

Altar, Spunk

I'm your instructor I'll tell you what to do
Just show me what you've got and I'll take care of you
A strange satanic mood it's perverting me
The sickest dreams are finally running free
No more nice stories
No boring intro's
No more excuses
Hardcore quaranteed
No compromises
No fancy talk
I want it now
Hardcore
Swallow it
Sit on it
Extract it
And drink it
Now confess it all to me, your deapest fantasy
Listen to your inner self
Let me take you for a ride, to my paradise
and I will treat you well
It's time to rip it open, and see how deep it gets
Filth drips from my fingers It's getting soaking wet
Hot bodies slipping trash your invention
I will prepare you for the rear injection