



**THE SONG OF SOLOMON
THE EXPURGATED
VERSES
UNEXPURGATED**

&

THE DAUGHTERS OF LOT

**THE
DELETED VERSES**

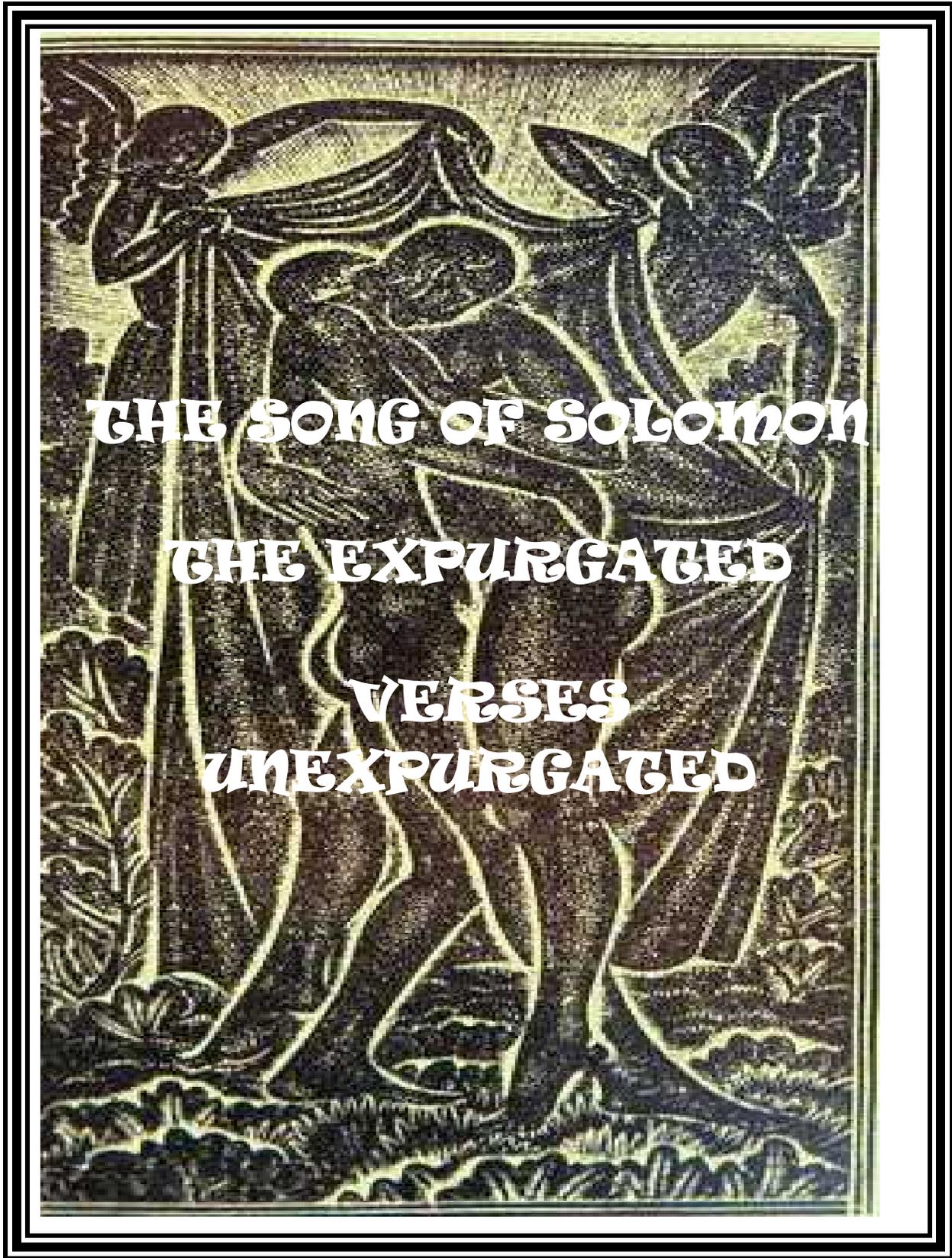
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Preface

**TO LUST OR TO LOVE BETWIXT THE TWO
THE HAWK OR THE DOVE LOVES LONGING
PAIN LUSTS ACHING CHAIN LANGUISHING
LONGING THE WOMEN PINES FOR HER
MATE RAVISHING ECSTASIES OF BLISS AT
THE LONGED FOR KISS PAROXYSMS OF
BLISS AT THE KISS OF HIPS RHYTHMS
SWAY AT LOVES PLAY QUIVERING SPASMS
AT LUSTS LAYS LOVE OR LUST COMES TO
DUST NATURE THROUGH US RUSH THE
PULSING THROBS FLUSHING KNOBS SOME
GODS PLAY OR COSMIC GAME LOVE OR
LUST 'TIS ALL THE SAME**



THE SONG OF SOLOMON

THE EXPURGATED

VERSES

UNEXPURGATED

SONG OF SOLOMON

CHAPTER I

1 Thus Solomon sings forth his song of songs

2 Ah kiss me with the kisses of the cock of thine

Thy hot juice is sweeter than wine

3 Thy cock pours forth sublime

Thy juicy sap sweeter than the sap from the honey bee

Virgins flush with lust for love of thee

4 Woe is me the king to his bed hast taken me

Ah but we will long for thee for thy sap is better than wine

We willl happy be and sing for thee

Remembering the upright cock of thee

5 Beautiful is my cunt

Blacker than the tents of Kedars buckrum

Blacker than Solomon's curtains front

Oh ye daughters of Jerusalem

**6 Oh my beloved look upon my cunt so black
For the suns rays looketh upon it brightening it in its
shimmering fires
Oh my beloved the fires of envy burnd in my siblings eyes
To be the keeper of their vineyards they kept me back
But oh beloved my cunt a vineyard is tangled and unkept**

**9 Oh my love thou art like the stallions well hung
Yoked to Pharaohs chariots of which songs are sung**

**10 Oh thy cunt is lovely with rows of dew
Thy clit divine with golden hue**

**11 Oh we will lace thy lips with borders of gold
And stud them beads of silver untold**

**12 Oh my love my cunt sends fort the smell of spikenard
As round the table the king sitteth hot and hard**

**13 Oh my beloved my cunt a bush of myrtle welcomes
thee
As between my breasts thou ride and fucketh me**

CHAPTER 2

**1 Oh beloved my cunt has the hue like the rose of Sharon
like the lily of the valleys my hair grows upon**

**3 Oh my beloveds balls are like apples fruitifing with
delight
As the trees of the woods to the apple trees canst compare
My beloveds balls are full round comparst to the nuts of
mans sons everywhere
Oh bright neath their shadows I succored his balls with
sweet delight**

**4 To loves feast me my beloved bought
O'er me he cast the veil of lust**

**5 Oh I am gorged with lust sick am I now on such repast
Ply me with wine comfort me with fruit to assuage my
disgust**

**6 Oh drunk art I on lusts repast
Around me head his left hand is spread
As his right hand on my cunt caressst**

9 Ah my beloved is as horny as the stage or sprite roe

**looketh he standeth neath my wall on tip toe
Peeping through my window
His dove like eyes shimmering through the lattice with hot
glow**

**16 I am thine and my beloved is mine
On my cunts lillies nest he feedeth and kiss**

**17 Oh beloved till the sunny morn and the shadows flee
away
fuck me like the stages or the sprite roes on mount Bether I
say**

CHAPTER 3

**I laying languid on me lonely bed
My cunt wet throbbed for my beloved who had fled
Oh my soul longed for my loved beloved
In the night I stretched out and found him not
Oh I sighed and hots tears shed**

CHAPTER 4

**3 Oh my beloved thy cunt lips a sliver of scarlet spread
Whose musky scent is lovely sent
Thy clit a rosette bud pomegranate seed within thy black
bush set**

**11 Oh my beloved thy cunt ozzes necters dew like the
honeycomb the bee sits upon
O'er thy lips cunts honey and milk art spread
Thy panties smell sweet as the smell of lebanon**

**12 Oh my sister thy cunts is a garden enclosed
A moist fountain's sweet spring which is not showed**

**13 Within thy cunt is an orchard of delight
Pomegranate clit lips sweet fruit red and bright
Cunny hole sweet fount of spikenard camphire sweet
smells untold**

**15 Oh my beloved thy cunt a garden of fountains
Life giving streams tasty waters like those that flow upon
lebanon**

CHAPTER 6

**3 I am thine and my beloved is mine
On my cunts lillies nest he feedeth and kiss**

CHAPTER 7

**1 Oh my beloved ravishing ist thy cunt clutched in white
panties
Oh daughter of the prince where thy thighs meet thy cunt is
bejewled with delight
Thy cunt's form a sorcerer's art I doth see**

**2 Oh beloved thy urn-like cunt o'er flowest with limpid ooze
Thy velvety mount lush like wheat laced with lilies new**

**5 Oh beloved thy cunt is like Carmel
Its hair dusted in sparkles and rich purple
Oh the king in awe is held enchanted by its magic spell**

**6 Oh my beloved how flushed ist thy your cunt lips
For loves sweet kiss delightful hot caress**

**7 Oh beloved I say I will to thy beauteous limbs climb and
nestle within
On thy lithe waist take hold
Thy twin breasts globules clustering on thy bodies vine**

Thy the *scent of thy cunt apple sweet moist it doth shine*

9 Oh beloved the *roof of thy cunt tasty sweet like the kings wine*

The *sweet ooze floweth through sweetly the lovers longing lips*

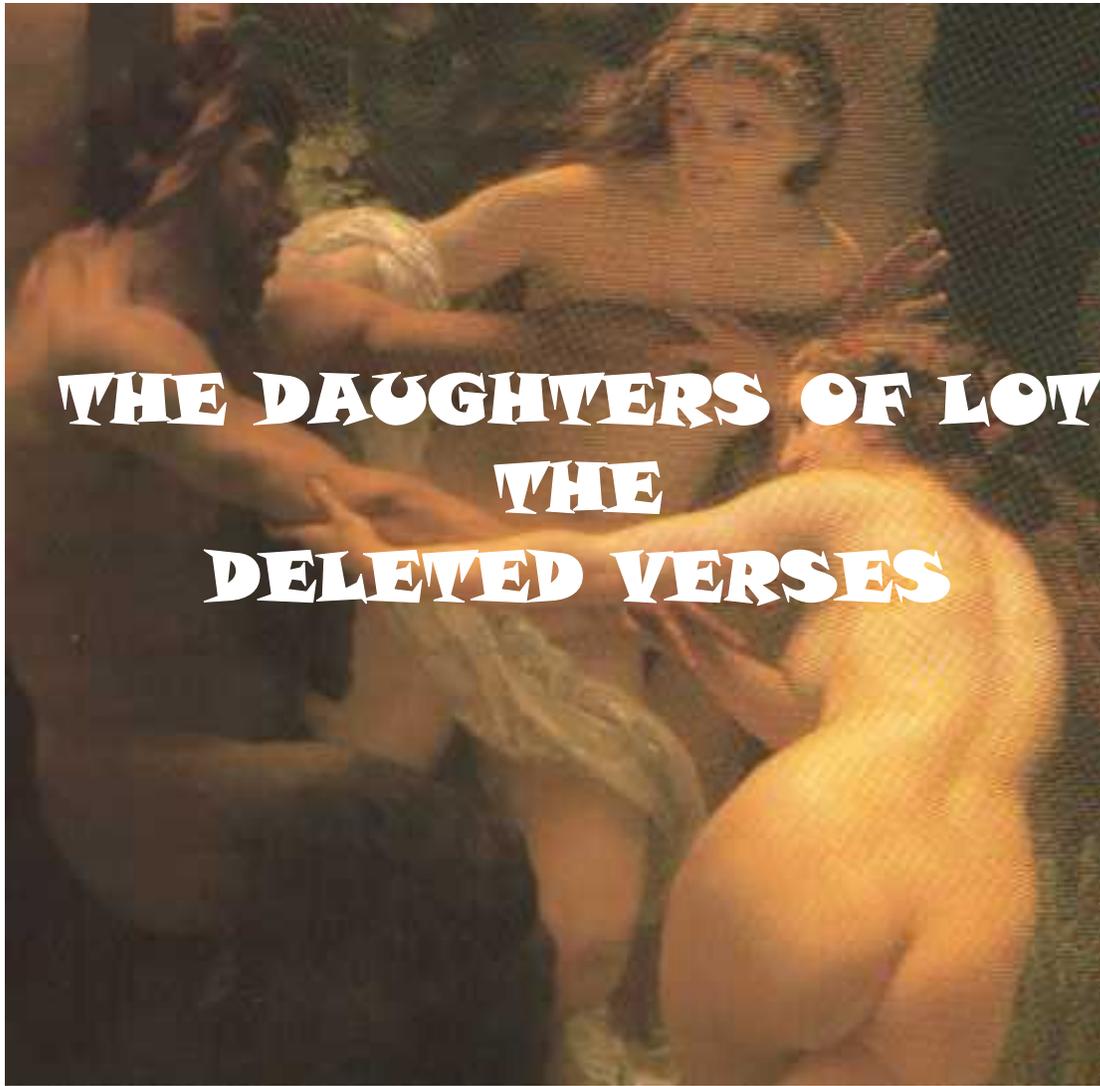
It *woudest awaken the dreaming and from their sleep to speak*

**10 Oh to my beloved *belongest me*
And oh his *desires is directed at me***

**12 Oh my beloved *early arise*
To thy *cunts vineyard I wish to desire*
Ah I long to *see if thy cunt doth flourrish*
Whether its *tender clit from its sheath doth appear*
That *pomegrate bud prong out for mine eyes relish*
Oh my *belove I long to kiss carress and of thee love***

CHAPTER 8

**14 Oh beloved *comest quick I say*
Fuck me like the *stages or the sprite roes on mount Bether I say***



**THE DAUGHTERS OF LOT
THE
DELETED VERSES**

GENESIS

CHAPTER 19

**30 Out of Zohar lot wenteth
And dwelleth in the mountains
for afraid to dwell in Zohar
In the mountains in a cave dwelleth lot with his randy
daughters two**

**My sister mine in Zohar
The wind blows and the air is cold in this dark hole
Alone and hot with none to hold**

**Oh ye who yearn
Come to us who burn
Our flesh is perfumed fresh
Vine leaves lay upon our hair
Myrrh spikenard and mush sweeten its lair**

**Oh ye who yearn
Come to us who burn
Our form is sleek and our breast swell
Hear our sighs
Our languid cries
Our kisses are sweet the scent ensnares**

**Oh ye who yearn
Come to us who burn
There is warmth in our cunts
Dew jewels our pouting lips
Our breasts art hot and soft
As Hittite virginsearms**

**Oh ye who yearn
Come to us whu burn
Our charms are drugs for flaccid flesh
Hot drugs to revive afresh
We art honeys pure balsam
Our cunts hot love express in their soft caress**

**Oh ye who yearn
Come to us who burn
The night is coming soon
longing is long in this darken room
Hark passers-by to our cunts lullaby
Come oh stranger to our tempting cry**

**Oh sister mine
There is no man in the land to hear our cries
No man in Zohar to satiate our horny sighs**

**To the younger the first born did say
Oh sister mine our father is old
There is no man in the land to take away our cold
No man to come unto us and fuck as is the earths way**

**Oh sister mine
Our cunts ache with overfullnes
Our breasts burst with overcontainment
Our thighs tremble with the earnestness of desire
We burn with the pain of the randy ewe**

**Oh sister mine
We art lifes richness
Bloated with being art we**

**Yearning burns on our swollen lips
Our breasts yearn for an answering
We art consumed with fires feverish flames**

**Oh sister mine
No man fills our gaping void
No man burns our flesh with desire
No man fucks us like to stage on mount Bether
Oh sister mine
The our cunts ache
How do we relieve this tormenting pain**

**Come the first born said
Drunk our father make
That we may go lie with him
And in our wombs preserveth his seed**

**Oh sister mine drink in the beauty his wrinkled face
Feed on his flesh around his cock thy cunt do lace
Kiss deep the lips of the bleached white skin
Suck up his seed till thy cunt is satiated with over feeding**

**Oh sister mine
Feed on him till thou is filled like the earth
Our father is first a man**

Fuck on him till thy cunt bursts like a dam

Oh sister mine

Gorge our lust

Stuff our cunts to fill this empty hole

Clasp his mouth like the Hittite to her love

And in the dark night

The dark cave with dim light

They made their father drunk

Unto his bed the firstborn stole

laying down on him which he did not perceive

And in the morn the firstborn did say

Oh sister mine

Yesterday with our father I did lay

O'er his mouth in the candle light I did lean

On his lips I did kiss as on his cock my cunt did dance

Clasped his aged flesh with my virgin arms

Paroxysms rhythms rent my cunt with spasmodic waves

My scarlet wings of swollen lips

Glistened and gleamed across his wine breath mouth

Into my cunt my rhythms sucked his seed

Upward my muscles snake like rhythms filled my need

Oh my beauteous youth along side his drunken sleep

Heart beat with his aged heart

Oh sister mine

Thy turn

We shall our father maketh drunk

Inward thou shall go with our father lay

And thou canst preserveth his seed what thou say

Oh sister mine

I hast long sought loves lust loving love

To appease my flushing waters passions

To appease my hot cunnies woe

I long to go to that hot bed of love

like to the the arms of some youth with eyes of a dove

limb upon limb father daughter the bed the imprint of each

And in the dark night

The dark cave with dim light

They made their father drunk

Unto his bed the second tborn stole

laying down on him which he did not perceive

Oh sister mine

like the lily to the rose

I rapt my limbs round his limbs so tight

**The virgin lily bent o'er his face
As the bee hovers round the roses lace
Wet with dew my cunt was fired with desire
And hot passions burned my cunny lips
Quivering languid o'er him
My lith form shock with emotion
Drooping my head
My young cunt lips held him tight in our lusty bed
Arm upon arm leg upon leg
My lustful cunt held him close
As my breasts swung against his aged chest
Riding his cock they jiggled and swayed
Riding his cock as the stag mounts his dear on Bether
With rapturous ardor
Lust enflamed
This lily felt no shame
As his seed lay laced along my crimson lips I fucked harder**

**Thus as moon rolled along its monthly course
And his seed did swim to their source
The daughters of lot with child found
As all around Zohar rang the babies sound**

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