

# Metallica - Fron

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Make his fight on the hill in the early day  
 Constant chill deep inside  
 Shouting gun, on they run through the endless grey  
 On the fight, for they are right, yes, by who's to say?  
 For a hill men would kill, why? They do not know  
 Suffered wounds test there their pride  
 Men of five, still alive through the raging glow  
 Gone insane from the pain that they surely know

For whom the bell tolls  
 Time marches on  
 For whom the bell tolls

Take a look to the sky just before you die  
 It is the last time you will  
 Blackened roar massive roar fills the crumbling sky  
 Shattered goal fills his soul with a ruthless cry  
 Stranger now, are his eyes, to this mystery  
 He hears the silence so loud  
 Crack of dawn, all is gone except the will to be  
 Now the will see what will be, blinded eyes to see

## Acordes

