

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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