

Bolt Thrower

"Contact -- Wait Out"

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Spent rounds
The coffin nails
On your empires fall
Icy silence
No recourse
All crucibles ignored
Forward into darkness
Futures unknown
Dire incursions rage
No one man stands alone

Await the call
Oncoming storm
Let come what may
The bodies of your dead can wait till dawn

Sentinel of destiny
Enemy engaged
Numbered with the dead
Take your glory to the grave
Peace - dream of the wise
War - the history of man
Once refined, now demonized
Hatred overran

Await the call
Oncoming storm
Let come what may
The bodies of your dead can wait till dawn

Duty bound, to die without defeat
Awaken life immortal, one last bitter retreat

Contact made - wait out
Send command received

When none remain
And all are overrun
Objectives seized

