Beauteous Rot

GWAR

Beauteous rot!Legions of sex slaves have flocked in my calls
You are the most grotesque of them all
Warts and protrusions the beg for the grave
Ironic, bubonic, pimpled and shaved
The live to gobble the puss form my warts
I live to spread my disease at each port
Distribute knob-cheese like some soup della-mortRot!You are born in the most disgusting of ways
Some become cripples, some become gay
Others spend their money trying to become that way
You think you are beautiful but what the hell is that
I find beauty in rolls of sweaty fat
It's not your complexion
That gives me an erection
OH NO
Your beauty makes me sick
I'd rather fuck a troll
Kick you in the head
Vomit in the holeFace turns to snot
You used to be hot
Beauty is Rot
You spend hours smearing cream on your face
What you need is to be hit with a mace
Tied to a horse and get dragged through the streets
Hung by the heels and pelted with beltsBut still you are smearing cream on your face
What you need is to be reduced to paste
Wander the countryside blind in one eye
Sucking the dicks of dead dogs to surviveWho decides what is beautiful?
Nobody but you
I find fascination as your guts are turned to stew
Forever titillating
A pile of rotting feet
All you are is brains and bones
A sack of rancid meatYeah yeah yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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