

Plastic Whore Romance

The Dead

you don't deserve attention
you don't deserve respect
no space for tons of shoes
I don't have to buy you flowers

just need air and my dick deep within
oh, how I love your smooth plastic-skin

you take all that I want
and give me feelings that I need
you don't want me to thank you
or even Valentines greet

you don't grow old & you don't have to shave
oh, how I love you, my sweet plastic-slave!

I'm addicted to your silence and your well-formed tits
my prick is deep inside you, inside your soft plastic lips.

rise - fever - plastic - whore romance - gasping
for air - wrapped - in plastic

my sweet rubber-maid, you feel so close and tight
you are my latex lady, ride me all the night.

rise - fever - plastic - whore romance - gasping
for air - wrapped - in plastic

rise young rubber skin
taste the non-aging "girl"
feel this evil plastic whore romance
perfume you don't need

you don't grow old & you don't have to shave
oh, how I love you, my sweet plastic-slave!