TRANS OR MATION OF ATILLA THE HUN INTO A MARBLE BIRD BATH OF BLOOD GATE Believers in white angel glow sacks on product stench hooch sloshed anguish languishers, I sing the hot mout gas death saga of how the super intendent of no nonsense life cleansing law and odor, Atilla The Hun, wed a low cost 6 year old slave. He believed it made a lot of sense, her flesh made a lot of scents, he wanted a sloth fur fence in a more cost effective mellifluous dense. Or was it that she reminded him of his slinky aunt Exeter the Mega Dung? He drank deep of his grimed choatenglugger skull as he pounded his filthy wellsleybugger $T_{H_{\underline{E}}}$ gonads. He beat his billywhitehouse to frensied gong. He bloated colon glops unto his foul mung filigreed loins. His kisser was a schmutzic despicable connect a cut disgrace. He stuck a fork in his nose, twisted it, then threw down his great fetzer sword, Ryeonrocks. It killed four williamstein rats. He picked up his ripe oxen cadaver and sucked a hoof turd, took a chew of the ripe maggot rich heart and flung it. Washing it all down with the hairy floor rats, he threw a greasy spear through Amherst, the sordid Grand Master of the Teutonic Knight's obscene eye. He crushed his agony blunt knife in Andover The Dog-Evil's stain besmirched nose. He dropped a boiling lead on his zit baggled sister Dartmouth's groveling face. He extracted his fork from his nose, ate the finger oysters on its prongs, and called for his foul penis wheel barrow. Then he called for his phlegm vial. Then he called for his safe sex fish skin wipers three. His doolittle miltoned, he carried her onto his bed over his hairy indian mountain shoulder to flagon her contemptible sexual phial. As they thundered the yak grease rubbed in their horse entrail mattress, she denigrated him: Rock Feces, pissed jaybuckleys up his nose. He belted rage as an iron age sage stuck in osgood slime jerk peddie cage. In his wisdom, he slammed her equine nose with hideous blows he radcliffed when destroying foes. She bit his repulsive toes into dirty mackerel roes wiggling in ugly rows. As he tried to consummate with his vile mate full of markuhlendorf hate, she brunched his vicious trunch with snag tooth munch. Blood roped out his nedchilds nose like vampire stave pulled from a dirty wine barrel in a july heat wave. Cleansing missporter red meat bath birds flew down to pluck on his sordid face in shrieking irrumator screams: "I seen a bed spring. I seen an oak gaul. But I never did see blood take a crap on a no nose at all! Pass the frothy crap.
I'd like to sip the cheesy sugarloaf clot. This sweet nose suck is better than whipped lung chyme muck yuck." As Atilla reached pyrrhic climax, he reamed in benington scream: "I am become a bird bath red in cornelian clotted cayuga dead bed upflowing crimson coal tar throat earwax in the tender lead night; We have heard the

We have heard the chymes at midnight!

Brrrpppuuuoouuuuuppp
gggrrrrhhhhoooooooooggggle
yuchhhhoooooooooooooofffff!"
He gassed death and his staunch wife,
Phoebe the Asp Licker, forgave him and
beat the cleansing meat birds on Atilla's
smalled nose with a huge oak beam. She
laid him in red marble birdbath of blood
provided by his family. So nine months
later, in a much kinder, gentler jack
pot of blood, she birthed up an
unpretentious specimen red
as roses. Hotchkiss looked like his
late father for the middle of his kisser was

ruby as the moiled penis of the suckling Bingoeliyale. That, dearly beloved, is why white angel glow sacks on product stenched anguish languishers to this day, if they listen carefully to their mothers and fathers and do everything they are told to do, may someday wear vests with doggies embroidered on them and have normal jobs in clean offices, another easier office in a very dirty garage, play thru with over liquided search of excellence inept non-entities and sport very pleasant little red noses. Tsars fine bite in shudder slight. Ow a daze anguish languishers heart real eye fuel dove berry thimble Ms. Erie. Won hiss won hand dew hiss dew: Sew dung wheeze tall gut die hold roil thew skewer strew? Wheeze. Ugh. Duh. Huh? Gnats die hide glass rinkers oar O.K. butt wash lout four doth rot knows asp liquors, faux sic.