GWAR, Battle Lust

I Gaze through the mist at the approaching host My hand finds the hilt of my sword Soon they are sundered their bodies we roast Their leader is hacked, mauled and gored

Battle Lust takes me Demon be damned No way to slake me Die by my hand DIE

Sternums are cloven and skulls they are split Then they are heaped up in piles Monarch of murder the crown seems to fit suffering brings only smiles

Battle Lust takes me Demon be damned No way to slake me Die by my hand DIE

Whirling and hacking i'm bathing my blade
Mutated myrmadon of rage
The howling vortex of hatred i've made
The enemy is still miles away
Addicted to was lust i cant be controlled
The burning blood soon chokes the pyre
Slaughter with frenzy--must eat their souls
dont even pause to perspire (well maybe a little bit)

Let slip the dogs of war!

The foe was fanatic, the battle well fought I split another rib cage the blood is black and hot Volleys rain bodies drop Lungs collapse sinews pop

Is good ya!

Battle lust takes me thrive on your pain Abattiors churning Die in my name DIE

My friend the buzzard he follows my toils My friend the rat grows fat from my spoils My friend the maggot he spawns in your brain My friend or enemy he must die in pain

LUST!