

No Guts, No Glory

Bolt Thrower

All senses under attack

Oblivion, penultimate

Anticipation fills your soul

At the limit beyond controlThe last advance, one final chance

It now shall be no guts, no gloryRetaliation, sequentially inclined

No guts, no glory, you decideThe last advance, one final chance

It now shall be no guts, no glorySwallow no pride, strength from inside

Still driving on, second to noneThe last advance, one final chance

It now shall be no guts, no gloryThe last advance, one final chance

It now shall be no guts, no glory

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