

# GWAR, Song Of Words

In the keep of Gwar much torment remained  
Despite all the bodies hacked in twain  
So many had died in the viscous campaign  
That the femurs alone made a fine mountain

The master was no longer Gwar's sovereign  
Of wealth and women they had none to gain  
What goal was left for them to attain  
So Oderus did call for conclave

First came Balsac his council was wise  
His war axe gleamed he was a loyal knight  
Plus forty dancing bears he did provide  
Then, first in prowess he stood his lord beside

Beefcake the Mighty his ass was wide  
Brought Eighty laden oxen, he was a good ally  
Jizmak the Gusha, his legion was described  
For many hours he barked at the tribe

But then, timely, the catering arrived  
Booze, drugs, food, 400 mule loads high  
Flattus Maximus this he did supply  
And now the mighty brothers of Gwar did bind

They will to journey and slay without plan  
Bring siege and terror to the cities of man  
Open Oberammergau  
Like hell was a womb, it tore

And from the wound the creatures pour  
Troll, Goblin, Manticore  
Siege machine and armored whore  
there will be battle like never before

The surface world learned of the malice  
Black Pope, ussrper, he saw through the veil  
They plan their defense in the land of the wasted  
Africa, bitter fruit she tasted

Ensign of industry, let it be raised  
There the camp of the Black Pope was placed  
his legions beneath, through the valleys they raced  
Chariots they rode, their skulls were iron plated

Belching fire, freshly painted  
8000 battalions of knights freshly sainted  
But before the fought the were vaccinated  
To protect them from the AIDS that had been created

To continue the reign of the Black Pope unabated  
The people at home got a version G-Rated  
Here Gwar invaded  
Began the violation

The war barges, forecastles swarming  
Disgorging the troops, formations forming  
The low drone, of the horning  
Sounding a call, then a warning

A nuclear salvo where Gwar was encroaching  
Within a second ten legions were toasting  
Balsac said "did iyou feel something"?  
The lord was not boasting

The enemy is vast, steel carpets the terrain  
Still they are forming armor detrain  
They send forth a captain, OJ, by the name  
Flattus struck him in the brain

Burst the helmet made two parts of the mind  
chopped trough his gorget, through chest, into spine  
And the good captians blood flowed like wine  
Flattus said &quot;so ends a cowards time&quot;

Balsac is angry, he'll have no more  
He hurls his axe with greater force  
To smite Regis with terrible force  
his sheild breaks, his hauberk unsews

The axe bursts through the chest and torso  
Bright blood spurts, the guts are loosed by the throw  
and with that axe the soul from body goes  
Said Jizmak &quot;that was a heavy blow&quot;

Beefcake the Mighty dotted with spew  
His sword falls skulls burst in two  
The eyes burst from sockets, he is not through  
Thousands of warriors he does this too

Piling up corpses of those he slew  
until it was hard to tell if the pile grew  
Balsac said &quot;He is a princely lord&quot;  
Said Beefcake &quot;yes it is true&quot;

Jizmak smites, his hammer whirls  
Foreheads explode, entrails whirl  
Breaking open brain-pans as well  
Red blood flowing as souls speed to hell

Oderus smites the Black Pope, exposing the brain  
The blade continued through meat and membrane  
Bright blood flowed in the grass where he was lain  
There ends this tale, that much is plain