

The Song of Words

GWAR

In the fortress of GWAR, much torment does remain
Despite all of the bodies that had been hacked in twain
So many had died in the viscous campaign
That their femurs alone made a fine mountain

The Master was no longer GWAR's sovereign
Of wealth and women they had none to gain
What goal was left for them to attain
So Oderus did call for conclave

First came Balsac, his council was wise
His War-Axe gleamed, he was a loyal knight
Plus 40 dancing bears he did provide
Then, first in prowess, he stood his lord beside

Beefcake the Mighty, his ass was wide
Brought 80 laden oxen, he was a good ally
Jizmak the Gussha, his legion was described
For many hours he barked at the tribe

But then, timely, the catering arrived
Booze, drugs, food, 400 hundred mule-loads high
Flattus Maximus, this he did supply
And now the mighty brothers of GWAR did band

They will to journey and slay without plan
Bring sledge and terror to the cities of man
Open Oberammergau
Like hell was a womb, it tore

And from the womb the creatures poured
Troll, goblin, Manticore
Siege machine and armored whore
There will be battle like never before

The Surface World learned of the malaise
Black Pope, usurper, he saw through the veil
They plan their defense in the land of the wasted
Africa, bitter fruit she had tasted

Ensign of industry, let it be raised
There the camp of the Black Pope was placed
His legions breath, through the valleys the raced
Charlots they rode, and their skulls were iron-plated

Belching fire, freshly painted
8000 Battalions of Knights freshly sainted
But before they fought, they were vaccinated
To protect them from the AIDS that had been created

To continue the reign of Black Pope unabated
The people at home, got a version G-rated
Here the GWAR invaded
Began the violation

The War Barges, forecastles swarming
Disgorging the troops, formations forming

The low drone of the horning
Sounding out a call, then a warning

A nuclear salvo where GVAR was encroaching
Within a second 10 legions were toasting
Balsac said, "Did you feel something?"
The Lord was not boasting

The enemy is vast, steel carpets the terrain
Still they are forming, armors detrain
They send forth a Captain, OJ by name
Flattus struck him in the brain

Burst the helmet, made two parts of the mind
Chopped through his gorget, through chest, into spine
And the good captains blood flowed like wine
Flattus said, "So ends a cowards time."

Balsac is angry, he'll have no more
He hurls his axe, with great effort
To smite Regis with terrible force
His shield breaks, his hauberk unsews

The axe bursts through his chest and torso
Bright blood spurts, the guts are loosed by the throw
And with that axe the soul from body goes
Said Jizmak, "That was a heavy blow."

Beefcake the Mighty, clotted with spew
His sword falls, skulls burst in two
The eyes burst from sockets, he is not through
Thousands of warriors he does this to

Piling up the corpses of those he slew
Until it was hard to tell if the pile grew
Balsac said, "He is a princely lord"
Said Beefcake, "Yes, it's true."

Jizmak smites, his hammer whirls
Foreheads explode, entrails twirl
Breaking open brain-pans as well
Red blood flowing as souls speed to hell

Oderus smites the Black Pope, exposing his brain
The blade continued through meat and membrane
Bright blood flowed in the grass where he was lain
Here ends this tale, that much is plain