

Sonderkommando

GWAR

I'm blundering brightly through the night
Astride the thunderous, flaming trident bike
They choked back years of jeers
Flashing forceful through their peers
Inflicting beastly cheesy beaver bite

What would you do?
You'd do your job
Sonderkommando
King for a day

What would you do?

Naked infants left alone
Syntho-nipple, pit of stone
Ravaged in an inane grip
Chewing chicken from the lip

Those that survived found a place
With the elders of the race
Tossed upon the heaving brine
Spreading hatred to mankind

Maggot palace, rod of bone
Slave to fetid underloam
Who gibbers at the nauseater
Fudge-packed, dimple fecal leaper

What would you do?
You'd do your job
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