

# Close Encounter

Tankard

Picture this: light in the sky  
I'm standing on a hill

Not a star, strange kind of glow  
Coming down not a mile away

Has it happened? Can it be real?  
No reason to fear  
Keep it secret, nobody knows  
It's our U.F.O.

I see lights, down by the woods  
Debris and molten steel  
Uniforms barking commands  
Tried to run,  
but they saw me first

Turn away, turn away  
Nothing but fear and hate  
Is waiting here for you

Turn away, turn away  
This is no place to stay  
Dissection is your fate

Turn away, turn away  
Nothing but fear and hate  
Is waiting here for you

I was seized, locked in a truck  
And in there, bless my soul  
Saw two guys,  
wounded, it seemed  
Visitors from another world

Has it happened...

Took us to underground labs  
In chains like prisoners  
They looked with questioning eyes  
Did they know we were facing death

Turn away, turn away  
Nothing but fear and hate  
Is waiting here for you

Just like rats they tested them  
Subjected them to pain  
Wanted their technology  
Didn't care for their desperate pleas

They were murdered,  
just like the rest:  
"Security risk"  
I will follow, I only hope  
This story will blow  
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