

Vehemence, Whore Cunt Die

I could tell you tales of morbid visions, thoughts from which I hide

The fear within this shell that I call my soul reflects the darkness
This pit of agony into which
I have been cast by those who do not see the pain

Draining down you inner thigh, what you knew as sex
Nails I drive deep into the vagina, ceasing the piercing screams
What was once your cunt is now my throbbing toy
I drive the hammer deeper to block the pain from my mind

This bloody whore who I once told I loved
Has become a pile of mangled flesh swarming with insect
As I dissect her unborn fetus I hear her whisper one last cry
Begging her false prophet for forgiveness,
I rape her in the name of Jesus Christ

I feel no shame for this disgrace, this atrocity
Her very existence being an abomination to humanity
There are so many like her waiting to be dead
My insanity is my creativity while clearing out my mind

These things that I have done are purged from memory
But those which linger turn my vision black

I wish I could turn my hatred on myself, I want to die
But there is a dark force which seems to hold me back

Pleading with her god to make my torment stop
Hearing my own cries, I drive myself deep
Hoping she lives through my climax so she can choke
On the steaming slop which i spurt all over her face

That whore must die

I want this vision of torment to live forever in my mind
To stifle the agony that tears ravenously at my soul
Her death will secure my piece of mind for now
But soon another cunt will die for Satan