

# 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  
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Gor-Gor