

Yattering, Pleasure

Try to comprehend me
Before you tear the aorta
Stab with a knife...
...Once again
Cut throat does not compare
To the pleasure of raping a child
Following her,
I leered at her tiny boy
Watched her delicate moves
And that strange freshness
Now, she's just a dead,
Ripped corpse
...In the cut throat
I find my pleasure
Raping the child
You hatefully murder,
Then desecrate
My body
You should have
Done it before...
...Before you thought
Of revenge
I was molested
It doesn't matter now
Now it's blood
Now it's sperm
Cut throat,
Pleasure