Snowballing Blood

Defleshed

I come
To see them cum
While crawling the mud
And snowballing blood Imaginations I design
A consitution divine
Close to prostitution They come in two
I know they'll do, 'cause I've asked them to
Join me for a coin
Imaginations I design
It's like a constitution
Of memories divine And then at last
It's going fast
Take it in the mouth
Give it to the next
The blood is running south
Being over-sexed When I intrude, am I being rude?
But to be nice is what I despise
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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