

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "El Pinata De La Muerte"

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Remember my face dirty man?
Smack me with a frying pan, maybe this will all come
back to you.
You gave me a fever a long time ago, I never got
better.
Remeber me yet?
This is where I celebrate my recovery.
I'll find creative ways to strip your body parts and use
them as weapons of torture, my mother will be proud.
Maybe you can appreciate this saw created with your
nails, use it to cut off your lips and stuff them in your
nostrils, empty my bladder into your dirty mouth.
Gargle my fluid.
Hum you and old tune while we dismember your legs.
Hung upside down by your waist... I blindfold myself
with the skin of your thigh, ...spin 5 times... and use
your leg to swing at you like a pinata.
You explode the remedy all over me.
My fever is gone and so are you

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