

Metallica, One (Rare Version) (Proper)

The cerebrum has suffered massive and irreparable damage
You can never know what has happened to him
If I have not been sure of this, I would not have permitted him to live
Where am I?
Father
What happened?
I need help
What is democracy?
What is democracy?
It got something to do with young men killing each other, Arthur
When its comes my turn, will you want me to go?
For democracy, any man would give his only begotten son
It is impossible for any severed individual to experience pain
Pleasure
Memory
Dreams or thought of any kind
This young man will be as unfeeling
As unthinking as the dead
Until the day joins them
I dont know weather Im alive or dreaming or dead or remembering
How can you tell whats a dream and whats real
When you cant even tell when youre awake and when youre asleep
Where am I?
I cant remember anything
Can't tell if this is true or dream
Deep down inside I feel to scream
This terrible silence stops with me
Now that the war is through with me
I'm waking up, I cannot see
That there's not much left of me
Nothing is real but pain now
Hold my breath as I wish for death
Oh please God, wake me
They kept my head and chopped off everything
Oh god, please make them hear me
They wont listen, they wont hear me
They got to wake me up Ill be like this for years
Hear me
Back in the womb it's much too real
In pumps life that I must feel
But can't look forward to reveal
Look to the time when I'll live
Fed through the tube that sticks in me
Just like a wartime novelty
Tied to machines that make me be
Cut this life off from me
Hold my breath as I wish for death
Oh please God, wake me
Its like a piece of me that keeps on living
It wont always be like this, will it?
I cant live like this!
I-I cant!
Please no
I cant! I cant!
Help me, help me, help me!
Mother where are ya?
Mommy, mother, Im having a nightmare and I cant wake up
Now the world is gone I'm just one
Oh God help me
Hold my breath as I wish for death
Oh please God, help me
Me lying here like, like some freak in a carnival show
Here is the armless
Legless

Wonder of the twentieth century
Death has a dignity of its own
Father!
I need help
Im in terrible trouble and I need help
Dont you remember when you were little?
How and you and Bill Harper use to string a wire between the two houses
So you could telegraph to each other
Youll remember the Morse code
Darkness
Imprisoning me
All that I see
Absolute horror
I cannot live
I cannot die
Trapped in myself
Body my holding cell
Its Morse code
For what?
S.O.S.
Help
Landmine
Has taken my sight
Taken my speech
Taken my hearing
Taken my arms
Taken my legs
Taken my soul
Left me with life in Hell
Whats he saying?
Said kill me
Over and over again
Kill me
Oh god, please make them hear me
Dont you have any message for him Arthur?
Hes the product of your profession
Not mine
Kill me
Im asking you to kill me
Thank you
Save me please
Father
Each man faces death by himself
Alone
Good-bye father
Inside me Im screaming nobody pays any attention
If I had arms, I could kill myself
If I had legs, I could run away
If I had a voice, I could talk and be some kind of company for myself
How do I know theyll kill me?
I could yell for help, but nobodyd help me
I just got to do some kind of, see how I can go on like this
S.O.S. help me
S.O.S. help me
Keep the home fires burning
While our hearts are yearning