

Where Is Zog?

Gwar

Where is Zog? x8

(Where is Zog?) A grizzled face from the days of my youth

(Where is Zog?) Taught me to behave in a manner uncouth

(Where is Zog?) How to kill child, how to raise dog

Somebody tell me: where the hell is Zog?

(Where is Zog?) Together we dove into oceans of war

(Where is Zog?) Hacking and whacking through trenches of gore

(Where is Zog?) Spewing death and hatred from a golden battle barge

Wherever Zog is living, I'm sure he's living large

On the world Scumdogia I first met General Zog

On his way from burning a Satanic synagogue

Possessions and his captive slaves were part of his great booty

He took them to the Emperor; he always did his duty!

His battle cattle, bloated bleeding, simply put, spectacular!

The lore of war (which he adored) was part of the vernacular

I was one of many who begged to join his collegian

They wouldn't take just anyone unless you were Norwegian

Where is Zog? x8

I mounted the Great Porno Cow

And became a Scumdog

I ritually defiled myself

And signed the captain's log

Finally brought before Zog

He slathered me with piss

Draining his bladder took several years

And not did one drop miss!

And then his eyes fell upon mine

They gave a hellish glow

It wasn't love or hate, you see, it was,

Well, I don't know!

It was hard to win his praise despite each mighty victory

No matter how many I slew he always was a dick to me

Nothing succeeds like success so I got straight to work

Crushing babies torching worlds and acting like a jerk

The war we waged destroyed the suns and left the planets flattened

Simply put, it was the worst thing that has ever happened

And Zog, our leader glorious, sported a great erection

His battle skill notorious, we always took direction

Urgh it's me, Zog!
Uh, you got some space shit on your windshield... (mumbles)
So we searched the stars for you
Your counsel we do crave
We must crush the one called Syn
And make his serfs our slaves
We've crossed the very universe,
Traversed the Great Starfield
To find the one that we call Zog
Is... cleaning... our windshield?
Zog: You got any change? Space change?
Oderus: Balsac! Lock plasma turret on target!
Balsac: Is that, is that an order?
Oderus: Oh, no, no, uh... More like a suggestion.
Balsac: You can't just order me to do things. Just 'cause your'e louder than me doesn't make you the boss.
Oderus: Uh, yeah, but, uh, you know, check it out.
Zog: Do you have any space change?
Balsac: Oh. What's wrong with him?
Oderus: (Sigh) He's fucked.
Zog: Argh! You got any change? Space change?
Oderus: You think maybe you wanna go ahead and, uh, lock that plasma turret on target now?
Zog: Yo! Your windshield needs a squeegee!
Balsac: Yeah, I guess... I guess you're right.
Zog: You got a lot of bird shit all over it!
Balsac: Locking plasma turret. On target.
Oderus: Thank you. Thank you.

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