Terrifyer

Pig Destroyer

These strange thorned vines spring from the ground they wind ar ound me as

they bind me down she moves across the rose garden suspended in a dark cloud

of flies her toes drag the tops of the flowers and leave them b lackened and $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right$

shriveled in her wake her hands dangle from thin strings of ski n her

forearms they're like gun barrels smoking crimson