GWAR, Whargoul

I'm the fucking Whargoul, I'm the ghost of Minas Morgul

I destroyed your life, I raped your wife

I am Whargoul, I am uncool, I am Whargoul

I've been many faces, been many names

Known love and hate until they were the same

I bring ruin, I am Whargoul, am I human?

They think that they know what I know

They think they know what's best

I think that's why they killed me, that's why I joined the SS

In revenge for Malmedy, they used a blowtorch on me

Nice try, Whargoul cannot die

You blow off my arm I laugh at the pain

And after the battle I feast on the slain

Seeking my creator, taking from the strong

Yes, you see I need your strength, so I can kill the wrong

Seeking my creator, taking from the weak

Yes, you see I need you, so I can snuff the meek

Savor the silence - Whargoul

Addicted to violence

They used a bulldozer, to run my ass over

Arms to the sky, 40,000 died, but I survived

I don't care what flag that I choose, I don't care if I win or lose

I don't care if you have to die, just fight without a side, never say die!

Stalingrad 42, became a living tomb

Yes, human souls

Profit for the prophet and the creatures who control

46 I got away, from the horrid thing that I did at Malmedy

And though I gained strength at the time

Still they call for vengeance for the hatred of my crime

Then I tried to drink myself to death

40 years went by, and drunken I was left

And drunk I was when they caught me

Gagged and bagged was right where they got me

Taped to a chair feeling sore

Knowing all the answers to the question I ignore

They burned off my face with a propane torch

Then they blew up my porch

Then I fought against the USA, trapped in a trench till the bulldozers came

Changed sides, and flew the bloody warthog

Highway of death and the day of the dog

And once again, I died alive, sent home in a box but somehow I survived

Maybe you've got my face, I'm the demon of war