

The Tank

The Dear Hunter

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.

His God is smiling on his cold mechanic soul.

So say a prayer.

His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction. Disagree.

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 'till your body is debris.

So say a prayer.

His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction. Disagree. 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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