

Funeral Oration "Pregnant Whore"

Visit "[Pregnant Whore](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I drink the last drop of your blood
I licked your breasts lacerated by my bites
I kissed your palpitant vulva
I wide your mouth with my hands
my tongue on your body sharp like a razor blade

My atheism turns into cruel iconoclasy
my turgid glandis caress Our Lady's face
if only she could groan with me - from that cold recess

Pregnant whore: the fruid of your womb I'll devour

Oh - I'd fuck you in a church
in order to be close to God
Christ, motionless upon his cross
will be present at our embrace

Pregnant whore: the fruit of your womb I'll devour

his heart and your - mother
I'll offer to the Lord - Virgin Mary!

We'll moisten the altar with sperm and blood
angels will be there to watch
smell of incense inebriates our bodies
the echo of our cries resound in the gloomy chapel

Pregnant whore: name of all saints
I invoke for our glory - oh mother - in front of your Lord
Pregnant whore: if Christ was alive on that cross
he fled away with horror and disgust
or came to take delight himself
inside you - pregnant whore

Visit [Funeral Oration](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.