

Bolt Thrower, A Hollow Truce

First hour approaches
Perpetuating grief
Empowering to strike down
Sowing the defeat
Their center - line lies broken
We will not forget
Though faith will never falter
Near life - closer to death

Exhilarated fervor
Fear is for the weak
Another rank and file falls
One more fills the breach
Formation under heavy fire
Unable to strike back
Seized at disadvantage
Retreat harder than attack

View the pre-dawn aura
Carve stone in hollow ground
a Dark contract of sorrow
Unknown.... no names found

Sanity in question
Enemy within
Position of no error
Mortal strength to win
Treaty for an armistice
Revert to battle plan
Entrenched in delusion
The last vestige of man

Forever gone now, memories of the fall
No semblance of an order lost
Lost paths - direction clear once more