

GWAR, Sonderkommando

And blundering brightly through the night
Astride the thunderous, flaming trident bike
The choked back years of jeers
Flashing forceful through their peers
Inflicting beastly cheesy beaver bite

[Chorus:]

What would you do?

You'd do your job

Sonderkommando King for a day

Naked infants left alone

Syntho-nipple, pit of stone

Ravaged in an inane grip

Chewing chicken from the lip

Those that survived found a place

With the elders of the race

Tossed upon the heaving brine

Spreading hatred to mankind

Maggot palace, rod of bone

Slave to fetid underloam

Who gibbers at the

Nauseater Fudge-packed, dimple fecal leaper

[chorus]