

# Plastic Whore Romance

The Dead

you don't deserve attention  
you don't deserve respect  
no space for tons of shoes  
I don't have to buy you flowers

just need air and my dick deep within  
oh, how I love your smooth plastic-skin

you take all that I want  
and give me feelings that I need  
you don't want me to thank you  
or even Valentines greet

you don't grow old & you don't have to shave  
oh, how I love you, my sweet plastic-slave!

I'm addicted to your silence and your well-formed tits  
my prick is deep inside you, inside your soft plastic lips.

rise - fever - plastic - whore romance - gasping  
for air - wrapped - in plastic

my sweet rubber-maid, you feel so close and tight  
you are my latex lady, ride me all the night.

rise - fever - plastic - whore romance - gasping  
for air - wrapped - in plastic

rise young rubber skin  
taste the non-aging "girl"  
feel this evil plastic whore romance  
perfume you don't need

you don't grow old & you don't have to shave  
oh, how I love you, my sweet plastic-slave!