

The Master Has A Butt

Gwar

I'm thinking I was once a baby
Birthed deep within the master's bowels
Shat across the Cosmos, banished to this mudball

But I crave vengeance, I'm not throwing in the towel
Well, I said I'm sorry but you slapped me back down
I'm just a Sunday morning turd coming down

Stare into the inky blackness I swear I think you'll find him there

With over grown cuticles, and an Asteroid Belt, I said now, sonny
De does not give a damn, well, I'm a real bad mama

A real bad man I like to spend a lot of time on the can
I had a little something to eat last night

It's not alright, the master has a butt
Well, we fucked up the tablet and the master heard the sound
A little birdie told me he's coming back around

His hideous wisdom calls for my death
There'll be nothing left, except a butt
Daddy, tells me to bend over
Whips your buttocks with a strap
Bails my ass out of reform school

Then he goes and takes a nap
Well I said that I was sorry but I couldn't make you care
If I could stop shitting then I'd change my underwear
If I can't kill the master then I'll have to get a job
I'm a fuckin' slob, the master has a butt

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