

# Bolt Thrower, Dark Millennium

You feel confusion and new torment as your mind decays  
Devolution of your life - begins today - begins today  
Hear the sircas scream in vain  
Despair for your life  
Hope is futile as missiles strike  
A cruel twist of the knife  
Those that dominate, direct their hate  
Life obliterate, humans terminate  
Hope for a future, is what you say  
With your world in ruins, what a price to pay  
As you crawl through the wreckage - you can't believe  
Could mankind really be so naive  
This world now twisted, brought to its knees  
With the people in power left to oversee  
A world totally deformed, no hope of being reborn  
The heart from it now torn, this world now we all mourn  
Look to the future, on your knees now pray  
With this world in ruins, what a price to pay  
Your world's now in ruins  
What a price you paid