

## Canned Heat

### "Necropedophile"

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I was once a man before I transformed  
Into this molester, freshly deceased children  
You have born, torn by my rape  
The dead are not safe, the lifeless child corpse  
I will violate

Pleasure from the dead, complete satisfaction  
I open the coffin  
Sick thoughts run through my head as I stare  
At the dead, over and over, I can't escape  
I begin the dead sex, licking her young, rotted orifice  
I cum in her cold cunt, shivering with ecstasy  
For nine days straight I do the same  
She becomes by dead, decayed child sex slave  
Her neck I hack, cutting through the back  
I use her mouth to eject

Here I cum, blood gushes from  
Bleeding black blood  
Her head disconnected  
As I came, viciously I cut, through her jugular vein  
She's already dead, I masturbate with her severed  
head  
My lubrication, her decomposition  
Spending my life molesting dead children

Intercourse with infants  
Curing heads on top of spikes  
Boiling skulls  
Skin sliding off of bones

Voices  
The voices call  
Voices  
The voices are calling me  
Buried dead I've spiritually infected  
Call to me from beyond their graves

Bleed  
I now bleed pus  
I bleed, the blood of the dead

I bleed on her livid skin  
Thrusting myself within  
Beginning to chop through her hairless crotch  
Beyond what we know as death  
It haunts me everyday  
I hear the voice of every child  
That lies next to me decayed  
A fresh corpse, to fill with my infection  
Tortured before death, no orifice left unfilled

Violated after death  
Virgin hole I infest  
Anal pore spewing cess  
The sacred juice I inject  
Your dead child I defile  
Necropedophile

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