

Metallica, Don't Tread On Me

Liberty or death, what we so proudly hail
once you provoke her, rattling of her tail
never begins it, never, but once engaged...
never surrenders, showing the fangs of rage
don't tread on me
so be it
threaten no more
to secure peace is to prepare for war
so be it
settle the score
touch me again for the words that you'll hear evermore...
don't tread on me
love it or live it, she with the deadly bite
quick is the blue tongue, forked as lightning strike
shining with brightness, always on surveillance
the eyes, they never close, emblem of vigilance
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