

Anti-anti-christ

Gwar

I've read all of these words
That are lies about you
Waited for worlds to die without you
And I will wait no more
Heaping virgins around me
I summon the Oberammergau
The hell-mouth and I command this maw
To split and Moloch spit
This cumbersome concept that men call the beast
I require its head on my wall
My brothers require a feast, Oberammergau
Black Pope now, the anti-christ
Spawn of Satan, the anti-christ
Or maybe, it's nothing at all
Lost prophecy of the peasant whore
So much lost, so much forgotten
So what? I choose to be blasphemer, bring your kind to heel
Bring forth the beast, cleave him with my steel
Your gilded domes, mask perversions
Your mildewed tomes beg for inversion
Black Pope, the hell-mouth spoke
To me, it's all the same
Religion is for the weak, a haven for the lame
I will crush your anti-christ
Kill him and his kind
Crucify the crippled
The devil is a lie
Awake, awake deep Thanetos
The sea becomes the sky
Dividing with the Sword of Khoz
To purge the Oberammergau
Chronicles defame me
Chemicals inflame me
I was born to rule your world
And none shall ever tame me

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