Skip the 4PLAY with US

My fears beneath the deadly wig of a latex drone. Are you an eavesdropper?

You wash my dick, and me your cock, with a wet wipe after having it sandwiched vertically in the bathroom of the fast-food place. A little later in the water closet, while rhyming with retard, be nice and spare me some place! Skip the foreplay, insert your finger. Let's get blast it, I only want your name inside my ass. I'm not a two-bit street hustler. Introduce me to your stochastic productions, let's go! (Your dildo-shaped drone having blown up this futile crater flirting between the two faces of the moon.) That despicable hallow part of mine. I really fancy you, darling, and I don't want you to die alone; alone without me in your soul.

Skip the condom, give me your AIDS. Depicting death in its stilted poses as a skeleton with a scythe in the age of drones and AI is incredibly outdated. (Do you think we are wigged? Do you think we are wigged?) Give it to me while there's still time, while you're shoving your latex drone deep inside me: buttock! We, the precarious ones of the emotional world! (Do you think we're crazy? Do you think we've been set up?) This is what I offer you: my fears, those of my emotional insecurity, not my outer shell, but my bodies like an entire layer of excrement: one of them, the most stinking, is a betrayal, one of those that you know well, and that I did not know I could see.
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After a certain time crawling on my backside to activate the flush, disillusioned by an excess of restraint, I poop myself like a pillow poorly held in its cover. (Poorly held in its cover.) A pond snail that had not quite retreated into its shell. (No, no, now...) Let's get past the preliminaries, tell me your name. After crawling on my bottom for a while to flush the toilet, disillusioned by an excess of restraint, I relieve myself like a pillow poorly held in its cover. (I'll throw in the trash any suggestions that make butts wiggle in time or make immortal little souls tremble with sugary emotion!)

Skip the foreplay, insert your finger. Let's get past it, I only want your fist inside my ass.

(I'm not a rip-off!) I only want you that kill myself.

Please baby, squeeze my neck!

Give it to me on 8-fingers and two thumbs. (My fears beneath the deadly wig of a latex drone.)

Kevin Ashdown