

Fisted to the Point of Regurgitation

Annotations of an Autopsy

They call me a creeping oozing son of a bitch
Because the smell of infection gets me stiff

I pound visions of perfection
Using my fists just to get my erection
They think it's gonna stop but it's only getting worse
As she starts to choke upon her bile

Just a few more times my darling
Your throat's about to split
From all the built up-bile
That is now filling it

That's right, just let it out
The bile burns your mouth
The stomach acid corrodes your teeth
There is no doubt

Jeez I love that smell
So I rejoice in it
Watching the blood drip from her ass
Is a sight not to be missed

I fist them till they're sick

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Lyrics submitted by Ryan.

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