

## Gwar "Slaughterama"

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GWAR

From the Album Scumdogs of the Universe  
Slaughterama

With a battle-cry go forth  
Which is "give the people what they want"  
And what the people want could only be the senseless  
slaughter  
Of the gutter-slime which litters this nation for cash and  
prizes  
Yes, this is the show where people bet their lives to win  
something big

'Cause when your life is shit, then you haven't got much  
to lose  
On Slaughterama...

This next geek is guilty of the following:  
A grateful dead life in which he's been wallowing  
Tried to tell us, "Give peace a chance"  
Met the National Guard and you shit in your pants  
It's not your imagination, it's not a bad tripping  
Yes, that's it: it's a big, smelly hippy

Hello Mr. Hippy, nice to meet ya'  
Hey, you got a little shit between your toes  
So, how are things at the ol' manure factory?  
What, she grew another head?  
How's little Tofu?  
Well, ya gotta lay off that LSD, ya know  
Kinda makes your offspring goofy looking

So, how do you hide money from a hippy?  
Put it under the soap!

Your gonna have to put your mouth on this  
I'm sorry, but that answer wasn't in time  
Oh, I blew your head clean off  
Good thing I was such an expert shot  
With the National Guard back at Kent State  
There's nothing like hippy hunting  
I bagged four that day

My dad always used to take me along with Lee Harvey  
Oswald

All right, we're rockin' now!

World's highest hair, world's tightest pants  
Got no circulation but you still can dance  
Fashion is a statement, sometimes a risk  
Every fashion had it's faults but yours is the pits  
Always in black, looks like he's dead  
Here's the Art Fag lying on his death bed  
Hello, Mr. Art Fag, c'mon out here

Say, whatta hair do  
As big as the...the...the Hindenburg  
Why it's awfully big  
And it'd probably go up just as fast if I put this lighter to  
it

But no, I'm gonna' hold out and ask you this question  
What ever happened to Eddie Munster?  
I'm lookin' at him!

Oh, Oderus, help the boy with his hairdo, there  
Ooo! It's getting ripped off!  
Ow! Ya' know that's gotta hurt!  
Is that a facelift?  
What on the other side of his face?  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Whoa! He's torn that face clean off!  
Help that sod outta' here

Gave up pussy, stopped doing toot  
Now ya' can't wait to kiss him on the boot  
Elbows and knuckles all you know how  
Follow the herd, just another cow  
Brain full of shit, boots full of lead  
Straight from Hitler's ass, it's the Nazi skin-head

Hello, Mr. Nazi Skin-head, how ya' doin'  
How's Geraldo's nose? Still broken?  
Well, it's good to see you're still on the job.  
You know, when you're mugging talk-show  
commentators in bathrooms  
Always remember to draw the swastikas turning to the  
right

Not to the left, always to the right.  
Hey, why do Nazi skin-heads wear red suspenders  
anyways?  
He doesn't have to tell you!

Time to give this Nazi skin-head one more haircut  
Real close to the shoulders like  
Whoa! His head's been decapitated  
Look at all that P.S.I. in his aorta artery  
Whoa! Is he a gusher or what?

A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Well everybody, that's all for this week  
We've killed everybody that's worth killing  
Hope you do the same  
We'll be back next week with another edition of

Slaughterama, Slaughterama, Slaughterama  
It's a drama  
Slaughterama, Slaughterama, Slaughterama  
It's a drama, yeah!

It's called existentialists, man  
It's for the people who just don't care  
Don't feel sorry for them  
They've chosen their own path in life  
Sean Warden These lyrics brought to you by

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