

Pure as the arctic Snow

GWAR

Long ago--We lay frozen deep in snow. It
was nice--suspended in the endless ice. Time
flew by--Worlds did weep and kingdoms
died. But still we slept--knowing that
destiny crept. The planets aligned--
No longer--No longer confined--The humans--
so blind--Your race is--of a futile kind.
As pure as the Arctic snow! Whoa!!
And now we stand--Helm on head and
sword in hand--Or righteous wrath--
cleave through your ranks a bloody
path--Your system--sucks!! Your cities
stink, your world is fucked. So come
to us--or you'll drown in a sea of pus!!
Drown in pus!!!