

Goratory "8 Seconds Of Fury"

Visit "[8 Seconds Of Fury](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Goratory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.