

## Gwar "Beauteous Rot"

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Beauty is rot!

Legions of sex slaves have flocked in my calls  
You are the most grotesque of them all  
Warts and protrusions the beg for the grave  
Ironic, bubonic, pimped and shaved

The live to gobble the puss form my warts  
I live to spread my disease at each port  
Distribute knob-cheese like some soup Dellamort  
Rot!

You are born in the most disgusting of ways  
Some become cripples, some become gay  
Others spend their money  
Trying to become that way

You think you are beautiful but what the hell is that  
I find beauty in rolls of sweaty fat  
It's not your complexion that gives me an erection, oh  
no

Your beauty makes me sick  
I'd rather fuck a troll  
Kick you in the head  
Vomit in the hole

Face turns to snot  
You used to be hot  
Beauty is rot

You spend hours smearing cream on your face  
What you need is to be hit with a mace  
Tied to a horse and get dragged through the streets  
Hung by the heels and pelted with belts

But still you are smearing cream on your face  
What you need is to be reduced to paste  
Wander the countryside blind in one eye  
Sucking the dicks of dead dogs to survive

Who decides what is beautiful? Nobody but you

I find fascination as your guts are turned to stew

Forever titillating  
A pile of rotting feet  
All you are is brains and bones  
A sack of rancid meat

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

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