

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 refugees
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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