

# Metallica, For Whom The Bell Tolls

Make his fight on the hill in the early day  
Constant chill deep inside  
Shouting gun, on they run through the endless grey  
On they fight, for they are right, yes, but who s to says  
For a hill men would kill, why? They do not know  
Suffered wounds test their pride  
Men of five, still alive through the raging glow  
Gone insane from the pain that they surely know  
For whom the bell tons  
Time marches on  
For whom the bell tolls  
Take a look to the sky just before you die  
It is the last time he 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 they see what will be, blinded eyes to see  
For whom the bell tolls  
Time marches on  
For whom the bell tolls