

Dear Hunter, The "The Tank"

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Eight wheels lusting for the lives of infantry
(His bearings shift)
His turrets turning from accountability
(He takes his aim)
"We sing our final song and soon this verse is over."
He makes advances till his wheels cease to roll
His God is smiling on his cold mechanic soul
"His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction."

There is no sign that he shows,
A sign of slowing

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground
So long ago
Was I one of them?

Your urgency hastened by his ingenuity
It's just a matter of moments til your body is debris
(So say a prayer)
"His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction."

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground
So long ago
Was I one of them?

And still he moves on
Arm and iron conquer heart and soul

And what of those in silent disconnect
Sundry souls akin in consequence
Begging for bliss beyond the pain
Relief is just a turret's turn away

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground
So long ago
Was I one of them?

