

# Metallica, Cliff's Last Solo

Slaves  
Hebrews born to serve, to the pharaoh  
Heed  
To his every word, live in fear  
Faith  
Of the unknown one, the deliverer  
Wait  
Something must be done, four hundred years  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
I'm sent here by the chosen one  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
To kill the first born pharaoh son  
I'm creeping death  
Now  
Let my people go, land of goshen  
Go  
I will be with thee, bush of fire  
Blood  
Running red and strong, down the Nile  
Plague  
Darkness three days long, hail of fire  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
I'm sent here by the chosen one  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
To kill the first born pharaoh son  
I'm creeping death  
Die by my hand  
I creep across the land  
Killing first born man  
Die by my hand  
I creep across the land  
Killing first born man  
I  
Rule the midnight air the destroyer  
Born  
I shall soon be there, deadly mass  
I  
Creep the steps and floor final darkness  
Blood  
Lamb's blood painted door, I shall pass  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
I'm sent here by the chosen one  
So let it be written  
So let it be done  
To kill the first born pharaoh son  
I'm creeping death