

Come the Carnivore

GWAR

Now the tomb is bare
Scraps of cloth and hair
And though his body burned
He returned

Who's knocking at my door?
Come the carnivore...
Now he eats your skin
You can't win

Now you see my face!
Agog at my grace
I have never died
Be my bride...

Join me now in death!
While life you possess
This, my gift to thee...
Death, eternally