

Artist: gwar

Title: Captain Crunch

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Everybody needs somebody to abuse
Everybody needs a lotta stuff to eat (shit)
Everybody gonna be a body one day
Having fun? (Mortal scum) rest assured it's not for long

When you least expect, your world reels
You fall to the ground, will heaven protect it (no)
A strange new world that you found and now

Bodies waken, souls a quakin'
You see your jellied corpse a bakin'
Your world teeters on the brink of madness...
We shall... kick that bitch over with gladness

You enter the sex plague
You cannot breed
And you await death
Your anus bleeeees....

When you're all dead we'll still be here
Having butt sex- cause I'm so - queeeeeeeeeer....!!
Disciples of sin!!!