

# GWAR, The Song Of Words

In the keep of GWAR, much torment remains  
Despite all of the bodies hacked in twain  
So many had died in the viscous campaign  
That their femurs alone made a fine mountain

The Master was no longer GWARs sovereign  
Of wealth and women they had none to gain  
What goal was left for them to attain  
So Oderus did call for conclave

First came Balsac, his council was wise  
His War-Axe gleamed, he was a loyal knight  
Plus 40 dancing bears he did provide  
First in prowess, he stood his lord beside

Beefcake the Mighty, his ass was wide  
Brought 80 laden oxen, he was a good ally  
Jizmak the Gusha, his legion was described  
For many hours he barked at the tribe

But then, timely, the catering arrived  
Booze, drugs, food, 400 hundred mule-loads high  
Flattus Maximus, this he did supply  
And now the mighty brothers of GWAR did bind

They willed to journey and slay without plan  
Bring seige and terror to the cities of man

Open Oberammergau  
Like hell was a womb, it tore

And from the womb the creatures poured  
Troll, goblin, Manticore  
Siege machine and armored whore  
There will be battle like never before

The Surface World learned of the malaise  
Black Pope, usurper, he saw through the veil  
They plan their defense in the land of the wasted  
Africa, bitter fruit she had tasted

Ensign of industry, let it be raised  
There the camp of the Black Pope was placed  
His legions breath, through the valleys the raced  
Charlots they rode, and their skulls were iron-plated

Belching fire, freshly painted  
8000 Battalions of Knights freshly sainted  
But before they fought, they were vaccinated  
To protect them from the AIDS that had been created

To continue the reign o