

Bolt Thrower "Spearhead"

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Spearhead marching onward
Take my soul sacrificial offering
Your initial strike taken by surprise
Now left alone, condemned by my pride
Drained of all emotion, body now an empty shell
There's nothing left, you've taken all away

Adrenaline flows
Now filled with anger
Just what will be the outcome
Mass confusion, tears my mind

Spearhead, no victory sublime
Another fallen victim, I will not beg to you
Spearhead to which I cannot hold
With clear perception my destiny unfolds

I look to the reflection, fail to recognize what's seen
A figure clothed in hatred, I pray that this cannot be
Faced by this total stranger, aware of your creation
No vision of the former self
Controlled by your instruction

Onward you advance, left in a mindless trance
Hypnotized by you will, desire is now instilled
Now staring face to face, your eyes filled with hate
Held by your contempt, both by weakness and by
strength

Adrenaline flows
Now filled with anger
Just what will be the outcome
Mass confusion, tears my mind

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