four five six