

# Bolt Thrower, Spearhead

Spearhead

Spearhead marching onward  
Take my soul sacrificial offering

Your initial strike taken by surprise  
Now left alone, condemned by my pride

Drained of all emotion - body now an empty shell  
There's nothing left - you've taken all away

Adrenaline flows  
Now filled with anger  
Just what will be the outcome  
Mass confusion, tears my mind

Spearhead - No victory sublime  
Another fallen victim - I will not beg to you  
Spearhead - to which I cannot hold  
With clear perception my destiny unfolds

I look to the reflection  
Fail to recognize what's seen  
A figure clothed in hatred  
I pray that this cannot be

Faced by this total stranger - aware of your creation  
No vision of the former self - controlled by your instruction

Onward you advance, left in a mindless trance  
Hypnotized by your will, desire is now instilled  
Now staring face to face, your eyes filled with hate  
Held by your contempt, both by weakness and by strength

Adrenaline flows  
Now filled with anger  
Just what will be the outcome  
Mass confusion tears my mind

My mind