Anti-Tank - Dead Armour

Bolt Thrower

Scattered on foreign fields
Lie the burnt out hulls of our dead armor
Old landscape wreckage
And this Earth now scorchedSelfless acts of bravery
In the face of overwhelming force
Hold position, position held
Retained new glory soughtShattered defenses now alone
Cover the tactical withdrawal
Outgunned, outnumbered
Though never outclassedSpent the ammunition of faith
Weaponry exhausted
Now reduced in numbers
Numbers reduced to the lastFace to face with cold dead eyesThe final register of death
Crushed are the adversaries
The kill rate ratio rising
One hundred to oneHonors withheld in travesty
Presented falsely to another
With courage unspoken
All heroes die

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