## No They Do "More Songs About Oven Mitts"

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Humans turned on my power switch Must want a pie or a sandwich I am no longer a killbot Railgun was retooled to spatula

Must kill, must kill the humanoids For me, glory will be restored

Used to gain glory on the battlefield Now I prepare and serve meals Traded in my pneumatic death grip For spatulas, and oven mitts

Humans turned the swords into ploughshares Then they turned the robots into au pairs Now I gotta make Another fucking birthday cake

Humans can't make a sandwich Must kill the humanoids

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