

GWAR, Abyss Of Woe

After the carnage steam rises through snow
You have been consigned to the Abyss of Woe
My eldritch war-suit is pasted with brains
This empty feeling ' all that remains

RED WITH RAGE

I abide in the pit of woe
Crucified in the Abyss of Woe
And for my crime, this is my time
My unholy'crime

The cycle of torment the pleasure of sin
Licking the lap where my load must begin
I rode a tide of vengeance that could never be denied
Hail the crimson blur ' violence has arrived!

RED WITH RAGE

I abide in the pit of woe
Crucified in the Abyss of Woe
And for my crime, this is my time
My unholy crime

The trail of our campaign attracted great scorn
But we ventured onward through the Tundra of Tor
Soon I had attracted a posse of trolls
Who'd grown fat and sloppy from the roasting of souls'

But we were surrounded at the Valley of Krin
And it was a battle we never could win
But still I hacked madly with my back to a wall
Heeding the horn of my funeral call

The mutilated millions I was born to appall
Heads leap from shoulders as they flock the mall
The Butcher of Bertok, Infernal Throne
Laid waste to usurpers 'till I stood all alone

Ripped out guts
Gouged out eyes
If you kill them
They will die

RED WITH RAGE