

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CLASSIC ABSTENTION INTO A CLASSIC MORAL TRIUMPH GATE

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 we
 never
 touched the
 seat of evil. We've
 never gone near the crossroad of disease. We leave to death the sinkhole of raw mortal sewage. We wish
 to go to bliss. We wish to go up. We will
 not go sideways. We will not go down. We will not
 ruin our genetic love destiny. We never touch each other's or our own crotches. They are bandy legged two clawed
 love juice driven retrograde reckless spineless eight
 and diver into the murky smut rocks of over stimulated obscene-ed souls. No matter how hard the low lip itches,
 lipped tight mush filled hard skin get off swimmers
 and no matter how hard the high lip swells, and
 no matter how hard the wide lip pushes, no
 matter how hard the wet narrow lip licks, no matter how hard the dry open lip grates,
 lip grinds, no matter how hard
 the side lip probes, no matter how hard the back ● lip ● grows, we will not touch filth's tragic ideation.
 Lord crawl on us your hard shell ethic to back bone into your groining servants scuttling erotics.
 Punish up crotch pushy evil ones for their supine filth transgressions.
 So ever let us show then the pin sharp wages of sin. Let us
 ever bite their members up into the merciful oblivions of
 angelic purity. We ever bite their pro truding raucous flesh
 into deserving cloy of base itch jelly sticky bottom feeder
 effluvial sparkle.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Beware, o itchers, the downtown rippers. Especially the ancient restless, neckless bandy legged diverse groin diver species, Statyllius Flaccus. Thee. The. The. That's they're regular moral bugger, banger, irrumator nippers, folks.