

# Clarissa Explains Cuntainment

## The Number Twelve Looks Like You

The horror they leave in three's they always do I'm holding hands with the devil while you make your deal with Jesus so let me milk your prostate with the unborn meat fingers - Horrible your eyes implode with Lucifer's hammer so you don't watch it's satisfaction guaranteed the horror this condemned end of life three are dead one wounded you just should have planted the rotten seed inside your grandmother she could afford the abortion three one dead what was it what was occupying your mind into the vaginal secretion I'll drop my rotten seed to you it's time to trash the fetal tissue it's time to trash the fetal tissue one two three four five six.

Lyrics provided by

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