

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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