Warhead

Tarot

the pround son of proud fathers, the feared and fearless me
soldier of harmageddon, I was born to fly free
now they see a wasted resource, I'm banished, I'm scorned
lonely in my rusty shell a restless mind hellspawned
warhead...
they've marched with banners and they've torn down the wall
onware to new tomorrow, it illuminates them all
I was left anone to sulk in ther rift they had to heal
forgotten threat still lives on in this body of steel
warhead...
they say they'll make a deal, trying to pull the very last fang
they think that I'm asleep but I'm ready to make a bang
they thought to guar against the coming of the judgement day
I'll just say let there be light and there'll be hell to pay
warhead...
nothing really maters now, the weak they just complain
do they thin their lives somehow have any worth to gain?
naked in the blast like flies, they'll leave an oily stain
ashes will be washed away in this all consuming rain.

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