

# 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 Gussha, 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, manticores  
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 GVAR 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 GVAR 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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