

100 monkeys, Robot Timberwolves

Running from these masticating faces chasing me out of the woods
it isn't good, it looks real bad for me.

I'm being chased by all these masticating faces

with teeth so sharp they're like razor blades serrated

I'm gonna die tonight that's right these wolves are right behind me

gonna die tonight all these wolves these robot timberwolves are gonna get me
with their masticating teeth

why do the scientists always try to find ways to end my life

what have i done? what have i done?

to deserve this?

wolves, wolves, all these wolves, wolves, all these wolves, wolves, (all these wolves wolves)

they're chasing me and chasing me and chasingmeandchewingandtheteeth

and now i'm running, yes i'm running, i'm running

like the blood runs over their tongues

i'm running yeah i'm running from

wolves, wolves, wolves, wolves, robot timberwolves... etc.

I don't have a prayer, of making it out of here alive, tonight,

I'm gonna be a little doggy treat for wolves

but that's all right cause they're the robotic kind.