Rake the vice in florin shordo boiling innards recompense, lighting vards incineratingfrying cheeks in sloring vats. shear it's back and throbbing pack, the goggle lord will show it's law, rake the gaultry, larding sist, organ splitter like a fist. Blowing death & spitting coals, carving goodness out of souls, the organ splitters evil grace comes shooting out it's filthy face! Bile sheens and boils belch, rot will ticken, boggle felchsloring vats are spilling over, flooding through the goggles realm. Lucifer may seem the stronger, organ splitter getting longer, cheeks are red and pack erection, wicked muscles shoot ejection! "ok lets see, that's one of thoes square records, eh, that goes on a record player that like goes on it's side", "no that's an EP from some British New Wave band," "oh, take off, you du-, you don't know." "yeah they bootleg thoes, eh" "sounds like an EP from some British New Wave band." "yeah, beauty sound... -not my style of music though" Meat upon the pentagram bloody necrophalic phlegm, pus is furry, pus is good, pus will fill the dirty wound, eat your beets and double hog husk! Man odor smells like oily musk! goose bumps raised on prickly thighs, florin shordo says suprise, pussy discharge speaks the truth, Josh Allen's bad & so's Paul Booth, marrow cracks & tissue flies, the goggle lord will use his eyes, glowing light upon his head, Burgalveist will make you dead, goggle comes, his blood is red, and flaming like the head of set.

Blowing death & spitting coals, carving goodness out of souls,

the Organ Splitters evil grace comes shooting out it's filth face!