

How vile to utter his name  
He who has slugs, lice & snails  
Fleeing at the sight of their enemy  
He who would break the bones  
and tear the skin of the  
Noble sacred youth  
Until flaps of flesh hang

Fiend beast and venomous ghoul  
His pale corpse like sheen  
knows no more  
He who would rend the pink faced child's cheeks  
The eyes contemplate  
While the razor sits and grins  
He who would stitch your eyes shut  
Depriving you of the spectacle  
of the universe

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He who would break your arms like two try branches  
and then forcibly make you eat them  
He who would raise your virgin body by the legs  
and swing you around like a fiend  
and hurl you against the wall  
and each drop of your blood  
would spurt onto a human breast  
to get forth an example of his weakness

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