The Need for Repetition

Between the Buried and Me

Whip that child, stretch that child...
drag them through your dreams of lust...
raise the skirt...stroke the thigh...leech!!
This blood will never clot.
It pours down the chin of every child,
every life touched by your sick instinct.
Fucking whore.
Fucking whore of disgust., fucking whore.
Fucking whore of disgust, fucking whore.
Fucking whore of disgust, fucking whore.
Fucking whore of disgust.
Castrate the fuck.
Beat the fucker to death.
Castrate the fuck.
Beat the fucker to death.
Your life paid but the sweat of your disgusting sex.
Their innocent tears every inch of life
that went into those tears and beautiful minds.
Castrate the fuck.
Beat the fucker to death.
Castrate the fuck.
Beat the fucker to death, fucker to death,
fucker to death, fucker to death.

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