

O lady of dark reality  
whom we visit late at night,  
down upon her one by one  
we bathe in her fetid stench.  
We three fiends of venereal disease  
pay homage to our gangrene queen-  
we suck upon her aged teats  
and breathe deep her anal breeze...

O lady of wanton desires  
whose flesh is ours to consume,  
whose life is impaled upon lust  
and whose menstrual blood fills our cups.

We three fiends of immortal fancy  
fife to see her grace die of age,  
'tis not in our hearts to bury her,  
but instead we must celebrate...

Our lady, now death's bride  
drained of blood and life,  
we caress her hardenad flesh,  
we suck on her limpid teats-  
one by one we enter her vagina,  
with our tongues we adore her cilt.  
We three fiends of darkened reality-  
alas, we celebrate!