

Release the Flies

GWAR

Mount up, rip torn
Launch beast, reborn Torture, release the flies
Your karma is the stench of a thousand whore's thighs
My wrath has emerged from it's bottomless pit
Unto a world drowning in shit and you are it Torture, release the flies
Your dogma's the sheen of a dying man's eyes
A plague to disrupt the intentions of your breeding
The maggot awaits with your corpse I'm feeding

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