

Bolt Thrower "Tank"

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As innocence dies, all tranquility subsides
Running trepidation, isolated now
Separating all ideas, must escape but how

With no loss of pride, terror emerges from inside
Screaming from within taste the smell of fear
Feeling in the air, damnation drawing near

No beauty in this death, encased forever
Powerless to resist as life, life slips away, away

No cries of pity, no reason to repent
We have condemned the future, life cheaply spent

Technology arise, there shall be no compromise
The stunned arrival followed by the blind
Helplessly now falling, leaving life behind

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