

Necropedophile

Cannibal Corpse

I was once a man before I transformed
into this molester, freshly deceased children
You have born, torn by my rape
The dead are not safe, the lifeless child corpse
I will violate

Pleasure from the dead, complete satisfaction
I open the coffin
Sick thoughts run through my head as I stare
At the dead, over and over, I can't escape
I begin the dead sex, licking her young, rotted orifice
I cum in her cold cunt, shivering with ecstasy
for nine days straight I do the same
She becomes by dead, decayed child sex slave
her neck I hack, cutting through the back
I use her mouth to eject

Here I cum, blood gushes from
bleeding black blood
her head disconnected
As I came, viciously I cut, through her jugular vein
She's already dead, I masturbate with her severed head
My lubrication, her decomposition
Spending my life molesting dead children

Intercourse with infants
Curing heads on top of spikes
boiling skulls
Skin sliding off of bones

Voices
The voices call
Voices
The voices are calling me
Buried dead I've spiritually infected
Call to me from beyond their graves

Bleed
I now bleed pus
I bleed, the blood of the dead
I bleed on her livid skin
Thrusting myself within
Beginning to chop through her hairless crotch
Beyond what we know as death
It haunts me everyday
I hear the voice of every child
That lies next to me decayed
A fresh corpse, to fill with my infection
Tortured before death, no orifice left unfilled

Violated after death
Virgin hole I infest
Anal pore spewing cess
The sacred juice I ingest
Your dead child I defile
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