

How vile to utter his name
He who has slugs, lice & snails
Fleeing at the sight of their enemy
He who would break the bones
and tear the skin of the
Noble sacred youth
Until flaps of flesh hang

Fiend beast and venomous ghoul
His pale corpse like sheen
knows no more
He who would rend the pink faced child's cheeks
The eyes contemplate
While the razor sits and grins
He who would stitch your eyes shut
Depriving you of the spectacle
of the universe

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He who would break your arms like two try branches
and then forcibly make you eat them
He who would raise your virgin body by the legs
and swing you around like a fiend
and hurl you against the wall
and each drop of your blood
would spurt onto a human breast
to get forth an example of his weakness

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