## Metallica, Crown of Barbed Wire

So tight this crown of barbed wire Its destiny I wear It splits the skin to the soul This jagged wreath I bear

This rusted empire I own Bleed as I rust on this throne Pierce Me With torment And all the rust that I own

So tight
This crown of barbed wire
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So tight this crown

Fist tight, it stains conviction Drips down to bloodshot eyes It crushes down what is real Deep crimson blots the skies

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