

Rob Halford, Metal Gods

(Halford/Downing/Tipton)

We'd taken too much for granted
And all the time it had grown
From techno seeds we'd first planted
Evolved a mind of its own

Walking in the street dragging iron feet
Laser beaming hearts
Ripping men apart

From what had been our perfection
Where we could do as we please
In secrecy this infection
Was spreading like a disease

Hiding underground
Knowing we'd be found
Fearing for our lives
Reaped by robot scythes

Metal gods metal gods

Machines are taking all over
With mankind in their command
In time they'd learn to discover
How they could make their demands

Better be the slaves
To their wicked ways
Than meeting with our death
Engulfed in molten breath