

Execution Tank

3 Inches of Blood

This is the end, the final fight
Spitting fire as it rolls across the grave
Unearthly force and cruel design
Feel the tremors of a sadistic death machine

Shells explode overhead
Mass obliteration begun
Certain death, no remorse

Are you prepared for what's to come
Sentenced to face the execution
Cannon will aim right for your face
Precise and true the execution tank

The execution tank

Endless rounds of bullets will not pierce
Armor so thick it withstands every attack
Demoralized it's enemies will run
Only to delay the fate
The tank will bring to them

Bodies blown clean apart
Another thousand widows cry with grief
Skulls are crushed by it's treads

The war cannot be won
When facing this beast
Surrender your life to the execution tank

It's like a terrifying storm
With it's bloody hulking form
An objective that is never done
Hatred pours from every gun