

# 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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