

Prototype: Death Machine

Bonded By Blood

Voices keep telling me I've created
A savage, a demon, a friend
Dehumanized experiment fulfilling my needs
Reviving the dead as I please
Something's gone wrong, the beast apprehends
Absolute horror and hate
The error of mine was a cross-hybrid mind
Transplanted straight to his head

Prototype: Death Machine!
Born to a word of aversion
Locked in a dungeon I stay
No one will ever be ready
As science takes it's place

Foolish and mad is what I've been called
Why betray my own kind?
To build a machine stronger than Crong

TAKE THEM DOWN

In cover of darkness I dig through the night
The sweat stains the collar and hand
Exhuming the bodies of nine separate graves
Seeking specific remains
The moonlight reveals
The 9th halfbreed corpse
I saw off a limb and a head
The error of mine was a cross-hybrid mind
Summoned by pick and by spade

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As science takes it's place
Prototype: Death Machine
Is my only chance
To bring the parasite down
Prototype: Death Machine
Inferior to you
You will bring them to shame

Collapse of civilization
The plague of the parasitic death
Rumors of the last scientist building a cure
That would end the Crong and restore the world

Voices keep telling me I've created
A savage, a demon, a fiend
Dehumanized experiment on Crong it will feed
Taking the elite to it's knees
The planet's subjection will soon all be mine
Doubting has chosen their fate
The error of mine was a cross-hybrid mind
Transplanted straight to his head

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