

Bolt Thrower, Drowned In Torment

Pray in your dreams that tomorrow won't wake you
Plead for the darkness of life to forsake you
From death to new life the path that awaits you

You can't begin to start to bear the taste, the morning after dark
Close your eyes so that you can't see
The reality of your tormented agony

Drowned in torment your will shall break you
The scars of war remains to haunt you
Feel the cold hands of death grasping for you

As you drown in torment...

Drown