Addicted to Vaginal Skin

Cannibal Corpse

A relapse of my body
Sends my mind into multiple seizures
Psychologically a new human being
One that has never beenCursed by the shamen
His voodoo spell has my soul
My limbs go numb
I can't control my own thoughtAre his now
His evil consuming me
Ever telling me
Begin the clit carvingSlowly turning me, into a flesh eating zombie
Knowing this spell can only be broken
By the vaginal skins of young women
I proceed to find the meatTheir bleeding cunts will set me free
Warmth seeping from this
Body rotted
After I sucked the blood from her assI feel more alive
More alive than I've ever been
Even though now I'm dead withinMy mouth drools as I slice your perineum
My body smeared with the guts I've extracted
Through her hole, came swollen organs
Cunnilingus with the mutilatedMy spirit returned from the dead
Released by the priest
But I felt more real when I was deadThe curse is broken
I have a dependence on vaginal skin
It's become my sexual addiction
I must slit, the twitching clit
Rotted cavity hold the juiceBetween the legs, I love to carve
My cock is dripping with her blood

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