

Number Twelve Looks Like You, El Pinata De La

Remember my face dirty man?

Smack me with a frying pan, maybe this will all come back to you.

You gave me a fever a long time ago, I never got better.

Remember me yet?

This is where I celebrate my recovery.

I'll find creative ways to strip your body parts and use them as weapons of torture, my mother will be

Maybe you can appreciate this saw created with your nails, use it to cut off your lips and stuff them

Gargle my fluid.

Hum you and old tune while we dismember your legs.

Hung upside down by your waist... I blindfold myself with the skin of your thigh, ...spin 5 times... and

You explode the remedy all over me.

My fever is gone and so are you