

## 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 what's 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 it's 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 it's treads

The war cannot be won  
When facing this beast  
Surrender your life to the execution tank

It's like a terrifying storm  
With it's bloody hulking form  
An objective that is never done  
Hatred pours from every gun