

Bolt Thrower

"Anti-Tank (Dead Armour)"

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Scattered on foreign fields
Lie the burnt out hulls of our dead armour
Old landscape wreckage
And this earth now scorched
Selfless acts of bravery
In the face of overwhelming force
Hold position - position held
Retained new glory sought

Shattered defenses now alone
Cover the tactical withdrawal
Outgunned, outnumbered
Though never outclassed

Spent the ammunition of faith
Weaponry exhausted
Now reduced in numbers
Numbers reduced
To the Last
Face to face with cold dead eyes

The final register of death
Crushed are the adversaries
The kill rate ratio rising
One hundred to one

Honours withheld in travesty
Presented falsely to another
With courage unspoken
All heroes die

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