

Vehemence

"Christ, I Fucking Hate You!"

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Her father lies bleeding, his blood on my hands
Gratitude apparent, her sobs turn to signs of relief

Touching her tear-stained cheek, gazing deeply into
her eyes
she worships me as a god
We embrace passionately on the floor, spreading her
legs
My fantasy fleshed forever....

I shove myself gently into her, gasping she smiles and
cries
Her blood streams from the vagina, she used to be a
virgin whore
(Fucking her, this is my Fantasy!)
Father knew better than to take that away
His dick only went in her mouth and her ass
I am the one whom she'll remember always
As he who made her tremble with first orgasm

My body now growing numb I don't know why
I can feel my insides changing into...a god

(What is wrong? Who am I becoming?)
I become her Jesus in the flesh
Blood on my hands pouring from gaping holes

She gets to fuck me! The Son of God!
A fantasy she has for pain I inflict
My hands slide up her breasts so slowly
And constrict around her neck tightly...

Cartilage and veins popping, her expression is delight
As I climax, my thorny crown drops upon her bloated
face

Suddenly her Christ is gone and so is she
He took away my only passion in life
And now all I have is a pile of broken flesh
His possession has robbed me, and all I feel is hate...

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