

Womb With A View

Gwar

Fiendish and crude, froosty and lewd
This is the life I have whored myself to
Spackled and battered and smothered and covered
And cleaving and cloven and bitter and blued
Your womb, your breeding sac
Your womb is a membrane I must penetrate
Your womb is a sewer I grunt at the grate
Your womb is a sewer, your womb is manure
But still, I'm worse
My life is a sinkhole egregious and rude
Worm fested and filthy, froosty and lewd
A womb with a view, when one becomes two, fuck you
Never to matter the number of flies
Feasting the flab that bolsters your thighs
Your womb, your breeding hive
Womb with a view, I see you
I was born deep in the void
Raped by millions I soon grew annoyed
Could I somehow elope? Like a molecule in a microscope
So your womb won't become the tomb of our dead baby
Never to matter the number of flies
Lapping the flab that bolsters your thighs
Womb with a view, when one becomes two, fuck you
Your womb is a membrane I must penetrate
Your womb is a sewer I grunt at the grate
Your womb is a sewer, your womb is manure
But still, I'm worse

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