

The Apes of Wrath

GWAR

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The Apes of Wrath Flecked with gore I face you
My hide is writhing with worms
I come from the place where the flesh sculptors pile
Wrenching creations born of blood and bile The creatures that lived here are now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence, it hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin, you found out too late The Apes of Wrath
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The Apes of Wrath I am the ruler, the mutilator of dreams
All life falls apart at the seams The creatures that lived here are now held in our thrall
The mayor and his cronies have been nailed to the wall
This pattern of violence, it hinges on fate
The seal of your coffin, you found out too late The Apes of Wrath
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The Apes of Wrath Prepare yourselves for violence, a spinning, flailing mass
Tips are jocked, jaws are clocked, we sit back and laugh
Spitting bloody chicklets, veins are bulging from their throat
The blood fills a moat, you must fight with boats Trying to express your rage, you must use your fists
Personality dissolves in a red and raging mist The Apes of Wrath, the Apes of Wrath
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