

Abhorrance, Support Your Local Back-Alley Abort

Once kissed in this rain
But now tears stream down her face
Controlled, broken, and lost

Without resource to sustain
A choice stripped away
Morals lacking thought

Graze of skin
Touch of death
Or create life
Unto affliction

Raped by blind ignorance
Of Man and Holy Spirit
Condemned to burn forever
And suffer in silence

Anyone with a cock
Has no right to decide

Devoid of sentient viability

(Solo: Brandon)

Keep your hands of their f**king bodies

Forced to revert to endless malpractice
Spoken for by the blood on her coat hanger