

Wretched "Aborning"

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Awoke with a vicious grin in the phallus entrance, hard from the mother's cries. Your infants hands are gripping flesh. Dying sweating storms, writhing on a gurney, dreams of pleasure burning off in sheets. No time to sedate. This harlot must be seen at once. Protrusions rising from the skin underneath her gut are wearing thin. Now as your belly is split apart a voice begins to whisper,

I have come for the light.

Arisen in shame, shrouded in filth, his starry eyes meet hers.

I was borne by the sperent's spleen, in the bearing queen. I was borne by the sepents spleen carried in the bearing queen. What a sultry wold God hath created, showered with our pensions never earned. What a sultry wold God hath created, showered with our pensions never earned. Fire rains down from the north, carrying plagues and shedding skins. And thus the beast will lead his minions throught the seas, covering all of the lands. He's got the world in his hands. Solace is all that he is seeking. Provisions nourishing the son of fallen kings atop of the highest tower in hell. Solace is all that he is seeking. One of these days you'll make it through without gouging your eyes out at my sight. Awoke with a vicious grin. I am the son

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