

# The Apes of Wrath

GWAR

The Apes of Wrath!  
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Flecked with gore I face you  
My hide is writhing with worms  
I come from the place where the Flesh Sculptors pile  
Wretched creations born of blood and bile

The creatures that lived here  
And now held in our thrall  
The mayor and his cronies  
Have been nailed to the wall  
This pattern of violence  
It hinges on fate  
The seal of your coffin  
You found out to late

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I am the ruler  
The mutilator of dreams  
All life falls apart at the seams

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And now held in our thrall  
The mayor and his cronies  
Have been nailed to the wall  
This pattern of violence  
Hinges on fate  
The seal of your coffin, you  
Found out to late

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Prepare yourselves for violence  
A spinning, flailing mass  
Tips are jocked, jaws are clocked, we sit back and laugh  
Spitting bloody chicklets, veins are bulging from their throat  
The blood fills a moat  
You must fight with boats  
Trying to express your rage  
You must use your fists  
Personality dissolves in a  
In a red and raging mist

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I am the ruler  
Mutilator of dreams

Truth be told, I enjoy the role  
Illicitor of screams