

## **The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Clarissa Explains Cuntainment"**

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The horror they leave in three's they always do I'm  
holding hands with the  
devil while you make your deal with Jesus so let me  
milk your prostate with  
the unborn meat fingers - Horrible your eyes implode  
with Lucider's hammer  
so you don't watch it's satisfaction guaranteed the  
horror this condemned  
end of life three are dead one wounded you just  
should have planted the  
rotten seed inside your grandmother she could afford  
the abortion three  
one dead what was it what was occupying your mind  
into the vaginal  
secretion I'll drop my rotten seed to you it's time to  
trash the fetal tissue  
it's time to trash the fetal tissue one two three four five  
six.

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