

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