

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

