

# Vehemence, Christ, I Fucking Hate You!

Her father lies bleeding, his blood on my hands  
Gratitude apparent, her sobs turn to signs of relief

Touching her tear-stained cheek, gazing deeply into her eyes  
she worships me as a god  
We embrace passionately on the floor, spreading her legs  
My fantasy fleshed forever.

I shove myself gently into her, gasping she smiles and cries  
Her blood streams from the vagina, she used to be a virgin whore  
(F\*\*king her, this is my Fantasy!)  
Father knew better than to take that away  
His dick only went in her mouth and her ass  
I am the one whom she'll remember always  
As he who made her tremble with first orgasm

My body now growing numb I don't know why  
I can feel my insides changing into a god  
(What is wrong? Who am I becoming?)  
I become her Jesus in the flesh  
Blood on my hands pouring from gaping holes

She gets to f\*\*k me! The Son of God!  
A fantasy she has for pain I inflict  
My hands slide up her breasts so slowly  
And constrict around her neck tightly

Cartilage and veins popping, her expression is delight  
As I climax, my thorny crown drops upon her bloated face

Suddenly her Christ is gone and so is she  
He took away my only passion in life  
And now all I have is a pile of broken flesh  
His possession has robbed me, and all I feel is hate

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