

Voodoocult "Violenca"

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Once on a road to a bad neighbourhood
a girl named Violenca stopped me on my way she just
entered my car
her skirt was touching no legs
her voice was so deep - she was a men.
She told her high heels and his soul for another ten liri
to me.
We broke into old apartment-blocks heading to suck
me off
we pushed-in some doors quite violently
a tiny room with a board and a bed was all interior in
there
and the dark shemale made me lie down on sheets
and blankets of

filthy antique state
that would fry and shudder a nation into fate some
cockroaches
dried in white juice
a glimpse of a look I dared
causing a brief heart-attack
I was nervous bur nevertheless the shemale she drank
water
from my black spring
she liked me and said in tears "goodbye" a hundred
times there is no doubt
I was in the hell where a ...(it) grows.
Violenca, I still shudder when I say goodbye...(Goodbye
- the word no good anymore).

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