

Hate Tank

M.O.D.

When you see it coming
The shit runs down your leg
A rumble of disaster
It's much too late to beg
You didn't heed its warning
As it's parked on top of your house
Your baby's crushed to pulp
You're cornered you cry out

The Hate Tank
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Its treads are stained with blood
Of victims who had pride
Some thought they'd defy it
All of them have died
Destruction in its wake
The mangled corpses rot
If you think you'll survive... NOT!

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Here it comes, you better start running
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The armored shell corroded
From blood that now is dry
Markings left to signify
The deaths of many lives
Through many years of silence
Breaks a horrifying sound
You turn to look in disbelief
He's come to hunt you down

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Hate Taaaaaank!