

Whitechapel

"Devirginization Studies"

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Now that I have my trophy of your anatomy
Your stiff can be excised aberrantly
Convulsions transpire you're seeping suppuration
Our intimacy is arcane to culture
These ethics I contain in my arsenal of pleasure
Fail to be appreciated
Your proposition isn't good enough
My expectations don't meet yours
In due time I'll dictate your vile form
Into my incapable hands and claim you for my own
You're born into these hands again
Send the slut back to hell
Another whore to seek to fondle and misuse
Back to the grave to exhume again

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