

Devil Makes Three, The "War Machine"

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I am a machine of war,
My flesh is made of steel,
Whereas yours is weak,
Mine was forged in the pyres of war.

You can't defeat me,
I will kill you with bullets missiles and flame,
Destroy you as you sleep,
All you feel is eternal pain.

I will send you to Satan's grasp,
He will feast on your soul,
Your fear inspires me,
To commit genocide untold.

Chorus
I am the machine god of war,
You don't pose any threat to me,
I will leave you,
Bullet riddled on the floor.

I am a machine of war,
Sent to kill like no other before,
Crimson eyes are my sight,
Your blood drips from my hands tonight.

I will send you to Satan's grasp,
He will feast on your soul,
Your fear inspires me,
To commit genocide untold.

Chorus

He doesn't hide,
He just stalks the battlefield,
Shattering his victims,
Fear is an impossible concept to him.
He is war.

War Machine.

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