

Vlad the Impaler

GWAR

Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a sailor but he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a Whaler
Could have been a Tailor,
He turned out to be Norman MailerWhooooooooooooooooHe stepped back and he smoked a joint
Twenty thousand peasants had to get the point
Mommy was a hamster, Daddy was a jailer
Real tough childhood for such a fucking failure!He's so glad he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a sailor but he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a Tailor
Could have been a Whaler,
He turned out to be Norman MailerWhoooooooooooooooo
V-L-A-D Vlad!When he was a boy, they sent him to the Turks
But you know they didn't like him because all the Turks were jerks
When Vlad returned home his wrath for his ancient foe had spurned
But the ancient art of impalement was something that the boy had learned
Oh, how he learned
He learned, they burned and burned and burned
Rotisseries of corpses turned
Oh he's so glad,
He's so glad he's Vlad!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>