

# The Story Of The Curious Oysters

## Fear Before The March Of Flames

Leaving the throne behind our princess is found anew  
Strung up in a bedpost webbing. in this romance of spiders  
We love, like spiders  
You won't feel a thing

She had a run in with the doctor of fishes  
Now she smiles like a princess, legs behind her head  
A doctor stands accused of painting the roses red  
Off with his head. Off with his head

Doctors. Cameras. Loved ones. Unhand her  
Behold the site of our villain in peril  
This doctors hand in her. She is fucked by a million viewers

So smile big for the cameras. We're sending this one home

These eight legs have dug their way in. Has it made you whole?