

## The Tank

### The Dear Hunter

Eight wheels lusting for the lives of infantry (His bearings shift)  
His turrets turning from accountability (He takes his aim)  
We sing our final song and soon this verse is over  
He makes advances 'till his wheels cease to roll (His God is smiling)  
His God is smiling on his cold mechanic soul  
His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction

There is no sign that he shows a sign of slowing

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around, around  
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground  
So long ago was I one of them?

Your urgency hastened by his ingenuity (It's just a matter)  
Matter of moments 'till your body is debris (So say a prayer)  
His plot is perfect if it sees no contradiction

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around, around  
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground  
So long ago was I one of them?

And still he moves on  
Arm and iron conquer heart and soul

And what of those in silent disconnect  
Sundry souls akin in consequence  
Begging for bliss beyond the pain  
Relief is just a turret's turn away...

You've stained your skin and I won't stick around, around  
Long enough to count the hearts that hit the ground  
So long ago was I one of them?