

# Hate Tank

## M.O.D.

When you see it coming  
The shit runs down your leg  
A rumble of disaster  
It's much too late to beg  
You didn't heed its warning  
As it's parked on top of your house  
Your baby's crushed to pulp  
You're cornered you cry outThe Hate Tank  
The Hate Tank  
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The Hate Tank  
Its treads are stained with blood  
Of victims who had pride  
Some thought they'd defy it  
All of them have died  
Destruction in its wake  
The mangled corpses rot  
If you think you'll survive... NOT!The Hate Tank  
The Hate Tank  
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The Hate TankHere it comes, you better start running  
Here it comes, you better start running  
The armored shell coroded  
From blood that now is dry  
Markings left to signify  
The deaths of many lives  
Through many years of silence  
Breaks a horrifying sound  
You turn to look in disbelief  
He's come to hunt you downThe Hate Tank  
The Hate Tank  
The Hate Tank  
Hate Taaaaank!

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