

Grenouer

"Your Beast Tonight"

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The weekend sprayed delight blasting far and wide
A point of peculiar sense
The table was laid for two
Plain candles lit the room
That bitch seemed ready to cheer
Pretty, made to fondle, nearly maddened over
Looking forward to the luxury
An extinguisher, screwy parasite banged a tap at the
door

"Oh Hallo! Do welcome me or am I late?
Hide your dismay, let fornicate, I'm just your beast

To overshadow your state
To finish with you"
She got it, oh baby
Her eyes were blue

Scabby crooky arms grabbed the dutiful victim to
captivate
The clew of riven veins, gushing out entrails
Cartilaginous substances waved

A damped down cramp
The high light of nates
A cramp in conclusion
The job looked done

A late admirer pushed open the folds, in a second
grew torpid
There was no more girlfriend for him in this world
Not even a dead body
The mess all around resembled Hades – the imbrued
decoration
He skipped sudden yells right into his ears
"Perhaps you'd better stop!"

A lustful satire was breeding the pyre
A stake scenery, a scary display
Caught in the act hot on the drag
All qualmish and pious
The arrested turnback

Someone had called police
Whoever else Â– the Beast
The production was great
Heavy pinioned arms, a truncheons' endearment
Slapdash interrogations
Precious accusations for a disjointed account
It wasn't a show at the court
Well, the electric chair for the slaughterware
Screams of the asshole to pray

"Lord, oh no, it has been my date, I'm not to blame
Set me free, how can it be... Feels like insane..."

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