

## Tank (Mk.I)

## Bolt Thrower

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 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