

Molester

The Plot in You

Dear Mr. Coleman I hope your fingers rot
I pray that you will be the last of your kind
This is a warning to you,
hell will seem like a ride compared to what awaits for you
That evil look you gave her, that contradicting smile
Those goosebumps swell with your perversion
He whispers "I will kill you"
The sweat drops from his brow
He knows he'll have to face her father
Your old wrinkled hands and those pebbles for teeth
I hope you had a good life, now put your hands to your knees
With the TV so loud, all the neighbors will hear
is a re-run from Seinfeld and they'll cover their ears
They will never speak your name, they will never hear your name
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