

Release the Flies

GWAR

Mount up
Rip torn
Launch beast
Reborn

TORTURE, release the flies.
Your karma is the stench of a thousand whore's thighs.
My wrath has emerged from it's bottomless pit.
Unto a world drowning in shit.
And you are it.

TORTURE, release the flies.
Your dogma's the sheen of a dying man's eyes.
A plague to disrupt the intentions of your breeding.
The maggot awaits with your corpse I'm feeding.