

Nuclear Death "The Beloved Whore Celebration"

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O lady of dark reality
whom we visit late at night,
down upon her one by one
we bathe in her fetid stench.
We three fiends of veneral disease
pay homage to our gangrene queen-
we suck upon her aged teats
and breathe deep her anal breeze...

O lady of wanton desires
whose flesh is ours to consume,
whose life is impaled upon lust
and whose menstrual blood fills our cups.

We three fiends of immortal fancy

five to see her grace die of age,
'tis not in our hearts to bury her,
but instead we must celebrate...

Our lady, now death's bride
drained of blood and life,
we caress her hardened flesh,
we suck on her limpid teats-
one by one we enter her vagina,
with our tongues we adore her cilt.
We three fiends of darkened reality-
alas, we celebrate!

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