

GWAR, Blimey

Blimey

At home we're bored
Just got off another shitty tour
Moat filled with flaming pus
Sleazy he won't talk to us
Fondle fish in way illegal
Coffin filled with dirty needles

Blimey, blimey
Waddaya do when you feel like that?
Blimey, blimey, go

Bio-mutant sexy maid
Heave it down the balustrade
We indulge in naughty fun
Give it fish, tell it to run
Sexy's flanks are torn and rent
Slimey's on the rag again

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That's right folks, here in the hall of human hatred
We've got some of your most inspired brethren
Genocidal maniacs books straight into your hearts
We've got Caligula, mad emperor of Rome whose
who carved their way thru the history
purges consumed thousands on his blazing
altar of syphilis. Or how about Giles
Lavallo, medieval crusader of God's will
whose search for the elixir of life led to
the ritual satanic killings of hundreds of
Parisian youth?
Or Julius, religious despot whose slaughter of the intelligensia
Of greatest mass murderers in your sad, yet
Milan gave him the nickname of "The
Warrior Pope" That's right, some of the
vibrant history, are here enshrined
impaled and pumped with agonizing life

Tummys tingle
Tongues a-mingle
Forced extraction
Of corn-choked shingle

Bristling amoeba hole
Madly flailing porno-cow
Matching cunt for every bowl
Get me on the road right now

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Blimey, blimey, go