

GWAR, The Apes Of Wrath

The Apes of Wrath!
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Flecked with gore I face you
My hide is writhing with worms
I come from the place where the Flesh Sculptors pile
Wretched creations born of blood and bile

The creatures that lived here
And now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies
Have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence
It hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin
You found out to late

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I am the ruler
The mutilator of dreams
All life falls apart at the seams

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And now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies
Have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence
Hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin, you
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Prepare yourselves for violence
A spinning, flailing mass
Tips are jocked, jaws are clocked, we sit back and laugh
Spitting bloody chicklets, veins are bulging from their throat
The blood fills a moat
You must fight with boats
Trying to express your rage
You must use your fists
Personality dissolves in a
In a red and raging mist

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I am the ruler
Mutilator of dreams
Truth be told, I enjoy the role
Illicitor of screams