

GWAR, Stalin's Organs

They were called Katusyhas, but we called them Stalin's Organs
200 MM devastating fire
When streets hiss, and falling block, kisses desperate flesh
Stukas plunging, as skylines reform
Spreading madness, in the gun factory
Which had become something of a rallying point in the last few days
I can tell they fear us, by the way they fire
We infiltrate, we wade through hip-deep filth
And then we come at them from below

Now that your name has been changed, will any remember your name?
And why was I, so led away?
And what secret laid?
In the blood soaked block
On the fountain made...
Return, return, return