

A Bouquet Of Blood For Skull

Leviathan

A collision of violent jagged stones of dead beach
and soft pale flesh and brittle bone
The sun sets over the bloody scene
Her screams of terror roll off the shore
Where once she bathed her fragile skin in the sun
she is now penetrated by demonic force
Stones grinding her flesh to pulp, leaving her unable to
run
Spilling cunt blood on the waves, water runs it's coarse
In every orifice there stabs a stone
In every cut she bleeds to death
In every orifice of her own
she watches her last breath
Crushing her beaneath it's jagged edge
Splitting her open so violently
The many stones plummet upon her flesh
Beating her
Silently f**king her
A vicious beating of rocks and stones
Hardened eath takes her
Pounding thursts crush her bones
Serrated edges breaks her