

Gwar "Battle Lust"

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I gaze through the mist at the approaching host
My hand finds the hilt of my sword
Soon they are sundered, their bodies we roast
Their leader is hacked, mauled and gored

Battle lust takes me
Demon be damned
No way to slake me
Die by my hand
DIE

Sternum's are cloven and skulls they are split
They then are heaped up in piles
Monarch of murder, the crown seems to fit
Suffering brings only smiles...

Battle lust takes me
Demon be damned
No way to slake me
Die by my hand
DIE

Whirling and hacking I'm bathing my blade
Mutated myrmidon of rage
The howling vortex of the hatred I've made
The enemy is still miles away
Addicted to war lust I can't be controlled

The burning blood soon chokes the pyre
Slaughter with frenzy - must eat their souls
Don't even pause to perspire (well, maybe just a little
bit)

Let slip the dogs of war!

The foe was fanatic, the battle well fought
I split another rib cage, the blood is black and hot
Volleys rain, bodies drop
Lungs collapse, sinews pop

Is good ya!

Battle lust takes me
Thrive on your pain
Abattoirs churning
Die in my name
DIE

My friend the buzzard he follows my toils
My friend the rat grows fat from my spoils
My friend the maggot he spawns in your brain
My friend or enemy, all shall die in pain

LUST!

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