

## A Hollow Truce

Bolt Thrower

First hour approaches  
Repretuating grief  
Empowering to strike down  
Sowing the defeat  
Their centre - line lies broken  
We will not forget  
Though faith will never falter  
Near life - closer to death

Exhilarated fervour  
Fear is for the weak  
Another rank and file falls  
One more fills the breach  
Formation under heavy fire  
Unable to strike back  
Seized at disadvantage  
Retreat harder than attack

View the pre-dawn aura  
Carve stone in hollow ground  
Dark contract of sorrow  
Unknown no names found

Sanity in question  
Enemy within  
Position of no error  
Mortal strenght to win  
Traety for an armistice  
Revert to battle plan  
Entrenched in delusion  
The last vestige of man

Forever gone now, memories of the fall  
No semblance of an order lost  
Lost paths - direction clear once more