

## Gwar

# "Escape From The Mooselodge"

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GWAR, the once mighty  
Scumdogs of the Universe wallow in the filth that their  
lives have become.  
Drug addicted, riddled with disease  
They're not dogs, they're just scum...  
Could they get a chance to change their fate  
Destroy the things they've come to love with hate  
Only time will tell...  
I'm sick of this damn planet and the sluts and the  
booze,  
I'd like to kill the Master, and start turning the screws  
The sins of this planet have long since grown stale  
We need to kill on a galactic scale  
Forsaken by their cosmic master,  
GWAR constantly schemes  
For a way to escape Earth, realize their twisted dreams  
Old men fly into space, GWAR cannot...  
This re-occurring pattern of failure  
Has fucked with them a lot  
Get me the hell out of Dodge I'll turn in my card at the  
Moose Lodge  
But first let me settle my account at  
Blockbuster and bid fond adieu to my friend General  
Custer...  
I scream to the heavens to split open wide and let loose  
a torrent  
of death's ghastly tide  
The power of Chaos, there's no reason why  
We need a way to make everybody die...  
The ancient legend of "The TimeBomb",

an alien device which supposedly chronicled all time's  
events  
from the beginning-to the end.  
If it could be deciphered by our bum, bling anti-heroes,  
then the end of the world would come.  
As to what this has to do with anything, I'm not really  
sure...  
Out there the power is growing and it's growing fast  
Here the only thing growing is my big fat ass.  
Sales are dropping, riffs are slopping  
Can you smell the zits I'm popping

What the hell can we do?  
We've done it all,  
I've humped god's nose  
I've reeked of booze...  
I've cancelled shows  
Became everything that I despised And my own hell I  
recognize  
But there's just so many little bohabs and they're  
always crowding  
around begging me to suckle them and tie their  
mothers down  
I will kill their girlfriends,  
I will smoke their crack I become the pimp-daddy,  
I become the Mack  
But everyday I'm doing I'm dying deep inside  
But I'm gonna tell ya something gonna give ya back  
your pride  
So here's a little thought that I had the other day  
If we could blow the planet up  
We could just float away

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