

Melora Creager

"Warbots"

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The lawyers tell me that there are no prohibitions
Against robots making life or death decisions
Mr. Johnson, the weapons inventor
From Tennessee
Sits standin' in his laboratory
Recently

(Unknown)
If anyone out there is lookin' out for me

In a tiny tea-house
At the top of the mountain
He is creating
A truly devastating
Instrument of his deep and dark will

Many prototype
About 4 feet high
With a gun for a right arm
And a Cyclopes eye

Ready aim fire
Ready aim fire
Ready aim fire
At a Pepsi can

Perfect to the basic tasks of huntin' and killin' a man
Ready aim fired
At a Pepsi can

Perfect to the basic tasks of huntin' and killin' a man
Ready aim fire

I turn to run
That's when he hit me in the head with his gun
I fell down
I got up
And I ran into a garbage bin
Then I got up
And I ran again

(Unknown)

If anyone out there is lookin' out for me

A poisonous mist

Will come pourin' out of a fountain

Bringing on a heart-attack

(Unknown)

This is evil done knowingly

This is evil done knowingly

This is evil done knowingly

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