

Storm Is Coming

GWAR

Storm, storm is coming
Storm, storm is coming The death camps are growing
Like mushrooms through dew
But this time the murdered
Are not only Jews
We kill every species
Not just one or two You'll go in the pit
And then you'll be reborn
You won't feel the cold
And you'll never get warm
And then you will take
Your place in the storm Because storm, storm is coming
Storm, storm is coming You may wonder
Why I create these creatures
Big on stench
But short on redeeming features
I'll tell you if you meet me
Under the bleachers Syn, he is broken
The master is vanquished
We've got a Skumship
No need to be banished
The cosmo's a buffet
And I'm fucking famished I need an army to lead into battle
And rape the elderly, drive them like cattle
We're killing you to come along
Well, our undead host is now six billion strong Because storm, storm is coming
Storm, storm is coming
Storm, storm is coming
Storm, storm is coming There's a storm coming
And you're gonna fucking die
Ascend to space, the Skumdog ships
Infested with the dead Commander Adama is now on the bridge
He has no fucking head
Black void, Sorgo, destroyer
Ruined hulks lay burnt and broken
These are the war dogs of Nebulon
These dogs created for war Storm, storm, storm, storm
Storm is coming, storm is coming
Storm, storm, storm, storm

Storm is coming, storm is comingStorm, storm, storm, storm
Storm is coming, storm is coming
Storm, storm, storm, storm
Storm is coming, storm is comingBlack void, overload
Crest the solar filth
Bringing fire from all quarters
Release the dogs of NebulonArray the host, the Nekro-Swarm
Armored, gleaming humanoid
The chittering mass fills our sensor screen
Drive them back to the voidSlaughter, the cosmos scrubbed clean
Power like none that I'd seen
GWAR, destroyers simply super
The usurped becomes your supperBattle madness, always spilling
Crackling chaos, always killing
Zombie troopers rape the old
Corpses float in zero GWe are the Scumdog Soldiers
This is how we make war
Not happy just slaughtering species
The planet is clove to the coreSometimes these hideous memories
Bring tears of joy to my scabby face
We are the Scumdogs and this is our war
'Til we burn the last world and kill the last raceLast race

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