

War Party

GWAR

I hear your piteous shrieking
In this land of death
And boils and bees and RPG's
And piles of prisoners masturbated on
Now, you are on fire
You curse the choice you made
Your Humvee a pyre your life to expire
Your face and a name and a corpse that's bathed in flames
Come, join the War Party
And see exotic lands
Your blood has stained the desert sands
I hear your body burning
A piping and piteous sound
The crows tears apart your corpse
After the flames have gone down
You're dragged through the streets
With a chain around your neck
Hung from a bridge on the outskirts of town
They never find your head
Come, join the War Party
And see exotic lands
Your blood has stained the desert sands
Your blood is running through your hands
Still, you expect pity
And you shall receive none
Why did death come hard for you?
You gave it to some
You joined the War Party
Your purpose was clear
You did your job with skill, you raped and you killed
Why so surprised that you finally got billed?
You put the gun to your shoulder
You put lead through a brain
You left bodies to molder
You spread havoc and pain
They will call you a hero
I call you an ignorant slave
Because before you died you acted surprised
So, soon you were shown to your grave
Come, join the War Party
And see exotic lands
Your blood has stained the desert sands
Your blood is running through your hands
All men die
So, don't ask why
What the fuck else did you think you were for?
You were made to decay
It's better that way
This is the price of your war

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