

Gwar "Abyss Of Woe"

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After the carnage steam rises through snow
You have been consigned to the abyss of woe
My eldritch war-suit is pasted with brains
This empty feeling is all that remains

(Red with rage)
I abide in the pit of woe
(Red with rage)
Crucified in the abyss of woe

(Red with rage)
And for my crime
This is my time
My unholy crime

The cycle of torment, the pleasure of sin
Licking the lap where my load must begin
I rode a tide of vengeance that could never be denied
Hail the crimson blur, violence has arrived

(Red with rage)
I abide in the pit of woe
(Red with rage)
Crucified in the abyss of woe

(Red with rage)
For my crime
This is my time
My unholy crime

The trail of our campaign attracted great scorn
But we ventured onward through the Tundra of Tor
Soon I had attracted a posse of trolls
Who's grown fat and sloppy from the roasting of souls

But we were surrounded at the valley of Krin
And it was a battle, we never could win
But still I hacked madly with my back to a wall
Heeding the horn of my funeral call

The mutilated millions I was born to appall
Heads leap from shoulders as they flock to the mall

The butcher of Bertok, infernal throne
Laid waste to usurpers till I stood all alone

Ripped out guts
Gouged out eyes
If you kill them
They will die

Red with rage

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