

Bolt Thrower, Tank (MK I)

As innocente dies
All tranquility subsides
Running trepidation
Isolated now
Separating all ideas
Must escape but how
With no loss of pride
Terror imerges from inside
Screaming from within
Taste the smell of fear
Feeling in the air
Damnation drawing near
No beauty in this death
Encased forever
Powerless to resist
As life sleeps away... away
No cries of pity
No reasons to repent
We have condemned the future
Life cheaply spent
Technology arise
There shall be no compromise
The stunned arrival
Followed by the blind
Helplessly now falling
Leaving life behind