

Broken Hope, Reunited

An incestuous relationship between mother and son
As last rites were read I had tell such a void
A loving mother, my life-giver and lover
She went away when she slashed her own wrists
The relationship with me was too much to bear
I watched her buried, her funeral, my heartbreak
As last rites were read I left such a void
I had to intimately feel her once again
I dig deep into my mothers sepulcher
Her cold, dead flesh soon stirs my lust
Stiffened legs spread to be fucked
My undying live, a son's sick obsession

Forcing myself into my mommy's rigor mortis twat
We are finally reunited once again
As I engross myself in interment intercourse
I unknowingly contract a supernatural disease
With incestuous necrophilism there is a price
Malodorous malediction from exanimate cunts
An uncanny imprecation
The offensive stink fills my senses

With each stroke of my penis inside
"Mommy, sweet mommy" I scream as I ejaculate
Her flesh, healthy semen conditions her dry, rigid femme canal
Pleasure short lived
For when I pull out of the disinterred fuck
The smell that was created could sicken the dead

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A lemme furnigation now terrible haunts
It clings to my lecherous privates
I will soon go mad from the revolting scent
As the post mortem matriarch leaves me rancid
Her embalmed vulva oozes, drains and leaks
Emitting an odor of an unearthly reek
This miasma adheres to my virility
An eered anathema from the mortuary
As the post mortem matriarch leaves me rancid
Her embalmed vulva oozes, drains and leaks
Constant cleansing doesn't kill the smell
I cannot escape the feminine foulness
With crazed desperation
I set my genitals aflame
Hoping to burn away the venomous vapor
Reeling in pain as my pubis smolders
I curse the name of my desecrated mother

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