

Techno's Song

Gwar

I'm the walking nightmare with the microchip
like Sunday at the beach!!! Gwar must die!
the cosmic leech--I'll make World War III look
your pain. When it comes to taking life I'm
clear a glass--Now it's broken into shards

I can't comprehend on how you get your thrills
brain--A megaton Bufferin to forever end
kills. The decadence of your lives was just as
I can shove into your assin dicing up worms and making love to road-

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