

# The Maid Marie

Top a mighty fine horse neath a tree  
Sat a beautiful maid named Marie  
The horse, it took flight  
When given a fright  
The poor maid was left dangling free

'Tween the maid and the tree was a rope  
Which was perilously tight round her throat  
She'd have fought with some pride  
Had her hands not been tied  
So she kicked and she strangled and choked

As the air in her lungs was depleted  
The in burn her loins further heated  
As her tension increased  
She found her release  
Her orgasm then was completed

Now her body hung limp from the tree  
With naught but a twitch still to see  
Then her piss splattered down  
To soak into the ground  
Now dead was the beauty Marie