

I Know the Insides of Women

Waking the Cadaver

I can sense the smell of her snatch as it hunts me down
I know the insides of women
and I'm always on the hunt for a fresh cunt to satisfy my baldass dickhead
her desire for seminal burst upon her face will lead her to a place she is not ready to embrace
the opportunity plays into my hands as she follows me down my vile spiral into
unknown se**** stimulations, which keep her intrigued
I slip my fingers into her mouth and grasp her jaw; with one twist her body falls limp
overwhelmed by the thirst to satisfy
she's not dead, still alive but motionless and blind...
the female pile of flesh lay vulnerable to my perverted exploitations of a savage kind
with malicious intent I begin my search, sliding back tender vaginal skin
exposing the filthy cavernous tissue within
engorging myself with mouthful of cervical nectar and pulverized meat
I grab my tools, elite weapons of the masters, and with my trust blade cut her from her tits to her battered strip
the sight of freshly drawn organs fuels my urge
fiendishly I masturbate over top of her gaping torso but without hesitation
I thrust my spear into cavity of entrails
forcefully I remove heaps of mangled innards to get a better look
while I dissect selected pieces of the reproductive system
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