

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!