

When Cannons Fade

Bolt Thrower

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Into the eighth offensive
Frontline reformed
Artillery that never ceased
In overtures of war

...When cannons fade

Now the guns are silenced
End of hell storm
The final argument of kings
All earth transformed

...When cannons fade

As the silence grows
Steadily replacing
The resonance of thunder
Deep in the soul

Conscience still remains
Horror - amongst the flames
Ashes keep on falling

I close my eyes
And even now
The distant memory remains
Of the last laments
To be played

(When cannons fade)