

The Docking Dead

Broken Hope

The docking dead...

My advances in foreskin restoration,
Unleashed the zombie apocalypse,
A pair of deceased morgue males,
Their urethra meatus's converged,
An erect rigor-mortis penis inserted
Into another cadaver' rotten foreskin,
My chemical re-agents are injected,
Viable penile tissue from the dead.

The docking dead...

Scrotal skin is stretched and grafted,
Wrapping connected penile shafts,
Resurrection chems is residual skin
Dead man-meat now reawakened
My foreskin restoration processes,
Also brought the dead back to life.

Encumbered by their conjoined pud,
Two zombies hunger for my brains.

Corrupted corpses united at the cock,
Wipe dead genital cheese upon my lab smock,
Farming decayed foreskin two dead guys now revived,
My experiment damned man.

The docking dead...

Funerary foreskins sexually stimulate
Docked dead awake cannibalistically
Expired men's linked privates rising,
Intertwined cum-pumps begin to rip,

Putrefied pingas tear from the hosts,
Immolated foreskins are disconnected