

Guttural Secrete

"Sculpting Fragments Of Mangled Cunt"

Visit "[Sculpting Fragments Of Mangled Cunt](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Cunt lips are spread, with incisors, scapel to the clits,
remove them clean.
Delicately, slowly carve out the twats from between
their legs. In quilted form,
vagiinas are placed and sewn in intricate patterns, With
the variety of twats,
endless designs are achieved. Of feministic beauty.
Sewn genitals, sculpting to the walls,
dripping with disease, maggots and flies begin their
feast! The house smells ripe
with the stink of menstrual flow. Overlapping for texture
forging a beautiful piece of work.
Fragile hands ever so gently reconstruct freshly cut
female, Trophies gutted from the most
intimate of areas. Carved to perfection, Discarded
remains will not go to waste.
The sickness grandma has is more of an obsession,
Seeing every woman
as a whore to be butchered. So trusting are those girls
towards and old lady
Helping her with chores and quilt making. Never,
expecting - a hammer to the head
Break the skull until their dead. Stripping the clothes
from their soft tasty bodies,
Hang upside down to cut, Chest high to their cunts,
Burying her face between their legs.
Soaking her tongue with sweet cunt nectar, Laced with
male semen from the night before.
Satisfied with the taste of her kill. The process of
mutilating begins.
Women strung up around the house, Gutted from the
stomach
with their cunts removed. Grandma always did like all
my girlfriends.

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