

## Release the Flies

**GWAR**

Mount up  
Rip torn  
Launch beast  
Reborn

TORTURE, release the flies.  
Your karma is the stench of a thousand whore's thighs.  
My wrath has emerged from it's bottomless pit.  
Unto a world drowning in shit.  
And you are it.

TORTURE, release the flies.  
Your dogma's the sheen of a dying man's eyes.  
A plague to disrupt the intentions of your breeding.  
The maggot awaits with your corpse I'm feeding.