

Neoandertals

"Cut-Throat"

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An act of joy
Inside her is her first boy

Slightly twisting the neck
A sapphire-coloured sharp stone for marking the throat
Slicing three mocking cuts of pain

At first she thought they were adorable
She kissed them back with passion and love
But those are vile beasts that feast on beauties
Far from being normal boys

Violent sexual behaviour
No pulling out before ejaculation
No stopping after cumming
Is she really thirteen?
Surrounding her for sodomizing

They piss into your vagina
On her clit they will feed
So delicious and sweet
Lick and kiss your little arse
Limestone caves darkened by the odour of filth and decay

Sunk in the dank air
Played with her underdeveloped breasts,
Until they became tender and weak
She must be thirteen

Her teats now swollen and hurting
What a whore she has been
After a large amount of sucking

Nipples carved out
A vampirish pack of three
Breastfeeding the hobbits with warm blood
The unwashed hands grabbing her tight twat

They prefer it rotten

They did slit her throat
A clean cut through
Coughing on her own blood
She will die so young

Let her die a woman's death
Wind-blasted rock formations with grey-brown walls
Devoid of colour
A brooding look and feel

Trapped and scared
Her bladder leaking and hurting
The spawn of the damned
A wind blew into the cold cave, chilling

She is no longer warm and wet
Long periods of starvation ahead
They will wait until their mistress is dead

She is depressed and dying
Help her!
Trapped and scared
Indeed
Rape is the cruellest death

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