

# 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]