

# GWAR, The Obliteration Of Flab Quarv 7

Y'know, back in outer space we used to drink - a lot  
We used to take all kinds of kick-ass drugs  
And showed blatant disrespect for any authority figures  
Little did we know we were undermining our entire value system...

At that time I was serving in the Masters 3rd Scumdog Legion  
aboard a planetary infection barge, attempting to obey a host of  
confusing orders, but mostly satisfying only our lust for  
slaughter ravingly drunk half the time, I only realized a battle  
had started when I heard the roar of the fleets plasma  
bombardment. Piling into  
our armored assault pods we began our descent to the planets  
pulverized surface. We were met by a flight of primitive  
interceptors which we devastated with soaring blast of nuclear  
hatred, flashing through the debris cloud into the atmosphere  
below.

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On the horizon was the blazing outlines of a bombed city, the  
outlying areas dotted with flaming craters and fleeing refuges  
I vomited out the window and led our battalion on a blazing attack  
on the non-combatants pulpifying their flesh in a rain of sulfuric  
plasma burst. The mass mutilation of a world ensued, with those  
not being fit for slave labor being herded into gigantic flaming  
pits. We laughed as several thousand years of cultural development  
were wiped out in a single blundering instant.

Gorged on guts, gouged out eyes  
Captives fill the breeding hive  
Desecrate their sovereign world  
Bloated, bloody, drunken churl  
Cultures crumble, races die  
Stench of midgets fill the sky  
Smashing skulls with ghastly crunch  
Pretty soon we'll break for lunch

Later, as we flew through deep space  
Ritually disemboweling our victims  
The navigator informed us that we  
Attacked the wrong planet.  
Hehehehehahaha

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