

# 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 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  
Do just as we say Finish here, greetings death  
Hes 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  
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  
Do just as we say Finish here, greetings death  
Hes 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 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 say Finish here, greetings death  
Hes 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  
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