

Canned Heat

"Orgasm Through Torture"

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Suffer to survive
Instinct I despise
Stalking the night, searching for a victim to defile
Cock she craves today
Cum she wants to spray
And to reach the orgasm through torture
From behind, pain shivering down my spine
I feel paralyzed, only controlling my mind
Strapped to the table, naked, genitals exposed
Eyes clamped open, mouth gagged shut, terrified
Locks my scrotum in a vice tightens forcefully
Agony, silent screams, want to die
Shackled and bound, unaware my fate
Destined to be maimed to stimulate
The skin is peeled off my dick
Done with a razor blade
She begins to suck
Blood and cum amok
She rips my cock off with her teeth
Masticate, gnawing and chewing the stump
She regurgitates, I'm covered in my bloody chunks
Suffer to survive
Instinct I despise
I am alive, victimized
Tortured fate, asexual state

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