

Walk with me
Straight lines on a killing spree
You will see
Twisted faces, black debree

Hail! hail!
Robota

Have no fear
If you're afraid then you're too weak
All is clear
Let the hate and armour speak

Hail, hail!
Robota

Coming around
We're coming around so face the ground
Hear the sound
Of marching footsteps in straight lines