

Abramelin, Pleasures

Stalking - your home seems so secure
Waiting - until the time is right
I see the light in your daughters room
I want to taste her fear and I want to rip her flesh
The time has come for me to enter your suburban dwelling
Excitement in my mind, explosions, my veins are swelling
Unwelcomed guest, you're not expecting me
An unlocked window, I enter silently
I make my way, slowly up the stairs,
creeping in where, your parents rest their heads.
Two steel spikes, will stake them to their bed,
writhing in pain, white sheets now dripping red
Your parents now disposed of, we can be alone,
I burst into your bedroom you can not be found.
I faintly hear you whimper from the corner of the room,
frozen stiff with fear, now the fun begins
I rip off your night-dress, expose your naked flesh
Throw you to the cold floor gnawing off your breasts
With fingers deep inside of you I rip your virgin skin
You tear apart so easily, bleeding from within
I now tear chunks of hair out and then bite off your nose
It's not to spite your face my dear,
it's how it f**king goes
You cry and scream in silence and then your bowels give way
Handfuls of your body waste I slam into your face

Gagging on excrement I give you one last kiss
My hand on your crotch, your labia I rip
Our play-time is now over, I must be on my way
Good night my darling angel, pray you do not wake