

GWAR, Gor-Gor

Gor-Gor
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Gor-Gor comes and sirens wail
Mournful drone of babbling fail
Thunderous gnashing firestorm
Flames illuminate his form

Gor-Gor comes and you must die
Swats F-16s from the sky
Admit you crave the gift he brings you
Fall worship tyrant king

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Sow pestilent hate
It shall obliterate
The shadows of your long dead brothers
And all the mutilated others

Who died in waves, uniform
To appease your bloodied hulking form
Who broke through layers of moletn strata
To make the planet earth errata

Take the chuld in champing jaws
A pulping pile of frothing flaws
This horrid mass shall give us pause
At putrid rot fills gaping maws

Skulls are smashed and bones are bending
Joints are popping, our claws are rending
Groveling, sniveling, driveling horde
To worship scaly overlord

Gor-Gor, big
Gor-Gor, big
Gor-Gor, big
Gor-Gor, big

Apocalypse becomes creation
Gor-Gor shall erase the nation
Before you jump into his gizzard
Fall and worship tyrant lizard

Gor-Gor comes and you must die
He swats the stealth down from the sky
Admit you crave the gift he brings you

Fall and worship tyrant king you

My son
My bastard son

Gor-Gor
Gor-Gor
Gor-Gor

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Gor-Gor

Gor-Gor