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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