

The Reaganator

GWAR

Deep beneath the bowels of the skill house
Where the bones of crusaders are hidden in walls
The shin of Saladin, a goblet made from Blackbeard's chin
The prick of Christ, Hitler's ball

The body of Reagan lies there enshrined
Pulsating as steel and flesh are entwined
Peering through the necro-scope, the Spypriest unseen
The soul of Reagen is found through it's dreams
Spirit-racked, tormented, un-dead and unclean
The will of Reagan drives your nation's latest war-machine

Bristling with rocket pods, Gatling guns and cannon
The latest in technology to slay the foes of Mammon
The Reaganator and the U.S.A.
We'll kill anything that gets in our way
We're greatest country, so you have to die, that's why

So Ronnie went to Cuba, locked on to ole' Fidel
Put a missile through his window, filled up the place he'd left
in hell
After that he thought he might just take on the whole world
And leave a bloody pothole where the stars and bars could be un
furled

But there was one flaw that was in the design
It was so bad that he had to resign
The Reaganator used fossil fuel, some people never learn
And for this lack of vision your country will fucking burn
You see the Reaganator lying flat on his ass?
Quite simply he ran out of gas