

## Devirgination Studies

Whitechapel

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.