

Disfigurement "Pulp Transfixion"

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Which love do you confess
With swollen thorn inside your ass?
For whom her cunt tolls?
The vulgar bells caress with scorn.
The prickly inner kiss
Let rot your flesh and makes you bleed.
Her bizarre cunt can bite
A womb in golden barbed wire.

The body piercing between your legs.
Enjoy your torments in clawful sex
In every pimple you wear a ring
You clenched dick
Is looks like mortal sin.

Amoral scum, disheveled hungry cunt
Wet, open and diseased
The inflammation enslave your pulp,
And pus corrode your rings.

The cold prosthesis between your legs
Enjoy the frigidity and forget about sex.
On every pimple where you wore a ring.
Now you wear only bandage and stink,

Her nipples is sealed by rings
No milk for baby - crumpling instinct
With chemical milk to chemical sleeps.
Chemical zombie - no head only rings

The secretion pus dripping with flies
Everywhere from her holeful cunt
Pulp transfixion, do it now
Swollen organs they're overdone

No carnal spell in purulent smell,
Bacchanal echoes in the sexless realm.
The goled manacle waiting for you
Inveigled fear, fever and death

Painful temptation of
Her scars and stigmas

Convulsive torments
The brilliance of decay

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