

## Gorerotted

### "Adding Insult to Injury"

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A sultry, wicked femme fatale with blotchy skin all pale  
and sweet,  
A sickly facial glow with holes and gaps dotted along  
her rotten teeth  
Hair drawn up high pulling back her face,  
her arms reach out to grab for me  
Growling and panting, dribbling and stumbling,  
murmuring incoherently

Evoking the demonic crux of life  
Calling forth in blasphemous tongues  
The hunger's returned for the spirit that race's  
Through her mind, her veins, her lungs

With an evil cackle that cuts the air like an E.coli  
infected rust knife  
She gropes and searches with filthy hands where  
weeping  
sores and scabs are rife  
I look into her bloodshot eyes and take her in my  
shaking arms  
Her language is foul, her breath even worse,  
never could resist her filthy charms

My backdoor crack-whore  
Gives me lovin' when I'm feeling down  
My backdoor crack-whore  
I gave her some white, she offered me the brown

Left me sore and feeling sick, as we lay together in our  
own filth  
She gave it up, I took her high, she flfet me itching,  
wanting to die  
A shadow of my former self, now weak, confused and  
in poor health  
Ridden with disease and junkified,  
spreading the plague rotting out my insides

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