

# Spearhead

## Bolt Thrower

Spearhead marching onward  
Take my soul sacrificial offering  
Your initial strike taken by surprise  
Now left alone, condemned by my pride  
Drained of all emotion, body now an empty shell  
There's nothing left, you've taken all away  
Adrenaline flows  
Now filled with anger  
Just what will be the outcome  
Mass confusion, tears my mind  
Spearhead, no victory sublime  
Another fallen victim, I will not beg to you  
Spearhead to which I cannot hold  
With clear perception my destiny unfolds  
I look to the reflection, fail to recognize what's seen  
A figure clothed in hatred, I pray that this cannot be  
Faced by this total stranger, aware of your creation  
No vision of the former self  
Controlled by your instruction  
Onward you advance, left in a mindless trance  
Hypnotized by you will, desire is now instilled  
Now staring face to face, your eyes filled with hate  
Held by your contempt, both by weakness and by strength  
Adrenaline flows  
Now filled with anger  
Just what will be the outcome  
Mass confusion, tears my mind

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