

Now that I have my trophy of your anatomy
Your stiff can be excised aberrantly.

Convulsions transpire you're seeping suppuration
Our intamacy is arcane to culture
These ethics I contain in my arsenal of pleasure
Failed to be appreciated.

Your proposition isn't good enough
My expectations don't meet yours
In due time I'll dictate your vile form
Into my incapable hands
And claim you for my own.

You're born into these hands again
[Send the slut back to hell]x4
Another whore to seek to fondle and misuse
Back to the grave to exhume again.