GWAR, The Apes Of Wrath

The Apes of Wrath! The Apes of Wrath! The Apes of Wrath!

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

The Apes of Wrath! The Apes of Wrath! The Apes of Wrath!

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

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 Hinges on fate The seal of your coffin, you Found out to late

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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

The Apes of Wrath! The Apes of Wrath!

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