

Holy Molar "Drip Drip Drip"

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Five cent tip toe through two lips, and slip! oops, that bloody countless bathory... I'll be damned how she spits out her murder scene on a string. Oh forsooth! I was once a wee lad who surfed the crimson tide clung either to a plug or a pad. Man, it was love, just for me she painted her peroid piece for the mattress triathelon. Ah yes, we floated out to fantasy island in her red sea in a way that no tattoo could ever dare dream. Ah, so vibrant was her war ensemble stream that i crooned: "Darling, see that danling? Fuckin' a. I'm going bananas. Peel and do the splits, baby, I can't resist anything but temptation."

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