

# Metal Gods

## Primal Fear

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

Marching in the streets  
Dragging iron feet  
Laser beaming hearts  
Ripping men apart

From off I've seen my perfection  
Where we could do as we please  
In secrecy this infection  
Was speeding like a disease

Hiding underground  
Knowing we'd be found  
Caring for our lives  
Reaped by robots scythes

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Machines are taking all over  
With mankind in their command  
In time they'd like to discover  
How they can make their demand

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