

# Horse The Band, The Immense Defecation Of Th

This suffering must come to an end! These razors within me must be expelled! Whoever dreamed such a glorious dream, that a tremendous expulsion could bring me such joy? The release of the pressure, an end to the suffering, a warm, moist feeling as I leave you behind. The glorious emptiness within me brings tears to my eyes, but now it must be filled with the giver of life. Gorge myself with its sweetness, keep it all for myself. There is none left for you, I am not yet complete. I must devour you as well, your life's blood will become a part of me. Become a part of me, for I'm the almighty Bunt.