

## Gwar

# "The Master Has A Butt"

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I'm thinking I was once a baby  
Birthed deep within the Master's bowels  
Shat across the cosmos, banished to this mudball  
But I crave vengeance, I'm not throwing in the towel  
Well I said I'm sorry but you  
Slapped me back down  
I'm just a Sunday morning turd coming down  
Stare into the inky blackness  
I swear I think you'll find him there  
With over grown cuticles, and an asteroid belt  
I said now sonny, de does not give a damn  
Well I'm a real bad mama  
A real bad man  
I like to spend a lot of time on the can  
I had a little something to eat last night  
It's not alright,  
The Master has a butt  
Well we fucked up the tablet and the Master heard the  
sound  
A little birdie told me he's coming back around  
His hideous wisdom calls for my death  
There'll be nothing left  
Except a butt  
Daddy tells me to bend over  
Whips your buttocks with a strap  
Bails my ass out of reform school  
Then he goes and takes a nap  
Well I said that I was sorry but I couldn't make you care  
If I could stop shitting then I'd change my underwear  
If I can't kill the Master then I'll have to get a job  
I'm a fuckin' slob  
The Master has a butt

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