

## The Obliteration of Flab Quarv 7

GWAR

Y'know, back in outer space we used to drink -  
a lot We used to take all kinds of kick-ass drugs  
And showed blatant disrespect for any authority figures  
Little did we know we were undermining our entire value system.

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At that time I was serving in the Masters 3rd Scumdog Legion  
aboard a planetary infection barge,  
attempting to obey a host of confusing orders,  
but mostly satisfying only our lust for slaughter ravingly drunk half the time,

I only realized a battle had started  
when I heard the roar of the fleets plasma bombardment.  
Piling into our armored assault pods we began our descent  
to the planets pulverized surface.

We were met by a flight of primitive interceptors  
which we devastated with soaring blast of nuclear hatred,  
flashing through the debris cloud into the atmosphere below.  
The obliteration of Flab Quarv 7 On the horizon was the blazing  
outlines

of a bombed city, the outlying areas dotted with flaming craters

and fleeing refugees I vomited out the window and led our battalion

on a blazing attack on the non-combatants pulpifying their flesh  
in a rain of sulfuric plasma burst.

The mass mutilation of a world ensued,  
with those not being fit for slave labor being herded  
into gigantic flaming pits.

We laughed as several thousand years  
of cultural development were wiped out  
in a single blundering instant.

Gorged on guts, gouged out eyes  
Captives fill the breeding hive  
Desecrate their sovereign world  
Bloated, bloody, drunken churl  
Cultures crumble, races die

Stench of midgets fill the sky  
Smashing skulls with ghastly crunch  
Pretty soon we'll break for lunch  
Later, as we flew through deep space  
Ritually disemboweling our victims  
The navigator informed us that we  
Attacked the wrong planet.

Hehehehehahaha

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