The Apes Of Wrath

Gwar

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The Apes of WrathFlecked with gore I face you
My hide is writhing with worms
I come from the place where the flesh sculptors pile
Wrenching creations born of blood and bileThe creatures that lived here are now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence, it hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin, you found out too lateThe Apes of Wrath
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The Apes of WrathI am the ruler, the mutilator of dreams
All life falls apart at the seamsThe creatures that lived here are now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence, it hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin, you found out too lateThe Apes of Wrath
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The Apes of WrathPrepare yourselves for violence, a spinning, flailing mass
Tips are jocked, jaws are clocked, we sit back and laugh
Spitting bloody chicklets, veins are bulging from their throat
The blood fills a moat, you must fight with boatsTrying to express your rage, you must use your fists
Personality dissolves in a red and raging mistThe Apes of Wrath, the Apes of Wrath
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