

Between The Buried And Me, The Need For Repetition

Whip the child, stretch that child...drag them through your dreams of lust...raise the skirt...stroke the thigh...leech!! This blood will never clot. It pours down the chin of every child, every life touched by your sick instinct. Fucking whore, fucking whore of disgust. Your life paid by the sweat of your disgusting sex. Their innocent tears drenched every inch of life that went into those toys and beautiful minds. Castrate the fuck. Beat the fucker to death