

Bane Of Existence

"Art Of Fisting"

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Legs forced open
I can't control my excitement
Bound and gagged
Immobilized
My fetish is sickening
This is just the beginning
Crotch exposed before me
Ready to fulfill your dreams
Conscious and aware
This horror is real
A tool in assisting my art of fisting
Sin in skin
Flesh begets death
Naked on the floor
Salvation in a whore
My aim is true
Rammed right into you

How deep will I go
From fingertip to elbow
Master of my art, pray you're not torn apart
To see your legs contort and bend
The humility will never end
Bleeding profusely
Crying hysterically
Spirit now broken
A servant to my needs
The art of fisting
Reaching down deep inside I open my fingers wide
Inner walls rip and bleed now prepared to receive my
seed
The art of fisting

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