

Execution Tank

3 Inches of Blood

This is the end, the final fight
Spitting fire as it rolls across the grave
Unearthly force and cruel design
Feel the tremors of a sadistic death machine
Shells explode overhead
Mass obliteration begun
Certain death, no remorse
Are you prepared for whats to come
Sentenced to face the execution
Cannon will aim right for your face
Precise and true the execution tank
The execution tank
Endless rounds of bullets will not pierce
Armor so thick it withstands every attack
Demoralized its enemies will run
Only to delay the fate
The tank will bring to them
Bodies blown clean apart
Another thousand widows cry with grief
Skulls are crushed by its treads
The war cannot be won
When facing this beast
Surrender your life to the execution tank
Its like a terrifying storm
With its bloody hulking form
An objective that is never done
Hatred pours from every gun
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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