The Song Of Words

Gwar

In the keep of GWAR, much torment remains
Despite of the bodies hacked in twain
So many had died in the viscous campaign
That their femurs alone made a fine mountain
The master was no longer GWAR's sovereign
Of wealth and women, they had none to gain
What goal was left for them to attain
So Oderus did call for conclave
First came Balsac, his council was wise
His war-ax gleamed, he was a loyal knight
Plus 40 dancing bears, he did provide
First in prowess, he stood his lord beside
Beefcake, the mighty, his ass was wide
Brought 80 laden oxen, he was a good ally
Jizmak Da Gusha, his legion was described
For many hours he barked at the tribe
But then timely, the catering arrived
Booze, drugs, food, 400 hundred mule-loads high
Flattus Maximus, this he did supply
And now the mighty brothers of GWAR did bind
They willed to journey and slay without plan
Bring siege and terror to the cities of man
Open Oberammergau
Like hell was a womb, it tore
And from the womb the creatures poured
Troll, goblin, manticore
Siege machine and armored whore
There will be battle like never before
The surface world learned of the malaise
Black pope, usurper, he saw through the veil
They plan their defense in the land of the wasted
Africa, bitter fruit she'd tasted
Ensign of industry, let it be raised
There the camp of the black pope was placed
His legions, through the valleys they raced
Chariots they rode, their skulls were iron-plated
Belching fire, freshly painted
8000 battalions of knights freshly sainted
But before they fought, they were vaccinated

To protect them from the AIDS that had been created
To continue the reign of black pope unabated
The people at home got a version G-rated
Here the GWAR invaded
Began the violation
The war barges, forecastles swarming
Disgorging the troops, formations forming
The low drone of the horning
Sounding out a call, then a warning
A nuclear salvo where GWAR was encroaching
Within a second 10 legions were toasting
Balsac said, "Did you feel something?"
The lord was not boasting
The enemy is vast, steel carpets the terrain
Still they are forming, armored and trained
They send forth a captain, OJ by name
Flattus struck him in the brain
Burst the helmet, made two parts of the mind
Chopped through his gorget, through chest into spine
And so, OJ's blood flows like wine
Flattus said, "So ends a cowards time"
Balsac is angry, he'll have no more
He hurls his ax with great effort
To smite Regis with terrible force
His shield breaks, his hauberk unsews
The ax bursts through the chest and torso
Bright blood spurts, guts are loosed by the throw
And with that ax the soul from body goes
Said Jizmak, "That was a heavy blow"
Beefcake, the mighty, clotted with spew
His sword falls, skulls burst in two
Eyes burst from sockets, he is not through
Thousands of warriors, he does this to
Piling up the corpses of those that he slew
Until it was hard to tell if the pile grew
Balsac said, "He is a princely lord"
Said beefcake, "Yes, it's true"
Jizmak smites, his hammer whirls
Foreheads explode, entrails twirl
Breaking open brain-pans as well
Red blood flowing as souls speed to hell
Oderus smites the black pope, exposing the brain
The blade continued through meat and membrane
Bright blood flowed in the grass where he was lain
Here ends this tale, that much is plain

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