

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The "Clarissa Explains Cuntainment"

Visit "[Clarissa Explains Cuntainment](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The horror they leave in three's they always do I'm
holding hands with the
devil while you make your deal with jesus so let me
milk your prostate with
the unborn meat fingers - Horrible your eyes implode
with lucifer's hammer
so you don't watch it's satisfaction guarenteed the
horror this condemned
end of life three are dead one wounded you just
should have planted the
rotten seed inside your grandmother she could afford
the abortion three
one dead what was it what was occupying your mind
into the vaginal
secretion I'll drop my rotten seed to you it's time to
trash the fetal tissue
it's time to trash the fetal tissue one two three four five
six.

Visit [Number Twelve Looks Like You, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.