

Gwar "Vlad The Impaler"

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Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a sailor but he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a Whaler
Could have been a Tailor,
He turned out to be Norman Mailer

Whoooooooooooooooo

He stepped back and he smoked a joint
Twenty thousand peasants had to get the point
Mommy was a hamster, Daddy was a jailer
Real tough childhood for such a fucking failure!

He's so glad he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a sailor but he's
Vlad, Vlad, Vlad the impaler
Vlad, Vlad, He could have been a Tailor

Could have been a Whaler,
He turned out to be Norman Mailer

Whoooooooooooooooo
V-L-A-D Vlad!

When he was a boy, they sent him to the Turks
But you know they didn't like him because all the Turks
were jerks
When Vlad returned home his wrath for his ancient foe
had spurned
But the ancient art of impalement was something that
the boy had learned
Oh, how he learned
He learned, they burned and burned and burned
Rotisseries of corpses turned
Oh he's so glad,
He's so glad he's Vlad!

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