

# Whargoul

GWAR

I'm the fucking Whargoul, I'm the ghost of Minas Morgul  
I destroyed your life, I raped your wife  
I am Whargoul, I am uncool, I am Whargoul  
I've been many faces, been many names  
Known love and hate until they were the same  
I bring ruin, I am Whargoul, am I human?  
They think that they know what I know  
They think they know what's best  
I think that's why they killed me, that's why I joined the SS  
In revenge for Malmedy, they used a blowtorch on me  
Nice try, Whargoul cannot die  
You blow off my arm I laugh at the pain  
And after the battle I feast on the slain  
Seeking my creator, taking from the strong  
Yes, you see I need your strength, so I can kill the wrong  
Seeking my creator, taking from the weak  
Yes, you see I need you, so I can snuff the meek  
Savor the silence - Whargoul  
Addicted to violence  
They used a bulldozer, to run my ass over  
Arms to the sky, 40,000 died, but I survived  
I don't care what flag that I choose, I don't care if I win or lose  
I don't care if you have to die, just fight without a side, never say die!  
Stalingrad 42, became a living tomb  
Yes, human souls  
Profit for the prophet and the creatures who control  
46 I got away, from the horrid thing that I did at Malmedy  
And though I gained strength at the time  
Still they call for vengeance for the hatred of my crime  
Then I tried to drink myself to death  
40 years went by, and drunken I was left  
And drunk I was when they caught me  
Gagged and bagged was right where they got me  
Taped to a chair feeling sore  
Knowing all the answers to the question I ignore  
They burned off my face with a propane torch  
Then they blew up my porch  
Then I fought against the USA, trapped in a trench till the bulldozers came  
Changed sides, and flew the bloody warthog  
Highway of death and the day of the dog  
And once again, I died alive, sent home in a box but somehow I survived  
Maybe you've got my face, I'm the demon of war