

## 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