

The Anniversary

"Fisted To The Point Of Regurgitation"

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They call me a creeping oozing son of a bitch
Because the smell of infection gets me stiff
I pound down on visions of perfection
Using my fists just to get my erection
They think it's gonna stop but it's only getting worse
As she starts to choke upon her bile
Just a few more times my darling, your throat's about to
split
From all the built-up bile that is now filling it
That's right, just let it out
The bile burns your mouth
The stomach acid corrodes your teeth, there is no
doubt
Jeez, I love that smell, so I rejoice in it
Watching the blood drip from her ass is a sight not to
be missed
I fist them til they're sick

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