

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, usurper, 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 "so ends a cowards time"

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 "that was a heavy blow"

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 "He is a princely lord"
Said Beefcake "yes it is true"

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