

Tormentor

Gwar

Tor...
Tormentor...Born into the fog of war
It left a scar
He watched his family turn to sludge
He was appalled, they often areBecause
Here are the skulls of the vanquished
Here are the weapons he used
The more strength you have, the more that he hates you
You must be consumedThis is his story
Festooned with glory
This is history
It's not a sin...
Festooned with finery
You'll find him in the winery
Festooned with filigree
These are the maggots in the wounds...Tor...
He is Tormentor
Mentor...
Tormentor
Attack-or...
He is Attack-or
Tor-men-tor
Tor...Tor...Tor...You must retaliate
He moves
His armor crinkles
Like a ferrous dinosaur
That sound
Is the sound of his armorHere are the skulls of the vanquished
Here are the weapons he used
The stronger you are, the more that he hates you
You will be consumedFestooned with filigree
This is history
This is his story
An allegoryTor...
He is Tormentor
Mentor...
Tormentor
Attack-or...
He is Attack-or

Tor-men-tor

Tor...Tor...Tor...It is said he once cracked a smile

It was said his blood was made of bile

It is said his thews are mighty

It is said his views are righty

His loins heave with sapTormentor...

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