

## Goran Kuzminac

### "8 Seconds Of Fury"

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They stood patiently in waiting  
The only thing that stood between the 5 freaks and the  
nauseating spectacle in the next room was a closet  
door  
Armed with whips and lassos, they lingered in  
anticipation  
They had drank enough to kill a small elephant and the  
tension was beginning to rise

Through a crack in the door a blurred vision:  
A close friend fucking some portly slut he'd picked up  
We could just make out their voices over the Fleetwood  
Mac album  
Which blares a theme to this depraved act of lunacy

The point of the game was to find a sadly obese whore  
of a woman to fuck  
During the sloppy fat sex, you secretly pull out and jam  
it in her ass  
Upon hearing the deranged shriek of the creature,  
Drunk men with intensions of mass humiliation emerge  
from the closet to cause  
Unrelenting Havoc  
The point is to stay inside her for eight seconds

As they heard the roar - they piled from the space with  
great haste  
One lassos the bitch like a fucking cow, the others whip  
her mammoth stomach  
Massive panic sets in  
Desperate attempts to be released from the ass grip  
were over come by  
Intense frustration  
Overwhelmed with pain and degradation she collapses  
to the floor

They laughed and roared then hog-tied the whore  
She was left in the street with hands bound to feet

The morning sun will bring her toll  
A blistered belly and soar asshole

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