

Pagan Lorn "Production"

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Tonight a carnivore is out
Lust burning in his head
The need for flesh leads him
Right between your thighs
Violent energy hammers
His body into yours, animalistic rituals
No love, just wantonness
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Lust, physical, liquids, blood
One big piece
Of meat they are
Slaves of sexuality
Careless sinners
Producing
A hunger for
Someone's most infected
And rotten parts
One constant
Rhythm of work
For the bad machine
Extending your hole
Sucking out
The entire pride
Of the partner's meat
Crude penetration
It makes him roar
Body against body
Sweat, saliva, and sperm
And once again he scores...

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