

Bolt Thrower, When Cannons Fade

Into the 8th offensive
Frontline reformed
Artillery that never ceased
In overtures of war

When cannons fade

Now the guns are silenced
End of hell storm
The final argument of kings
All earth transformed

When cannons fade

As the silence grows
Steadily replacing
The resonance of thunder
Deep in the soul

Conscience still remains
Horror - amongst the flames
Ashes keep on falling

I close my eyes
And even now
The distant memory remains
Of the last laments
To be played

When cannons fade