

# Metallica, Disposable Heroes

(Hetfield / Ulrich / Hammett)

Bodies fill the fields I see, hungry heroes end  
No one to play soldier now, no one to pretend  
running blind through killing fields, bred to kill them all  
Victim of what said should be  
a servant `til I fall

Soldier boy, made of clay  
now an empty shell  
twenty one, only son  
but he served us well  
Bred to kill, not to care  
just do as we say  
finished here, Greeting Death  
he's yours to take away

Back to the front  
you will do what I say, when I say  
Back to the front  
you will die when I say, you must die  
Back to the front  
you coward  
you servant  
you blindman

Barking of machinegun fire, does nothing to me now  
sounding of the clock that ticks, get used to it somehow  
More a man, more stripes you bare, glory seeker trends  
bodies fill the fields I see  
the slaughter never ends

Soldier boy, made of clay  
now an empty shell  
twenty one, only son  
but he served us well  
Bred to kill, not to care  
just do as we say  
finished here, Greeting Death  
he's yours to take away

Back to the front  
you will do what I say, when I say  
Back to the front  
you will die when I say, you must die  
Back to the front  
you coward  
you servant  
you blindman

Why, Am I dying?  
Kill, have no fear  
Lie, live off lying  
Hell, Hell is here

I was born for dying

Life planned out before my birth, nothing could I say  
had no chance to see myself, molded day by day  
Looking back I realize, nothing have I done  
left to die with only friend  
Alone I clench my gun

Soldier boy, made of clay

now an empty shell  
twenty one, only son  
but he served us well  
Bred to kill, not to care  
just do as we say  
finished here, Greeting Death  
he's yours to take away

Back to the front  
you will do what I say, when I say  
Back to the front  
you will die when I say, you must die  
Back to the front  
you coward  
you servant  
you blindman

Back to the front.