Metallica, Dont Treat On Me

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 beA 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
Do just as we sayFinish here, greetings death
Hes to take away
Back to the front
You will do what I say, when I sayBack 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 nowSounding of the clock, that ticks, get used to it
More a man, more stripes you bare, glory seeker trendsBodies 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
Do just as we sayFinish here, greetings death
Hes to take away
Back to the front
You will do what I say, when I sayBack 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 of 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, moulded day by day
Looking back I realized, 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
Do just as we sayFinish here, greetings death
Hes to take away
Back to the front
You will do what I say, when I sayBack 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