

# Beatallica, For Horsemen

The day breaks, your mind aches  
You find that all the pangs of Famine  
Linger on when she no longer feeds you  
Sinner once, sinner twice  
You find that in its die-hard ruthless metal fury  
Time just seems to heed you  
And in your eyes you're King Nothing  
No sign of love behind the tears  
Ride Four Horsemen  
Oh Lars go get me one more beer  
Don't stay home, go on out  
A quartet of deliverance rides for you  
Upon this nite nothing you can do  
You want it, you need it  
Pestilence all that's left  
For what you've had to endure  
Death to you for sure  
The day breaks, your mind aches  
Your girlfriend takes you to  
A lame-ass poser Winger concert  
Fucking forget her