

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Clarissa Explains

The horror they leave in threes they always do.
I'm holding hands with the devil while you make your deal with Jesus,
so let me milk your prostate with the unborn meat fingers

Horrible your eyes implode with lucifers hammer
so you don't watch its satisfaction guaranteed
the horror this condemned end of life
three are dead
one wounded you
just should have planted the rotten seed
inside your grandmother she could afford the abortion.

Three are dead, what was it,
what was occupying your mind into the vaginal secretion?
I'll drop my rotten seed to you
it's time to trash the fetal tissue, one two three four five six.