

Tubes, Wild Women Of Wongo

And so on and on the lores of Wongo go,
throughout the sands of time.
Singing their song of love, so rare,
To only the chosen ones who dare.

From the foggy woggy banks
of the Limpopo River,
there come the sounds of
Female ecstasy (I shiver),
Wet and wanton, their cries
caress by swollen ears, with building
fears, of this forsaken land of years.
Visions of furious fire-goddesses wielding
Blunt spits; figments of erotic escapades
with all branches of armed forces.
Surrounding, abounding,
they stoop to conquer with sighs and
anxious whispers in a slow, steady rhythm.

Wongo.
Wild Women of Wongo.
How does their song go?
Make a me wan mo, (Wild Women!)
Wongo.
No man can say no.
Wild Women of Wongo.
How does their song go?
Like this...

On the dank, steaming shores of Wongo;
its black sand beaches so bongo.
Patterned with leech-ridden creatures;
bodies branded with cicatrix features
that once screeched through the
Heart of the Congo.
Stacked and berserk
they tower and flail all about.
Wailing sounds in tongues only ancient
insects would understand or figure out.
Wild, willing, wenches; strutting and
struggling, as they yank hanks of hair,
rooting and rutting in heat,
as the earth heaves beneath their feet.

And so on and on the lores of Wongo go,
throughout the sands of time.
Singing their song of love, so rare,
To only the chosen ones who dare.

The course of events, time after time.
The tradition remains the same.
A bloodcurdling scream, one of pure
ecstasy, rings out; then it came ---
The ultimate sacrifice.
Their wasp waisted figures twitch and twine,
their sting is lethal, and I know I'm in for mine.
How can I resist this onslaught of love;
from over, from under, from behind and above.
I wish I could be their Wongo King ---
If only I knew the song to sing.

Wongo.
Wild Women of Wongo.
How does their song go?

Make a me wan mo, (Wild Women!)
Wongo.
No man can say no.
Wild Women of Wongo.
How does their song go?
Like this...