

Prophecy

"Feasting On The Flesh"

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Words: Phil Holland

Music: Prophecy

Spread your legs far and wide, stick my tongue way
deep inside lick
your pussy all around, feel you wiggle on the ground.
Slowly I tongue-fuck your hole,
taste your juices as they flow back and forth I lick your
clit,
eatin' pussy is the shit.
Feel your furry, hot wet hole lick your pussy, even
more!
Bend you over on the floor, fuck you like a nasty whore
smell
your nasty vaginal stench, make you scream and beg
for more.
Bite your lips and make them swell,
juices gushing like a well lick and suck your furry
snatch,
when I eat pussy there is no match.
Feel your furry, hot wet hole
Lick your pussy, even more!
Ooor, soon you start to cry... now it's time to die!!
[SOLO (Braxton)]
Something overtakes my soul and I want to cut you up
with a spoon,
knife, and a fork I disembowel your cunt.

Pull intestines with my teeth and lick up all the pus
now that you are lifeless I go back to taste your muff.
Spread your legs far and wide,
stick my tongue way deep inside lick your pussy all
around,
feel you wiggle on the ground.
Slowly I tongue-fuck your hole, taste your juices s
they flow back and forth I lick your clit,
eatin' pussy is the shit bend you over on the floor,
fuck you like a nasty whore smell your nasty vaginal
stench,
make you scream and beg for more.
Bite your lips and make them swell,
juices gushing like a well lick and suck your furry

snatch,
when I eat pussy there is no match.
Bleeding, dismembered, torn apart feeling the rage of
the beast
that you have scorned.
Feasting on the flesh feasting on the flesh feasting on
the flesh.

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