Murder Song

The Cooper Temple Clause

The God, the gun, the vasoline
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you
The pain, the fear
The flash, the scream
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of youI monster living sin
I hate myself the way it slips in
Taste the black, it's on my lips
So I can cum again againLittle death will run inside you
Little death will run inside you
Little death will run inside you
Little death will murder all of youMurders, murders, murders, murder suicide
It will surely find youMurders, murders, murders, murder all of youI, devil done with you
I want the breath you hold inside you
Lust for trashy filthy whores
My love for sin, the need for moreThe God, the gun, the vasoline
You dirty pig, I'm cuming inside you
The pain, the fear
The flash, the scream
You dirty whores, I'll murder all of youMurders, murders, murders, murder, suicide
It will surely find youMurders, murders, murders, murder all of youMurder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us the devils inside
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us are going to dieMurder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us the devils inside
Murder, suicide, murder, suicide
Every single one of us are going to dieMurders, murders, murders, murder all of you

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