Wykydtron

3 Inches of Blood

In the year four thousand fifty five, Wykydtron came to life
Born of a 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

It's wired to kill
All on the Earth
Nuclear bound – you'll fear his name
Hey it's The Wykydtron
It's The Wykydtron
Hey it's 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 spac
e
Human kind has one 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

He it's the Wykydtron
It's the Wykydtron
Hey it's the Wykydtron
Whoa-oh!