

In the beginning  
We could hang with the dude  
But it's been too much of nothing  
Of that stank attitude  
Now they curse your name  
And there's a bounty on your face  
It's your own fault daddy  
Godwhacker's on the case

We track your almighty ass  
Through seven heaven-worlds  
Me, Slinky Redfoot  
And our trusty angel-girls  
And when the stars bleed out  
That be the fever of the chase  
You better get gone poppie  
Godwhacker's on the case

Be very very quiet  
Clock everything you see  
Little things might matter later  
At the start of the end of history

Climb up the glacier  
Across bridges of light  
We sniff you, Big Tiger  
In the forest of the night  
Cause there's no escape  
From the Rajahs of Erase  
You better run run run  
Godwhacker's on the case

Be very very quiet  
Clock everything you see  
Little things might matter later  
At the start of the end of history

Yes we are the Godwhackers  
Who rip and chop and slice  
For crimes beyond imagining  
It's time to pay the price  
You better step back son  
Give the man some whackin' space  
You know this might get messy  
Godwhacker's on the case