

Aardvarks

"The Battle Hymn Of The Eristocracy"

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Mine brain has meditated on the spinning of The Chao:
It is hovering o'er the table where the Chiefs of Staff
are now
Gathered in discussion of the dropping of The Bomb;
Her Apple Corps is strong!

Grand and gory Old Discordja!
Her Apple Corps is strong!

Ewige Blumenkraft und Fliegende Kinderscheisse!

She was not invited to the party that they held on Limbo
Peak;
So She threw a Golden Apple, 'stead of turned the
other cheek!
O it cracked the Holy Punchbowl and it made the nectar
leak;
Her Apple Corps is strong!

Grand and gory Old Discordja!
Her Apple Corps is strong!

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