

# Abyss Of Woe

## Gwar

After the carnage steam rises through snow  
You have been consigned to the abyss of woe  
My eldritch war-suit is pasted with brains  
This empty feeling is all that remains(Red with rage)  
I abide in the pit of woe  
(Red with rage)  
Crucified in the abyss of woe(Red with rage)  
And for my crime  
This is my time  
My unholy crimeThe cycle of torment, the pleasure of sin  
Licking the lap where my load must begin  
I rode a tide of vengeance that could never be denied  
Hail the crimson blur, violence has arrived(Red with rage)  
I abide in the pit of woe  
(Red with rage)  
Crucified in the abyss of woe(Red with rage)  
For my crime  
This is my time  
My unholy crimeThe trail of our campaign attracted great scorn  
But we ventured onward through the Tundra of Tor  
Soon I had attracted a posse of trolls  
Who's grown fat and sloppy from the roasting of soulsBut we were surrounded at the valley of Krin  
And it was a battle, we never could win  
But still I hacked madly with my back to a wall  
Heeding the horn of my funeral callThe mutilated millions I was born to appall  
Heads leap from shoulders as they flock to the mall  
The butcher of Bertok, infernal throne  
Laid waste to usurpers till I stood all aloneRipped out guts  
Gouged out eyes  
If you kill them  
They will dieRed with rage

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