

Vehemence, Her Beautiful Eyes

My hands clasped tight, saliva spills
From my mouth to the pavement
Sitting alone I see the girls
In uniforms walking to school

Rising to my feet now to get a better view
Tiny pre-pube tits blazoned with the word of god
Tight little asses aching for my cock
These Christian bitches will never survive our wrath

Classes have begun, I must find them
Traversing through the field I search
And find the bitch that I must fuck
Tearing at her tattered clothing

They say that Jesus saves, apparently not her
As I pierce her flesh with the cross dangling on her neck
Whittling away at her breasts until it's gone
She dies from the shock, I fall in love with her

Wearing the cross where Jesus died, ironic to say the least
My instrument of death is the same as another bastard liar

Molest Innocent Children Lunatic Bastard

Gazing into her eyes, the light gleams
Reflecting in shades of color I can't imagine
Feeling her tender limp body pressed firmly
Weeping at the beauty of her lost innocence
Devouring the last of her ovaries
A tear drips from my eye lamenting the loss

Exhausted and broken, I lay next to my stiffened bride
Caressing her severed limbs and wishing she could die again

The beauty of her death is so very arousing
Grabbing her severed head and removing her eyes
Sliding my cock deeply into her skull
And I gaze fondly into her beautiful eyes