

# GWAR, The Obliteration Of Flab Quarv 7

(Background words spoken by BalSac The Jaws Of Death)

Y'know, back in outer space we used to drink -  
a lot We used to take all kinds of kick-ass drugs  
And showed blatant disrespect for any authority figures  
Little did we know we were undermining our entire value system...  
At that time I was serving in the Masters 3rd Scumdog Legion  
aboard a planetary infection barge,  
attempting to obey a host of confusing orders,  
but mostly satisfying only our lust for slaughter ravingly drunk half the time,  
I only realized a battle had started  
when I heard the roar of the fleets plasma bombardment.  
Piling into our armored assault pods we began our descent  
to the planets pulverized surface.  
We were met by a flight of primitive interceptors  
which we devastated with soaring blast of nuclear hatred,  
flashing through the debris cloud into the atmosphere below.  
The obliteration of Flab Quarv 7 On the horizon was the blazing outlines  
of a bombed city, the outlying areas dotted with flaming craters  
and fleeing refuges I vomited out the window and led our battalion  
on a blazing attack on the non-combatants pulpifying their flesh  
in a rain of sulfuric plasma burst.

The mass mutilation of a world ensued,  
with those not being fit for slave labor being herded  
into gigantic flaming pits.

We laughed as several thousand years  
of cultural development were wiped out  
in a single blundering instant.

Gorged on guts, gouged out eyes

Captives fill the breeding hive

Desecrate their sovereign world

Bloated, bloody, drunken churl

Cultures crumble, races die

Stench of midgets fill the sky

Smashing skulls with ghastly crunch

Pretty soon we'll break for lunch

Later, as we flew through deep space

Ritually disemboweling our victims

The navigator informed us that we

Attacked the wrong planet.

Hehehehehahaha

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