Bolt Thrower, Profane Creation

Constructed with vengeful hate The extinction of life, man's final plight We strive until the end Though none shall be taken alive

A killing machine, programmed for death To destroy all that comes within its sights Mindless, created insane Mankind shall never survive

Never survive

Strength becoming weaker, as fear grows within Faced with eternal damnation, the end shall now begin

Profane creation, the dawn of a new age Technology's progression, over man machines reign Enslaved without compassion, new masters of the earth we dwell Human life is worthless, in this automated living hell

In the quest for perfection, life becomes obsolete Humanity faces deletion, this nightmare world is complete As we wait for execution, in silence we stand in line The total extinction of the existence of mankind

Our futile life's now ended, free from the suffering and pain Our systems now are loaded, we have been created profane

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