Type A Secretor

Waking the Cadaver

The best part of waking up is a new night to capture.
Scaring piles of pussy meat awaiting my rapture.
Pulsing, dripping, wet, warm, and here for my pleasure,
use, and abuse.

...Sleep, kill, repeat.

Sluts and Whores; These filthy girls want me in their mouths.
I deny at first,
just to hear them burst, and beg for satisfaction.
I try and seem, to not know what they mean,
to create a type of distraction.

She grabbed my cock, so I grabbed my glock, and this shit's gotten fun.

She knows my dick tastes so much sweeter when shes staring down the barrel of a fully loaded gun.

"Oh my god babe,I'm gonna blow!"
In a few more ways than one,
my cock, my temper, and my urge to dismember.
All up in your face, (along with my gun)

Oh yes, fresh flesh, nailed up to the wall.
I skinned this bitch and removed her tits,
then ravaged her gaping hole.

I am the Type A Secretor.
No trace.
No match.
No clues to follow.

It will be harder for you than it was for her to realize,
and to swallow.

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

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