

December Wolves, Porn Again Christian

Dynamic worms of wax who offer validation. I wait to serve a modern mannequin. I cannot resist to stick my tongue in this! Once again, reminding me how bad she's been. The Dawn has come...You may begin. Smear all your burden on this bed of flesh I feel. My tools in hand, I slip inside Teutonic peel. Porn again christian....Porn again christian!
New nail in uniform, I want the pliable face. Bludgeon the Aquarian flow. Fingers fight from either side of the fleshified "net in the knot";
Bodies churn and quiver in the most prominent.
Hands down below again, extract the inside...Pull from with slender slime. I've cursed my pallet with the taste you cannot hide...
Sticking so sublime, the estrogenic holy shrine.
I'll find new ways and, through hypnosis, enter the salty slum where nails are driven from...Just open your mouth! Give me Nemesis!
Porn again christian...Porna again christian!
Born to fornicate. The consequence of creation. Live and die by the Cunt!