Breakfast At the Manchester Morgue

Impetigo

Returned from the hunt, armed to the teeth
Return triumphant to my village, my village is asleep
The cool night air inspires me, my lust I can't control
I select a captured mate in silence, to the altar we go...
I like to eat pussy, I like to eat fish
I'd like to eat your entrails, this cannibal's favorite dish
You are my bestrode, my white blond queen
I lie you to wall of wrote and make love to your spleen!
Your mine forever, you breathe your last
Ritual marriage, my love for you is cast
Our union consume-mated, your organs I stick
Your blood in my mouth, your blood on my prick
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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