

Kashmir

"Vicious Passion"

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I'd like to tell the secret story of my vicious passion.
You might turn your back on me, and find it out of the
fashion.
I've tried to hide it all my life so that no one would find
me here, while I was hiding in my hut biting Maggie's
blackie doggie ears.
It turns me on, it hards it on.
I cath the poodle on the grass tie him up to the
flagpole.
When I press my teeth through his ear and feel relief
from my black soul.
I wake up from my xtc and find that the poodle is
bleeding.
My sweet little neighbour Maggie hears the sound of
the poodle screeching, 'cause it hurts.
It turns me on, it hards it on.
Oh how I adore this taste of summer breeze.
Oh how I adore this taste of summer breeze.
(Hairy ears, Hairy ears, teeth dripping.
Aching dog winding up
Scary fears - making taste
Bud signal blood in brains
Like fertilizing soil of
Increasing growth of sickening
Ideas.
Biteing black poodle soft pussy
Hairy ears is like strangling
Frail voices with a pumping dick)

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