

Battalion

"Blunt Force Trauma"

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With might we swing our hammers
The earth she shocks again
We deal in crunch and power
The ones who split your head
Visions of mortality that linger
In your brainwashed minds
Soon put to rest
By the fearful mark of metal rites

Penetrator, crying out war
Stone is smacking against your head
Desecrator
Fractured skull is what you'll get, violate
Blunt for trauma

Steady hand we aim our weapons
The earth she shrieks again
Rattling of machine gun fire
Prepare for ripping pain
Vengeance boiling in our black blood
Churning up the metal sound
Shifting gears to speed up faster
Battalion's coming to your town

Our will is strong
Conviction and inner strength
No make-believe
Submission, we let them feel

We eat the weak
They see supremacy
Muscles of steel they tender
Go for the kill

Rivers of blood run red, conspiracies
Be swatted cold to the ground
Show no mercy

Spitting forth the guts and glory
When they suffer at our feet
Take no prisoners
We turn to overdrive

And make 'em bleed

Machine of death
We thrust the enemy
Into your fangs of concrete
And high speed steel

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