## 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