

3 Inches Of Blood, Wykydtron

in the year four thousand fifty five, wykydtron came to life
born of scientific design to serve all human kind
artificial intelligence bred for future war
when galaxies will crumble and fall to their knees
it breaks free from its hold taking military control
a fate seen all across the world
it takes hold of the earth, breeding legions to his control
soon to seize all power in the sky
programmed to crush
programmed to destroy
its brainwaves only wired for death
its wired to kill
all on the earth
nuclear bound - you'll fear his name
hey its the wykydtron
its the wykydtron
hey its the wykydtron
whoa-oh!
an army's formed to crush the earth
our creation, the master of our demise
humanity is doomed
fifteen years since creation's time, the war has turned to space
human kind has once chance left to turn the tides of fate
warheads are the only way to stop The Wykydtron
millions die, radiation blast from hell
flesh, it peels away as all the people die
this is the end of the human race
our creation becomes the master of our own demise
we are drones
we fooled ourselves
we finally sealed our fate
hey its the wykydtron
its the wykydtron
hey its the wykydtron
whoa-oh!