

GWAR, Anti-Anti-Christ

I've read these words that are lies about you
I've waited for worlds to die without you
And I will wait no more
Heaping virgins around me
I summon the Oberammergau
The hell-mouth
And I command this maw

To split
And Moloch spit

This cumbersome concept that men call the beast
I desire its head on my wall
My brothers require a feast
Oberammergau

Black Pope now!
The Anti-Christ
Spawn of Satan, the Anti-Christ
Or maybe it's nothing at all
Lost prophecy of the peasant whore

So much lost
So much forgotten
So what'

I choose to be a blasphemer
To bring your kind to heel
Bring forth the beast and cleave him with my steel
Your gilded domes mask perversions
Your mildewed tomes beg for inversion
Black Pope, the hell-mouth spoke
To me it's all the same
Religion is for the weak
A haven for the lame

I WILL CRUSH YOUR ANTI-CHRIST
KILL HIM AND HIS KIND
CRUCIFY THE CRIPPLED
THE DEVIL IS A LIE

Awake, awake, deep Thanetos!
The sea becomes the sky
Dividing with the Sword of Khoz
To purge the Oberammergau

Chronicles defame me
Chemicals inflame me
I was born to rule your world
And none shall ever tame me