

Where Is Zog?

GWAR

Where is Zog? x8(Where is Zog?) A grizzled face from the days of my youth
(Where is Zog?) Taught me to behave in a manner uncouth
(Where is Zog?) How to kill child, how to raise dog
Somebody tell me: where the hell is Zog?(Where is Zog?) Together we dove into oceans of war
(Where is Zog?) Hacking and whacking through trenches of gore
(Where is Zog?) Spewing death and hatred from a golden battle barge
Wherever Zog is living, I'm sure he's living large On the world Scumdogia I first met General Zog
On his way from burning a Satanic synagogue
Possessions and his captive slaves were part of his great booty
He took them to the Emperor; he always did his duty! His battle cattle, bloated bleeding, simply put, spectacular!
The lore of war (which he adored) was part of the vernacular
I was one of many who begged to join his collegian
They wouldn't take just anyone unless you were Norwegian Where is Zog? x8I mounted the Great Porno Cow
And became a Scumdog
I ritually defiled myself
And signed the captain's log Finally brought before Zog
He slathered me with piss
Draining his bladder took several years
And not did one drop miss! And then his eyes fell upon mine
They gave a hellish glow
It wasn't love or hate, you see, it was,
Well, I don't know! It was hard to win his praise despite each mighty victory
No matter how many I slew he always was a dick to me
Nothing succeeds like success so I got straight to work
Crushing babies torching worlds and acting like a jerk The war we waged destroyed the suns and left the planets
flattened
Simply put, it was the worst thing that has ever happened
And Zog, our leader glorious, sported a great erection
His battle skill notorious, we always took direction Urgh it's me, Zog!
Uh, you got some space shit on your windshield... (mumbles) So we searched the stars for you
Your counsel we do crave
We must crush the one called Syn
And make his serfs our slaves We've crossed the very universe,
Traversed the Great Starfield
To find the one that we call Zog
Is... cleaning... our windshield? Zog: You got any change? Space change?
Oderus: Balsac! Lock plasma turret on target!
Balsac: Is that, is that an order?
Oderus: Oh, no, no, uh... More like a suggestion.

Balsac: You can't just order me to do things. Just 'cause you're louder than me doesn't make you the boss.

Oderus: Uh, yeah, but, uh, you know, check it out.

Zog: Do you have any space change?

Balsac: Oh. What's wrong with him?

Oderus: (Sigh) He's fucked.

Zog: Argh! You got any change? Space change?

Oderus: You think maybe you wanna go ahead and, uh, lock that plasma turret on target now?

Zog: Yo! Your windshield needs a squeegee!

Balsac: Yeah, I guess... I guess you're right.

Zog: You got a lot of bird shit all over it!

Balsac: Locking plasma turret. On target.

Oderus: Thank you. Thank you.

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